

**VOLUME XV.**  
**CONTAINING**  
**LETTERS**

**TO AND FROM**  
**Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,**  
**Dean of St. PATRICK's, DUBLIN,**

**FROM**  
**The Year 1703, to 1743.**

**WITH**  
**Notes Explanatory and Historical,**

**B Y**  
**The Rev. THOMAS BIRCH, D.D.F.R.S.**  
**JOHN HAWKESWORTH, L.L.D.**

**A N D**  
**The Editor, Mr. THOMAS WILKES.**

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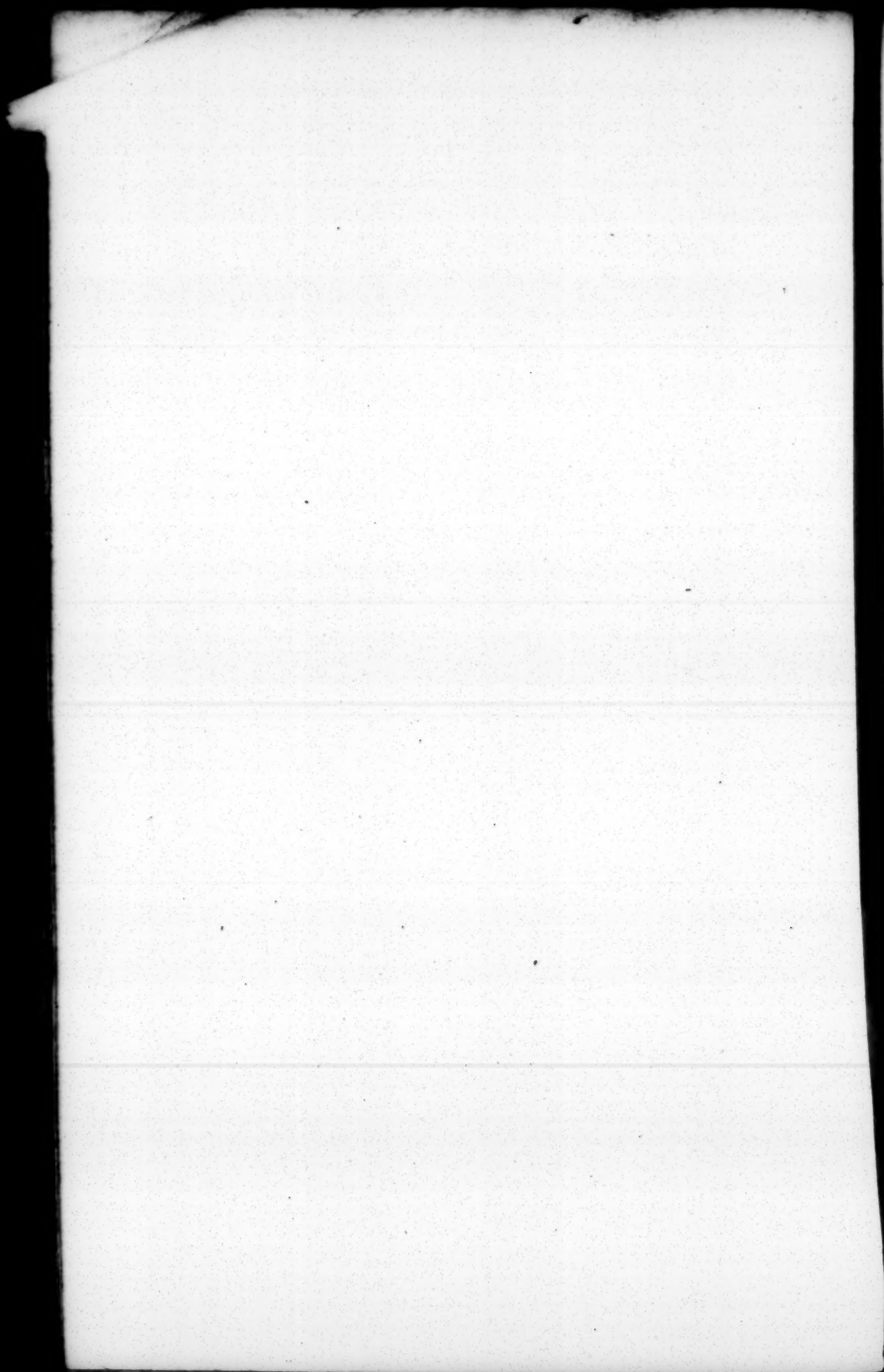
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# L E T T E R S

FROM AND TO

DOCTOR SWIFT.

LETTER CLXIII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, Aug. 12, 1714.*

OUR \* justices sit several hours every day, without affording us the least

\* On the demise of the queen, the following were lords of the regency, until the arrival of *George I.* from *Hanover*. Dr. *Tennison*, archbishop of *Canterbury*; lord *Harcourt*, lord chancellor; the duke of *Buckingham*, president of the council; the duke of *Shrewsbury*, lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, and lord high treasurer of *England*; the earl of *Strafford*, first lord commissioner of the admiralty; and sir *Thomas Parker*, lord chief justice of the king's-bench, who were appointed by act of parliament. To these the elector of *Hanover* on the demise of queen *Anne*, was pleased to add the following: the archbishop of *York*; the dukes of *Shrewsbury*, *Somerset*, *Bolton*, *Devonshire*, *Kent*, *Argyle*, *Montrose* and *Roxborough*; the earls of *Pembroke*, *Anglesey*, *Carlisle*, *Nottingham*, *Abingdon*, *Scarborough* and *Orford*; lord viscount *Townshend*; lords *Halifax* and *Cowper*.

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news.

news. I don't hear any thing they have done worth mentioning, except some orders they have given about the dispute in the city of *Dublin*. You may be sure they are not such as will please our friends; but I think you and I agreed in condemning those proceedings in our own people. My lord *Darby* is made lord lieutenant of *Lancashire*. That and *Hampshire* are the only vacant employments they have filled up; I suppose, under pretence of their being maritime counties. If the whigs had directed the list of regents, *Marlborough*, *Sunderland* and *Wharton* had not been left out. There are five tories too, that would not have been in. Though they were a little whimsical for three or four days about the succession, they seemed to recant, and own themselves in an error by the later votes. Every one of them approved the peace; and were for the address at the end of the last session, that it was safe, honourable and advantageous. Considering what ministers were employed here by the court of *Hanover*, and that the king himself had little information but what he received from them, I think his list shews no ill disposition to the tories: and they say he is not apt to be hasty in removing the persons he finds in employment. The bill is brought in for granting him the old duties for the civil list. One *Wikes*, of *Northampton*, moved to tack the place-bill to it; but nobody seconded him,  
and

and he was extremely laughed at. He happens unluckily to be a tory.

Did you receive your papers last post? The first copy is not yet left at *St. Dunstan's*. Should I send to *Barber* for it in lord *Bolingbroke's* name? I have writ to him to bring in his bill, and as soon as he comes I will pay him. I suppose I shall see him to-morrow. I wish you a good journey to *Ireland*: But if I hear *Saturday's* post comes into *Wantage* on *Sunday*, I may trouble you again. Pray let me know when you land in *Ireland*, that I may write to you, if any thing happens worth while. I shall be very impatient for what you promise me from thence. I should be very glad to hear from you while you are on the road.

Lord *Anglesey* came to town last *Tuesday*. They are all here now, except *Pembroke* and *Strafford*. *Charles Eversfield* is making his court to the dukes of *Somerset* and *Argyle*: he declares he will keep his place, if he can, and that he will not stir for *Campion's* election in the county of *Sussex*. *Campion* and he have had some high words upon that account. Lord *Orford* told the commissioners of the admiralty, they were ignorant, negligent of their duty, and wanted zeal for the king's service.



## L E T T E R CLXIV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

My dear Friend, *Aug. 12, 1714.*

I Thank you for your kind letter, which is very comfortable upon such a melancholy occasion. My dear mistress's days were numbered even in my imagination, and could not exceed such certain limits, but of that small number a great deal was cut off by the last troublesome scene of this contention among her servants. I believe sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller, than death was to her; only it surprized her too suddenly before she had signed her will; which, no doubt, her being involved in so much business, hindered her from finishing. It is unfortunate, that she had been persuaded, as is supposed by *Lowndes*, that it was necessary to have it under the great seal. I have figured to myself all this melancholy scene; and even, if it be possible, worse than it has happened twenty times; so that I was prepared for it. My case is not half so deplorable as poor lady *Masham's*, and several of the queen's servants; some of whom have no chance for their bread but the generosity of his present majesty, which several people, that know him, very much commend. So far

far is plain from what has happened in public affairs, that what one party affirmed of the settlement has proved true, that it was firm: that it was in some measure an advantage to the successor not to have been here, and so obliged to declare himself in several things, in which he is now at liberty. And indeed never any prince in this respect came to the crown with greater advantage. I can assure you the peaceable scene, that now appears, is a disappointment to more than one set of people.

I have an opportunity calmly and philosophically to consider that treasure of vileness and baseness, that I always believed to be in the heart of man; and to behold them exert their insolence and baseness: every new instance, instead of surprizing and grieving me, as it does some of my friends, really diverts me, and in a manner improves my theory. Though I think I have not met with it in my own case, except from one man; and he was very far mistaken; for to him I would not abate one grain of my proud spirit. Dear friend, the last sentence of your letter quite kills me. Never repeat that melancholy tender word, that you will endeavour to forget me. I am sure I never can forget you, till I meet with (what is impossible) another, whose conversation I can delight in so much as Dr. *Swift's*; and yet that is the smallest thing I ought to value

you for. That hearty sincere friendship, that plain and open ingenuity in all your commerce, is what, I am sure, I never can find in another man. I shall want often a faithful monitor, one that would vindicate me behind my back, and tell me my faults to my face. God knows I write this with tears in my eyes. Yet do not be obstinate, but come up for a little time to *London*; and if you must needs go, we may concert a manner of correspondence wherever we are. I have a letter from *Gay* just before the queen's death. Is he not a true poet, who had not one of his own books to give to the princess, that asked for one?

## L E T T E R CLXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHOMRIGH.

*August 12, 1714.*

**I** Had your letter last post, and, before you can send me another, I shall set out for *Ireland*. I must go and take the oaths, and the sooner the better. If you are in *Ireland* when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but where every thing is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws, that must be passed through; but it is probable, we may meet in *London*  
next



( 7 )

next winter; or, if not, leave all to fate, that seldom cares to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you. These public misfortunes have altered all my measures, and broke my spirits. God Almighty bless you. I shall. I hope to be on horse-back in a day after this comes to your hand. I would not answer your questions for a million, nor can I think of them with any ease of mind.-----  
Adieu.

L E T T E R CLXVI.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

*August 14, 1714\*.*

I Suppose you expect news upon † Craggs's return from *Hanover*; but I don't hear a word more than what you have in the lords justices speech. Yesterday morning after he came, the whigs looked dejected, and our friends very much pleased; tho' I do not know any reason for either, unless it was expected by both sides, that he would have brought orders for alterations. It seems the

\* On the back of this letter is the following note of the dean. "Memorandum, I left *Ledcomb*, Aug. 16, 1714, in order to go to *Ireland*."

† *James Craggs*, Esq; afterwards one of the Secretaries of State, and a Privy Counsellor.

*dragon's* entertainment was on a family account, upon the agreement between lord *Harley* and lord *Pelham*; and only those, who were concerned in their affairs, were invited. But flighter grounds would have served to raise a story at this time; and it was sufficient, that my lord *Townshend* and lord *Cowper* dined at his house. However, we look upon him as lost to our side; and he has certainly made advances of civility to the whigs, which they have returned with the utmost contempt. I am told *Dismal*\* begins to declare for his old friends, and protests he was really afraid for the protestant succession, which made him act in the manner he did. The foreign peers are certainly deprived of their right of voting by the express words of the act of succession; and it appears it was the intention of the legislature at that time, for prince *George* of *Denmark* was excepted by name; but it is thought the lords will interpret it otherwise when it comes to be tried. They don't lose the other privileges of peerage, and their posterity born here may sit in the house. The same clause extends to the house of commons; and no foreigner can enjoy any employment, civil or military. They may be favourable to the lords, who are all whigs; but I doubt poor *Duke Disney* will lose his regiment. I sup-

\* The earl of *Nottingham*.

pose *Barber* has given you an account of lord *B——*'s pamphlet. If you and he are not come to an eclaircissement upon it, shall I send to him for it? I long for the other. Yesterday the commons voted *nemine con.* to pay the *Hanover* troops, that deserted us in 1712. To-day Sir *William Wyndham, Campion*, and two or three more, gave some opposition to it; for which they are extremely blamed. I think they had acted right, if they had spoke against it yesterday; but it seems they were not then in the house. They had not strength enough to-day to come to a division.

Once more I wish you a good journey, and a quick return; and I hope you will find things go better than you expect.

## L E T T E R CLXVII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. ARBUTHNOTT, or the  
DEAN of St. PATRICK'S.

*Hanover, Aug. 16, 1714.*

YOU remember, I suppose, that I was to write you abundance of letters from *Hanover*; but as one of the most distinguishing qualities of a politician is secrecy, you must not expect from me any arcanas of state. There is another thing, that is necessary to establish the character of a politician;



litician; which is, to seem always to be full of affairs of state; to know the consultations of the cabinet council, when at the same time all his politics are collected from newspapers. Which of these two causes my secrecy is owing to, I leave you to determine. There is yet one thing more, that is extremely necessary for a foreign minister, which he can no more be without, than an artizan without his terms; I mean the terms of his art. I call it an art of science, because I think the king of *France* hath established an academy to instruct the young *Machiavillians* of his country in the deep and profound science of politics. To the end that I might be qualified for an employment of this nature, and not only be qualified myself, but (to speak in the stile of Sir *John Falstaff*) be the cause of qualifications in others, I have made it my business to read memoirs, treaties, &c. And as a dictionary of law terms is thought necessary for young beginners; so I thought a dictionary of terms of state would be no less useful for young politicians. The terms of politics being not so numerous, as to swell into a volume, especially in time of peace, (for in time of war all the terms of fortification are included) I thought fit to extract them in the same manner, for the benefit of young practitioners, as a famous author hath compiled his learned treatise of the law, called the Doctor and Student.

dent. I have not made any great progress in this piece; but, however, I will just give you a specimen of it, which will make you in the same manner a judge of the design and nature of this treatise.

*Politician.* What are the necessary tools for a prince to work with?

*Student.* Ministers of state.

*Politician.* What are the two great qualities of a minister of state?

*Student.* Secrecy and dispatch.

*Politician.* Into how many parts are the ministers of state divided?

*Student.* Into two. First, ministers of state at home; secondly, ministers of state abroad, who are called foreign ministers.

*Politician.* Very right. Now as I design you for the latter of these employments, I shall wave saying any thing of the first of these. What are the different degrees of foreign ministers?

*Student.* The different degrees of foreign ministers are as follow. First, Plenipotentiaries. Second, Embassadors extraordinary. Thirdly, Embassadors in ordinary. Fourth, Envoys extraordinary. Fifth, Envoys in ordinary. Sixth, Residents. Seventh, Consuls. And Eighth, Secretaries.

*Politician.* How is a foreign minister to be known?

*Student.* By his credentials.

*Politician.*

*Politician.* When are a foreign minister's credentials to be delivered?

*Student.* Upon his first admission into the presence of the prince, to whom he is sent, otherwise called his first audience.

*Politician.* How many kind of audiences are there?

*Student.* Two, which are called a public audience, and a private audience.

*Politician.* What should a foreign minister's behaviour be when he has first audience?

*Student.* He should bow profoundly, speak deliberately, and wear both sides of his perriwig before.

By these few questions and answers you may be able to make some judgment of the usefulness of this politic treatise. *Wiquefort*, it is true, can never be sufficiently admired for his elaborate treatise of the conduct of an ambassador in all his negotiations: but I design this only as a compendium, or the ambassador's manuel, or *vade mecum*.

I have wrote so far of this letter, and do not know who to send it to; but I have now determined to send it, either to Dr. *Arbuthnott*, or the dean of St. *Patrick's*, or to both. My lord *Clarendon* is very much approved of at court; and I believe is not dissatisfied with his reception. We have not much variety of diversions; what we did yesterday  
and



and to-day, we shall do to-morrow ; which is to go to court, and walk in the gardens at *Herenhausen*. If I write any more, my letter will be just like my diversions, the same thing over and over again. So, Sirs, your most obliged, humble servant,

J. G A Y.

I would have writ this letter over again, but I had not time. Correct all erratas.

## L E T T E R CLXVIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER,

*Oct.* 19, 1714.

**E**VEN in affliction your letter made me melancholy, and communicated some of the spleen, which you had, when you wrote it, and made me forfeit some of my reputation of chearfulness and temper under affliction. However, I have so many subjects amongst my friends and fellow-servants to be grieved for, that I can easily turn it off myself with credit. The queen's poor servants are like so many poor orphans exposed in the very streets. And those, whose past obligations of gratitude and honour ought to have engaged them to have represented their case, pass by them like so many abandoned creatures, without the possibility

possibility of ever being able to make the least return for a favour, which has added to my theory of human virtue.

I wish I did not only haunt you in the obliging and affectionate sense you are pleased to express it, but were personally present with you ; and I think it were hardly in the power of fortune not to make some minutes pleasant. I dine with my lord and lady *Masbam* to-day, where we will, as usual, remember you.

You have read ere this time the *history of the White Staff* \*, which is either contrived by an enemy, or by himself, to bring down vengeance ; and I have told some of his nearest friends so. All the *dragon* can say will not give him one single friend amongst the whole party ; and therefore I even wonder at him, which you will say is a strange thing. The very great person of all † can hardly speak of him with patience. The

\* A pamphlet written by Mr. *Daniel de Foe*, and published in 1714, in 8vo. in two parts, under the title of ‘ The secret history of the *White Staff* ; being an account of affairs under the conduct of some late ministers, and of what might probably have happened, if her majesty had not died.’ Soon after the publication of it came out in 8vo. A detection of the sophistry and falsities of the pamphlet, entitled, ‘ The secret history of the *White Staff*, containing an enquiry into the Staff’s conduct in the late management, particularly with respect to the protestant succession.’

\* Probably king *George I.*

*Conde* acts like a man of spirit, makes up to the k—— and talks to him, and would have acted with more sense than any of them, could he have had any body to have acted along with him : *nos numerus sumus*, &c. The man you speak of is just as you describe, so I beg pardon. *Shadwell* says, he will have my place at *Chelfea*. *Garth* told me, his merit was giving intelligence about his mistress's health. I desired he would do me the favour to say, that I valued myself upon quite the contrary; and I hoped to live to see the day, when his majesty would value me the more for it too. I have not seen any thing as yet to make me recant a certain inconvenient opinion I have, that one cannot pay too dear for peace of mind.

Poor philosopher *Berkeley* has now the idea \* of health, which was very hard to produce in him; for he had an idea of a strange fever upon him so strong, that it was very hard to destroy it by introducing a contrary one. Poor *Gay* is much where he was, only out of the † duchess's family and service. He has some confidence in the princess and countess of *Picbourgh*; I wish it may be significant to him. I advised him to

\* This alludes to his book, in which he attempts to prove, that all things supposed to depend upon a material world, subsist only in idea.

† The duchess of *Monmouth*.



make a poem upon the princess before she came over, describing her to the *English* ladies; for it seems the princess does not dislike that. She is really a person, that I believe will give great content to every body. But *Gay* was in such a groveling condition, as to the affairs of the world, that his muse would not stoop to visit him. I can say no more of news, than that you will find the proceedings hitherto have been comparatively gentle. Adieu.

### L E T T E R CLXIX.

Another letter from the same, written on the same paper.

**I** Thank you kindly for your's, with the inclosed from our friend. I would have obeyed your commands as to the *history of the White Staff*, but that there really is no answer to it, more than a thing, that rises just out of what is said in the history. None wrote on purpose by any one, that knows matters of fact, or can contradict what he says; or indeed wrote by concert of the persons, that are attacked. And I reckon any other is not worth your while to read. The *dragon* denies it; but as I told the governor, it is necessary for him to do that in a very solemn and strong manner; else there will be a ripping answer, as you say. All things go  
on

on at the usual rate. I am at an uncertainty still as to my little office. I leave them to do just as they please. *George Fielding* and brigadier *Brittain* are grooms of the bed-chamber, which does not seem altogether the doing of a certain great man. The groom of the stole is still uncertain, lying betwixt two, that you know. I am told, that the great person of all has spoke more contemptibly of the *dragon* than of any body, and in very hard terms. Has not he managed finely at last? The princess gives great content to every body. I will add no more, being to write on the other side to the dean; which pray forward.

# LETTER CLXX.

Dr. SWIFT to Sir ARTHUR LANGFORD.

SIR, *Trim, October 30th, 1714.*

I WAS to wait on you the other day, and was told by your servant, that you are not to be seen 'till towards evening, which, at the distance I am at this time of the year, cannot easily be compassed. My principal business was to let you know, that since my last return from *England* many persons have complained to me, that I suffered a conventicle to be kept in my parish, and in a place,

where there never was any before. I mentioned this to your nephew, *Rowley*, in *Dublin*, when he came to me with this message from you; but I could not prevail with him to write to you about it. I have always looked upon you as an honest gentleman, of great charity and piety in your way, and I hope you will remember at the same time, that it becomes you to be a legal man, and that you will not promote or encourage, much less give a beginning to, a thing directly contrary to law. You know the dissenters in *Ireland* are suffered to have their conventicles only by connivance, and that only in places where they formerly used to meet. Whereas this conventicle of your's is a new thing, in a new place, entirely of your own erection, and perverted to this ill use from the design you outwardly seemed to have intended it for. It has been the weakness of the dissenters to be too sanguine and assuming upon events in the state, which appeared to give them the least encouragement; and this, in other turns of affairs, hath proved very much to their disadvantage. The most moderate churchmen may be apt to resent when they see a sect, without toleration by law, insulting the established religion. Whenever the legislature shall think fit to give them leave to build new conventicles, all good churchmen will submit; but 'till then we can hardly see it with-



without betraying our church. I hope therefore you will not think it hard, if I take those methods which my duty obliges me, to prevent this growing evil, as far as it lies in my power, unless you shall think fit from your own prudence, or the advice of some understanding friends, to shut up the doors of that conventicle for the future. I am, with true friendship and esteem, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant, B.

L E T T E R CLXXI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

*November the 4th, 1714.*

I Have one letter from you to acknowledge, which I will do very soon. In the mean time, I send this to acquaint you, that if you have not already hid your papers in some private place in the hands of a trusty friend, I fear they will fall into the hands of our enemies. Sure, you have already taken care in this matter, by what the public prints told you of the proceedings of the great men towards the earl of *Strafford* and Mr. *Prior*. However, for greater caution, this is sent you by—I am, &c.

## L E T T E R CLXXII.

Monfieur SWIFT a Monfieur GIRALDI.

MONSIEUR, De Dublin, en Irlande,  
Fevriere 25, 1714-15.

**J**E prens la liberté de vous prefenter le porteur of cellecy, Monfieur *Howard*, gentilhomme favant et de condition de ce pais cy ; qui pretend de faire le tour d' *Ittalie* ; et qui etant chanoine en mon doyenné et professeur de college icy, veut en voyageant parmi les catholique s' opiniatrer le plus dans fon heresie. Et apres tout, Monfieur, il n'est que juste, que puisque, vous avez derobé notre franchise *Angloise* pour l'ajouter a vôtre politeffe *Italienne*, que quelques uns de nous autres tramontanes devoient en voyageant chez vous à faire des reprisailles. Vous me souffiriez aussi de vous prier de presenter mes tres humble devoirs à son altesse royale le Grand Duc.

Pour mon particulier, Monfieur, je prens la liberté de vous dire, que deuz mois devant la morte de la reine, voyant, qu'il etoit tout a fait impossible de r' accommoder mes amis du ministere, je me retiré a la campagne en *Berkshire*, d'ou apres ce triste evenement je venois en *Irlande*, ou je demure, en mon doyenné,

enné, et attens avec la resignation d'un bon Chrétien la ruine de nôtre cause et de mes amis, managée tous les jours par la faction dominante. Car ces Messieurs font tout a fait resolu de trancher une demi-douzaine des tetes des millieurs d' *Angleterre*, et que vous avez fort bien connus et estimés. Dieu fait quel en sera l'evenement. Pour moy j'ai quitte pour jamais la politique, et avec la permission des bons gens, qui sont, maintenant en vogue, je demeureray la reste de ma vie en mon hermitage pour songer à mon salut.

Adieu, Monsieur, et me faites la justice de croire que je suis avec beaucoup de respect, Messieurs, votre, &c.

*Note*, Monsieur *Giraldi* was secretary to the grand duke of *Tuscany*.

# LETTER CLXXIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

*August 6th, 1715.*

I Received your very Heraclitian letter. I am kinder than you. I desire to hear your complaints, and will always share them, when I cannot remove them. I should have the same concern for things as you, were I not convinced, that a comet will make much



more strange revolutions upon the face of our globe, than all the petty changes that can be occasioned by government and ministries. And you will allow it to be a matter of importance, to think of methods to save one's self and family in such a terrible shock, when this whole earth will turn upon new poles, and revolve in a new orbit. I consider myself as a poor passenger, and that the earth is not to be forsaken, nor the rocks removed for me. But you are certainly some first minister of a great monarch, who, for some misbehaviour, are condemned, in this revolution of things, to govern a chapter, and a choir of singing-men. I am sure I should think myself happy, if I had only such a province as the latter. Certainly your chapter is too peaceable, and not like other chapters; else they would give you more occupation. You see I begin with philosophy. As to business, I this moment saw the *dragon*. He had your letters, and shewed them to me some time ago, and seems to be mighty fond of the project; only he is to be at *Wimple*, and not in *Herefordshire*, and it is but a step further. He is to write to-night, if you believe him, to that very purpose; nay, I am to have the letter to inclose, and I intend to keep mine open 'till eleven. It is strange, that you should imagine the *dragon* had cast his exuviae  
in

in his den \*, or that confinement is a cure for inactivity; so far from it, all these habits are ten times stronger upon him than ever. *Lewis* will furnish you with a collection of new stories, that are as far beyond the old ones, as you can imagine. Therefore I say again, come, and you will be far from finding any such dismal scenes as you describe. Your own letter will furnish you with topics to conquer your melancholy. For in such a mutability, what is it, that must not in time cast up? Even the return of that brother § you mention. And as philosophical as I am, I should be very sad, if I did not think that very probable and feasible. As to your friends, tho' the world is changed to them, they are not changed to you; and you will be caressed as much as ever, and by some, that bore you no good will formerly. Do you think there is no pleasure in hearing the *H——r* club † declaim upon the clemency and gentleness of the late reign, and a thousand stranger things? As for the constitution, it is in no more danger than a strong man, that has got a little surfeit by drunkenness. All will be well, and people recover

\* He was sent to the *Tower*.

§ *Bolingbroke*.

† *Hanover* club, of which *Ambrose Philips*, esq; was secretary.

their sober senses every day. Several of your friends dine with me to-day, lady *Ma*——, *John Drummond*, the judge, &c. where you will be remembered. I wish I could return your compliments as to my wife and bairns. Sure you are a very ill husband, for you had the compleat thousand, when you were in *England*, and sixpence of another thousand given by the *dragon*. I remember that full well. *L*—— is gone his progress. I shall be at *Bath* in a fortnight. Come that way. Adieu.

I really think the person I recommended will do well; he will be quite another thing before *Michaelmas*, with *Rosgrave's* \* teaching, &c. He has a good voice.

# LETTER CLXXIV.

Dr. FRIEND † to Dr. SWIFT.

MR. DEAN, *Westminster*, Sept. 20, 1715.

I AM much obliged to lady *Kerry* for giving you an occasion of writing, and shall always be pleased in receiving any commands from you. Mr. *Fitzmaurice* is very pro-

\* See the note on *Prior's* letter, dated *August* 16, 1713.

† *Robert Friend*, D. D. master of *Westminster-school*.  
misg,



missing, and a favourite of mine already. I had never seen nor heard from any one, that was concerned for him, 'till I had the favour of your's; but as I had taken a particular notice of him on his own account, I shall now do it much more upon your's. This will be brought to you by your kinsman, Mr. *Rolt*. I am glad I can tell you, that he has behaved himself very well here. He is not of the highest fort, but is very sober and industrious, and will work out his way, and, I believe, deserve any encouragement you are pleased to give him. Things are in an odd posture with us at present; and the state of banishment you are in, may be endured without much regret: however, I shall hope in a little time to see you here, when more of your friends are in town.

The bishop \* and my brother † are much your's, and very desirous of a happy meeting with you. Before this can be with you, you'll be able to guess how soon that may happen. And may it be as soon as is wished by, sir, your most obedient and faithful humble servant,

R. FRIEND.

\* *Dr. Francis Atterbury, bishop of Rochester.*

† *John Friend, M. D.*

## L E T T E R CLXXV.

The Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

*October* the 17th, 1715.

I WAS extremely pleased to find you had not forgot your friends, when it is so hard for them to write to you, and, by their concern for you, put you in mind of them. But I find no misfortunes can lessen your friendship, which is so great, as to blind you of the side of their faults, and make you believe you see virtues in them, it were happy for them they enjoyed in any degree; for, I am sure, some of those you named are much wanted at this time. I was, as you heard, very well pleased, that my friend \* was safe as to his person, but very uneasy at seeing his reputation so treated. As to his fortune, it is yet in dispute. However, as long as he is well, I am satisfy'd. It is with difficulty I do hear but now and then; a straggling body brings me an account of him; for there has been no encouragement to write by the post, all letters miscarrying, that either he or I have wrote that way, that we have given it over

\* The Duke, who being suspected of treasonable practices, or designs, went abroad.

now,

now, and trust to accident for the news of each other. I hope I shall hear from you oftner than I have done for some months past: for no friend you have has more respect for you, than, your most humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

Your niece *Betty* \* is your humble servant.

L E T T E R CLXXVI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to \* \* \*.

DEAR FRIEND, Without date. Receiv'd  
*December 2d, 1715.*

I Hope this will find you in good health, and I hope in greater tranquillity of mind, than when we used to lament together at your office for the eternal faults of our friends. I have seen the *dragon* thrice since I wrote to you. He is without shadow of change; the greatest example of an unshaken tranquillity of mind, that ever I yet saw, seeming perfectly well satisfied with his own conduct in every particular. You know we have often said, that there is but one dragon in *rerum natura*. I don't know what he thinks, but I am perfectly well satisfied, that there will not be that one dragon left, if

\* Her grace's daughter.



some people have their will. *Haly Bassa*, they say, struggles for his son-in-law. It is generous and grateful. There is a prodigious quarrel between him and the president about it \*.

I am not yet out, but expect to be soon. Adieu.

I had almost forgot to tell you of the Pretender's declaration, in which there are words to this purpose: ' That he had no reason to  
' doubt of the good intention of his sister,  
' which was the reason that he sat quiet in  
' in her time; but now was disappointed by  
' the deplorable accident of her sudden  
' death.'

## L E T T E R CLXXVII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT,  
of the same date.

DEAR BROTHER,

**I** Send you the scrap of a letter begun to you by the whole society, because I suppose you even value the fragments of your friends. The honest gentleman, at whose lodgings we wrote, is gone for *France*. I

\* The president of the council, who at that time was *Daniel* earl of *Nottingham*.

really

really value your judgment extremely in chusing your friends. I think worthy Mr. Ford is an instance of it, being an honest, sensible, firm, friendly man, *et qualis ab inceptu processerat, &c.*

Tho', by the way, praising your judgment is a little compliment to myself, which I am apt to fall into of late, no-body now being at the trouble of doing it for me. The *Parnellian*, who was to have carried this letter, seems to have changed his mind by some sudden turn in his affairs; but I wish his hopes may not be the effect of some accidental thing working upon his spirits, rather than any well-grounded project.

If it be any pleasure to you, I can assure you, that you are remembered kindly by your friends, and I believe not altogether forgot by your enemies. I think both is for your reputation. I am told, that I am to lose my little preferment: however, I hope to be able to keep a little habitation warm in town. I cannot but say, I think there is one thing in your circumstance, that must make any man happy; which is, a *liberty to preach*. Such a prodigious privilege, that if it did not border upon simony, I could really purchase it for a sum of money. For my part, I never imagine any man can be uneasy, that has the opportunity of venting himself

himself to a whole congregation once a week. And you may pretend what you will, I am sure you think so too, or you don't judge right. As for news, I never enquire about any. *Fuimus Troes, &c.*

My present politics is to give no disturbance to the present folks in the due exercise of their power, for fear of forcing them to do very strange things, rather than part with what they love so well. Untoward reports in the country will make elections dearer, which I am sorry for. The *dragon*, I am afraid, will be struck at. Adieu, in haste.

## L E T T E R CLXXVIII.

The duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,                      *January* the 23d, 1715-16.

**Y**OUR letter was a great while upon the road, before I had the good luck to have it; and I think I was happy, that ever it arrived here; for it is the second letter I have received out of *Ireland* in above seven months. Either those few friends I have there are afraid of taking notice of me, or my enemies won't let me have the comfort of thinking I have any left, and therefore stop my letters. I give you a thousand  
thanks



thanks for so kindly remembering an absent friend. As you always think right, I don't wonder you are of the opinion our *friend* \* has not all his good offices very well returned. But who live in this world, must arm themselves with patience, and a resolution able to bear ingratitude, reproach, poverty and afflictions of all kinds ; or submit to the discipline of *Bedlam*.

I have not heard from my master † these many months. I hope he is well, because the good-nature of the world would take care I should hear, if he were otherwise.

The lady you name in your letter, lives at her house at *Berkshire*. I can't entertain you with so much as the tittle-tattles of the town, having not seen it these four months, nor scarce any thing but frost and snow ; which makes me converse most with robin-red-breasts, that do me the favour to come in at the windows to see me. Your niece is your humble servant ; but not well, having a rash.

I believe by this time you wish you had not provoked me to write ; since you are troubled with so long a scroll from me ; who am, with great truth, Sir, your most sincere friend, and humble servant.

\* Probably the earl of *Oxford*.

† The duke of *Ormond*, her husband.

LETTER CLXXIX.

Dr. ATTERBURY, Bishop of ROCHESTER,  
to Dr. SWIFT.

*Bromley, \* April 6, 1716.*

Good Mr. DEAN,

**M**Y gout kept me so long a prisoner at *Westminster* this winter, that I have fixed at *Bromley* this spring much sooner than ever I yet did, for which reason my meeting with Dr. *Younger* will be more difficult, than it would be, had I been still at the deanery†.

The best (or rather the worst) is, that I believe he can say nothing to you upon the matter, about which you write, which will please you. His deanery ‡ is of the old foundation, and in all such foundations the deans have no extraordinary power or privilege, and are nothing more than residentiaries, with a peculiar corps belonging to them as deans; the first of the chapter, but such, whose presence is not necessary towards the dispatch of any one capitular act, the senior

\* *Bromley in Kent*, where the bishops of *Rochester* have an episcopal palace.

† Of *Westminster*, which has long been connected with the bishopric of *Rochester*.

‡ Of *Salisbury*.

residential

residentiary supplying their absence, in every case, with full authority. Thus, I say, the case generally is in the old deaneries, unless where the local statutes may have expressly reserved some peculiar power or privilege to the deans of those churches. But none of them, I dare say, have a negative, either by common law, custom, or local statute. Thus much to shew you, that a nice search into the peculiar rights of the dean of *Sarum* will be needless, if not mischievous to you. The three deaneries, which I have had, are all of the new foundation, by *Henry* the eighth, or queen *Elizabeth*.

In the charters of all there is a clause, empowering the dean to make, punish, and unmake all the officers. In the statutes of one of them (*Carlisle*) the dean's consent, in all *graviore causa*, is made expressly necessary, and in the other two nothing from the foundation of those churches ever passed the seal without the dean's *sigilletur* first written on the lease, patent, presentation, &c. which is a manifest and uncontested proof of his negative. As to the power of proposing, that I apprehend not to be exclusive to the other members of the chapter. It is a point chiefly of decency and convenience; the dean being the principal person, and supposed best to be acquainted with the affairs of the church, and in what order they are fittest to be trans-



acted. But, if any one else of the body will propose any thing, and the rest of the chapter will debate it, I see not how the dean can hinder them, unless it be by leaving the chapter; and that itself will be of no moment in churches, where his absence doth not break up and dissolve the chapter; as it does, where his consent to any thing there treated of is expressly required before it can pass into an act. Where, indeed, he is allowed such a negative, he is generally allowed to make all proposals; because it would be to no purpose for any one to make a proposition, which he can quash by a dissent: but this is not, I say, a matter of right, but prudence.

Upon the whole, the best advice I can give you, is, whatever your powers are by statute or usage, not to insist on them too strictly in either of the cases mentioned by you, unless you are very sure of the favour and countenance of your visitor. The lawyers, you will find, whenever such points come before them for a decision, are very apt to disregard statutes and custom in such cases; and to say, that their books make the act of the majority of the corporation of the legal act of the body, without considering, whether the dean be among the minority or no. And therefore your utmost dexterity and address will be necessary, in order to prevent

vent such a trial of your right at common law; which, it is ten to one, (especially as things now stand) will go against you. If the refractory part of your chapter are stout, and men of any sense, or supported underhand, (the last of these is highly probable) you had better make use of expedients to decline the difficulty, than bring it at present to a decision. These are the best lights, and this the best advice, I can give you, after a long experience of the natural consequence of such struggles, and a careful search into the foundation of the powers and privileges claimed and disputed on the one side and the other. I wish I could say any thing more to your satisfaction, but I cannot; and I think, in all such cases, the best instance I can give you of my friendship, is not to deceive you.

There is a statute in the latter-end of king *Henry* the eighth's reign, worthy of your perusal. The title of it relates to the *leases of hospitals*, &c. and the tenor of it did, in my apprehension, seem always to imply, that, without the dean, master, &c. nothing could be legally done by the corporation. But the lawyers will not allow this to be good doctrine, and say, that statute (notwithstanding a constant phrase of it) determines nothing of this kind, and, at the most, implies it only as to such deaneries,

Ec. where the dean, master, Ec. have the right of a negative, by statute or usage. And few lawyers there are, who will allow even thus much. I cannot explain myself farther on that head ; but, when you peruse the statute, you will see what I mean ; though, after all, it does not, I believe, include *Ireland*. However, I look upon it as a declaration of the common law here in *England*.

I am sorry you have any occasion to write to me on these heads, and much sorrier, that I am not able to give you any tolerable account of them. God forgive those, who have furnished me with this knowledge, by involving me designedly into those squabbles. I thank God, I have forgiven them.

I will enter into nothing but the enquiries of your letter, and therefore add not a word more, either in *English* or *Latin*, but that I am, with great esteem, good Mr. Dean, your very affectionate humble servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

L E T-



## L E T T E R CLXXX.

Lady BOLINGBROKE \* to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, Aug. 4, 1716.*

I WISH your last had found me in the country, but, to my misfortune, I am still kept in town, soliciting my unfortunate business. I have found great favour from his majesty. But form is a tedious thing to wait upon. Since 'tis my fate, I must bear it with patience, and perfect it, if I can; for there is nothing like following business one's self. I am unwilling to stir without the seals, which I hope to have soon. I have been very ill; this place never agreeing with me, and less now than ever, it being prodigious hot weather.

I know not what to say as to one part of your's; only this, that you will forgive the fears of a woman, if she says she is glad it is as it is, tho' it has almost ruined her. I hope, one time or other, his majesty will find my lord has been misrepresented; and, by that means, he may be restored to his country once more with honour; or else, however

\* *Frances*, first wife of the lord viscount *Bolingbroke*, and daughter of Sir *Henry Winchcomb*, of *Bucklebury*, in *Berks*.

harsh it may sound out of my mouth, I had rather wear black. These are my real sentiments. I never thought myself, nor my health, of any consequence 'till lately; and since you tell me 'tis so to the unworthy, as you please to term it, I shall take care of it: for the worthy, which I once thought so, they are good for nothing, but to neglect distressed friends. Those few friends I meet with now, are worth a thousand relations: that I found long ago. We have the happiness of odd, half-witted relations, and silly, obstinate, opiniatre friends, that are a severe plague to me. I never could have the pleasure of talking one moment to the d— of O——\*. She had always company, and some, that I wish she had not. She is now out of town, and we do not correspond at present. I wish her all happiness, and in better hands as to her business. You have a much better opinion of me than I deserve; but I will study all I can to merit that favour, which you are kind to assure me of.

I wish it were possible for us two to meet, that I might assure you, in person, that I am your's most faithfully.

Your's came safe. I hope this will to you. There is a lady, who never forgets you, and a particular friend to me, and has been a great comfort to me in my trouble;

Duchess of Ormond.

I mean

I mean my tenant : she is now in the country, to my grief.

L E T T E R CLXXXI.

The Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

*September 14, 1716.*

I H A D the ill fortune to miss of that letter you upbraided me with. I had deserved any reproaches you could make me, if it had come to my hands, and I not made due acknowledgments for your inquiries after me. I'll make you wish you'd not been so angry with me ; for I will scrawl out myself, what you'd rather *Betty* or my maid had, for they would have made shorter work of it ; but I will answer every part of your's, that you obliged me with by *Mr. Ford*.

First, as to the lady you mention, the reason I had not seen her in a great while was, my being in the country. To tell you the truth, I believe her husband has been a better courtier, than either she, or any of her sex could be ; because men have it in their power to serve, and I believe her's has effectually done what lay in him.

You kindly ask how my affairs go. There is yet no end of them, and God only knows when there will be. For when every thing



was thought done, a sudden blast had blown all hopes away, and then they give me fresh expectations. In the mean time, I am forced to live upon the borrow; my goods all taken away; that I shan't have so much as a bed to lie upon, but what I must buy; and no money of my own to do that with; so that you may imagine me in a chearful way. I pray God support me.

The gentleman you enquired after is very well now. The illness you heard he had, he has been subject to a good while. What you desire, I wish were in the power of either his brother or I; but all will go from both of us of every kind. Only they say, that the cloaths upon my back I may perhaps call my own, and that's all. I was obliged to leave the country. I was so ill there, that, if I had not come to the physicians, I can't tell what might have happened. My daughter is your most humble servant, and is pretty well in health.

Am not I one of my word, and troubled you twice as long as you'd have wisht? But you'll find by this that a woman's pen should no more be set at work than her tongue; for she never knows when to let either of them rest. But my paper puts me in mind, that I have but just room to tell you I wish much to see you here, if it could be with  
your

your satisfaction; and that I am, with great  
sincerity, Sir, your faithful humble servant,  
M. ORMOND.

L E T T E R CLXXXII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

*October 23, 1716.*

**I**T is a very great truth, that, among all the losses which I have sustained, none affected me more sensibly than that of your company and correspondence; and yet, even now, I should not venture to write to you, did not you provoke me to it. A commerce of letters between two men, who are out of the world, and who do not care one farthing to return into it again, must be of little moment to the state; and yet I remember enough of that world, to know, that the most innocent things become criminal in some men, as the most criminal pass applauded in others.

Your letter breathes the same spirit as your conversation at all times inspired, even when the occasion of practising the severest rules of virtuous fortitude seemed most remote, if such occasions could ever seem remote to  
men,

men, who are under the direction of your able and honest friend Sir *Roger* \*.

To write about myself is no agreeable task, but your commands are sufficient at once to determine and excuse me. Know therefore, that my health is far better than it has been a great while; that the money, which I brought over with me, will hold out some time longer; and that I have secured a small fund, which will yield in any part of the world a revenue sufficient for one, *qui peut le retrencher meme avec plaisir dans la mediocrité*. I use a *French* expression, because I have not one, that pleases me, ready in *English*. During several months after my leaving that obscure retreat, into which I had thrown myself last year, I went thro' all the mortifying circumstances imaginable. At present I enjoy, as far as I consider myself, great complacency of mind; but this inward satisfaction is imbittered, when I consider the condition of my friends. They are got into a dark hole, where they grope about after blind guides; stumble from mistake to mistake; jostle against one another, and dash their heads against the wall; and all this to no purpose. For assure yourself,

\* Sir *Roger* is the name given to the lord treasurer *Oxford*, in the history of *John Bull*. As *Bolingbroke* is known to have hated and despised the treasurer, the words *able* and *honest* must be taken ironically.

that



that there is no returning to light ; no going out, but by going back. My stile is mystic, but it is your trade to deal in mysteries, and therefore I add neither comment nor excuse. You will understand me; and I conjure you to be persuaded, that if I could have half an hour's conversation with you, for which I would barter whole hours of life, you would stare, haul your wig, and bite paper more than ever you did in your life\*. Adieu, dear friend; may the kindest influence of heaven be shed upon you. Whether we may ever meet again, that heaven only knows; if we do, what millions of things shall we have to talk over! In the mean while believe, that nothing sits so near my heart as my country and my friends; and that among these you ever had, and ever shall have, a principal place.

If you write to me, direct *A Monsieur Charlot, chez Monsieur Cantillon, banquier, rue de l' Arbre sec* †. Once more adieu.

\* This is a strong picture of *Swift's* manner.

† The name of a street in *Paris*.

## L E T T E R CLXXXIII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

*Paris, Oct. 28, 1716.*

**I**F I was to see you again, you would give twice as much as you offered six weeks ago not to have seen me. By the same rule, you might afford something not to hear from me; but the inclosed came this morning to me, and I could not send it away, without adding a few lines in the cover. They are not to put you again into the spleen, but only to ask how you do, and how you employ yourself? Do the great designs go on at *Laracor*? \* Or have the rains put a stop to your improvements, as well as to my journey? It will cost you but a penny, and a few minutes, to answer these questions; and in return, you shall know any thing you desire to know of me in my travels. I shall go on as soon as we have five or six days sunshine to dry the roads, and make the finest country in the world supportable. I am laughed at here, when I talk of travelling, and yet of waiting for fair weather; but to me the journey is the greatest part of the pleasure. And whereas my companion is continually wishing

\* The dean's living.

himself at *Rome*, I wish *Rome* was a thousand leagues farther, that I might have more way to pass in *France* and *Italy*.

If you will do me the favour to write to me, direct to be left with Mr. *Cantillon*, banker, in *Paris*. I am, &c.

# L E T T E R CLXXXIV.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,                      *London, Jan. 12, 1716-17.*

**A**BOUT two months ago I sent you a very long epistle, and was in hopes you would either have made us a visit, or have let us heard from you. Since you have done neither, we must flatter ourselves, that you will be better the new year than the former.

Our friend, *Prior*, not having had the vicissitude of human things before his eyes, is likely to end his days in as forlorn a state as any other poet has done before him, if his friends do not take more care of him than he did of himself. Therefore, to prevent the evil, which we see is coming on very fast, we have a project of printing his *Solomon*, and other poetical works, by subscription; one guinea to be paid in hand, and the other at the delivery of the book. He, *Arbutnot*,  
Pope



*Pope* and *Gay*, are now with me; and remember you. It is our joint request, that you will endeavour to procure some subscriptions: you will give your receipts for the money you receive, and when you return it hither, you shall have others in lieu. There are no papers printed here, nor any advertisements to be published; for the whole matter is to be managed by friends in such a manner, as shall be least shocking to the dignity of a plenipotentiary.

I am told the archbishop of *Dublin* shews a letter of your's, reflecting on the high-flying clergy. I fancy you have writ to him in an *ironical* stile, and that he would have it otherwise understood. This will bring to your mind what I have formerly said to you on that figure. Pray condescend to explain this matter to me. The removal of my lord *Townshend* has given a little spirit; but that will soon flag, if the king, at his return, does not make farther changes. What measures his majesty will take is uncertain; but this we are very sure of, that the division of the whigs is so great, that, morally speaking, nothing but another rebellion can ever unite them. *Sunderland*, *Stanhope* and *Cadogan* are of one side; *Townshend*, *Walpole*, *Oxford*, *Devonshire*, and the chancellor \*, of the

\* *William*, earl *Cowper*.

other.

other. The latter seem at present to be strongest; but when the former appear with a *German* reinforcement, they will undoubtedly turn the balance. They are both making their court to the tories, who, I hope, will be a body by themselves, and not serve as recruits to either of the two. Lord *Townshend*'s friends give out, that his disgrace is owing to refusing four things, *viz.* to keep up the army; repeal the limitations of the succession-act; to send money to *Germany* for carrying on a war against *Sweden*; and to attain lord *Oxford*. When lord *Sunderland*\* comes over, he will probably cry *whore again*, and endeavour to saddle lord *Townshend* in his turn. For these reproaches now are like that of *Jacobitism* in former reigns. We are told, that lord *Bolingbroke* has permission to stay in *France*, notwithstanding the late treaty, provided he retires from *Paris*.  
I am, &c.

\* By whose intrigues lord viscount *Townshend* had been removed from the post of secretary of state, which was given to *James Stanhope*, afterwards earl *Stanhope*.

## L E T T E R CLXXXV.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

*London, June 15, 1717.*

**L**AST night I received your's of the 5th instant; and since you tell me I am your only correspondent, I think I ought to be the more punctual in my returns, and the more full in what relates to our friends here. You'll see by the public prints, that *Monday* next come se'ennight is appointed for the trial of my lord *Oxford*, and that no less than six-and-twenty doughty members are appointed to manage it. The lords have likewise settled the whole forms of the proceedings. My lord has asked, that two lawyers more might be added to his council: yet is all this but a farce; for there is not a creature living, who thinks he will ever be tried; for they publicly own, that they neither have, nor ever had, any evidence; and laugh at impeachments, and attainders, and party-gambols; and say, that all people deserve to be so punished, who presume to dispossess the whigs of their indefeasible right to the administration. But since he is not to be tried, the next question is, in what manner he is to be brought off, so as to save the honour of his



his prosecutors? I think it will be by an act of grace. Others say, it will be by the commons asking more time, and the lords of their party agreeing to refuse it. But as we are wholly ignorant of their intentions, it is possible none of these guesses may be right, and that they may keep him yet another year in prison; which my lord *Marlborough* seems passionately to desire.

We labour here under all the disadvantages in the world in every respect; for the tide of party runs still very strong every where, but in no place more than in *Westminster-hall*. Those on this side, whose honour and interest both require, that all people who pay obedience, should be protected, seem to want a capacity to govern; and the similitude of circumstances between the —\* and the regent † render the latter a firm ally, contrary to the natural interest of *France*. Thus we are secure from any foreign enemy.

I agree with you, that *Snape's* letter ‡ is really but a letter, and that it is much too short and too slight for such a subject.

\* King should probably fill the blank.

† Duke of *Orleans* then regent of *France*.

‡ To the bishop of *Bangor*, Dr. *Hooadly*, occasioned by his lordship's sermon preached before the king, on *March 31, 1717, concerning the nature of the Kingdom and church of Christ*.

However, his merit was great, in being the first to give the alarm to his brethren, and setting himself in the front of the battle against his adversaries. In those respects, his letter has had its full effect.

I desire you will be as quick as you can in the assistance you intend *Prior*; for those, who subscribed here, are impatient to have their books: and we cannot keep it off much longer, without passing for common cheats. Dr. *Arbuthnott*, and Mr. *Charleton*, and I, remember you often. Lady *Masham* always asks for you very affectionately. By the way, I am perfectly restored to grace there, and am invited to their house in the country. As soon as lord *Oxford's* affair is over, I intend to go amongst my friends in the country, not to return hither 'till about *Michaelmas*. But, if you'll direct to me at my house in town, your letters will be conveyed to me, wherever I am. Mr. *Rockfort* \* seems to have a great many good qualities, and I am heartily glad he has met with success. Adieu.

\* Lord chief baron of the exchequer in queen *Anne's* reign. The dean was very intimate with this family; and among his works is a poem called, *The Country Life*, written while he was spending part of a summer at the house of *George Rockfort, Esq*; son of the above lord chief baron.

L E T-

## L E T T E R CLXXXVI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

*London, June 18, 1717.*

**H**AVING acquainted you in my letter of last post, that it was the universal opinion the commons would not proceed to the trial of my lord *Oxford*, I think myself obliged to tell you, that we begin now to be something doubtful; for the managers, who are twenty-seven in number, strenuously give out, that they shall be ready to proceed on *Monday* next. Therefore, if you have any thoughts of coming over, let not any thing, which I have said in my last, have any weight with you to alter that resolution. I am wholly taken up with the men of the law, and therefore have nothing to say to you at present upon any public matters. I shall only just trouble you with one word relating to a private affair. My brother is chaplain to Sir *Charles Hotham's* regiment, which is now ordered to *Ireland*. If you could find any young fellow, who would buy that commission, my brother thinks his patron, my lord *Carlisle*, will easily prevail with my



lord duke of *Bolton* \* for leave to dispose of it. I should be very glad you could find him a chapman.

L E T T E R CLXXXVII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R, *London, July 2, 1717.*

I HAVE the pleasure to inform you, that lord *Oxford*'s impeachment was discharged last night, by the unanimous consent of all the lords present; and, as nearly as I could count, their number was one hundred and six, the duke of *Marlborough*, my lord *Cadogan*, lord *Coningsby*, and a few others of the most violent, having withdrawn themselves before the lords came into *Westminster-hall*. The acclamations were as great as upon any occasion; and our friend, who seems more formed for adversity than prosperity, has at present many more friends, than ever he had before, in any part of his life. I believe he will not have the fewer, from a message he received this morning from the K——, by my lord chamberlain, to forbid him the court. You know the prosecution was at first the resentment of a party; but it became at last a ridiculous business, weakly carried on by the impotent rage of a woman; I mean,

\* Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*.

of my lady *Marlborough*, who is almost distracted, that she could not obtain her revenge.

I am now going out of town, with an intention to roll about from place to place, 'till about *Michaelmas* next. Direct to me hither as usual, and your letter will be conveyed to me wherever I am.

Dr. *Arbutnott*, Mr. *Charleton*, and Mr. *Currey*, have dined with me to-day, and you have not been forgot. I was in hopes we should have seen you ere this. The doctor says, you wait for the act of grace. If so, I hope to see you by next winter. I am, &c.

# LETTER CLXXXVIII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Westminster, July 30, 1717.*

I HAVE the favour of four letters from you, of the ninth, thirteenth, sixteenth, and twentieth instant. They all came safe to me, however variously directed. I find myself equally comforted by your philosophy, and assisted by your friendship. You will easily imagine, that I have an hundred things to say to you, which for as many reasons I omit, and only touch upon that business, to which, in the pride of your heart, you give the epithet sorry \*. I return you the names

\* Subscriptions for Mr. *Prior's* poems, procured by the dean. The subscription was two guineas.

of those who were kind enough to subscribe, that you may see, if they are rightly spelt, as likewise the right titles put to them, &c. I am sensible this has given you too much trouble, but it is too late now to make an apology. Let Mr. *Lewis*, who is now with me, do it for me, at what time, and in what manner he pleases. I take it for granted, that whatever I writ, as whatever is writ to me, will be broke open; so you'll expect nothing from me, but what you may have as particularly from the post-boy. We are all pretty well in health. I have my old whoreson cough, and I think I may call it mine for life. The earl \* is *semper idem*. Lord *Harley* is in the country. Our brotherhood extremely dispersed; but so as that we have been three or four times able to get as many of the society together, and drink to our absent friends. I have been made to believe, that we may see your reverend person this summer in *England*: if so, I shall be glad to meet you at any place; but, when you come to *London*, do not go to the *Cocoa-Tree* (as you sent your letter) but come immediately to *Duke-street*, where you shall find a bed, a book, and a candle: so pray think of sojourning no where else. Pray give my service to

\* Of *Oxford*.



all friends in general. I think, as you have ordered the matter, you have made the greater part of *Ireland* list themselves under that number. I do not know how you can recompense them, but by coming over to help me to correct the book, which I promise them.

You will pardon my having used another hand, since it is so much better than my own; and, believe me, ever with greatest truth, dear Sir, your's, M. PRIOR.

# L E T T E R CLXXXIX.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT,

*August 6, 1717.*

TWO years retreat has made me taste the conversation of my dearest friend with a greater relish, than ever at the time of my being charmed with it in our frequent journies to *Windsor*. Three of your letters have come safe to my hands. The first about two years since: That my son keeps as a family monument. The other two arrived since the first of *July*. My heart is often with you, but I delayed writing in expectation of giving a perfect answer about my going to *Brampton*; but the truth is, the warmth of rejoicing in those parts is so far from abat-

ing, that I am persuaded by my friends to go into *Cambridgeshire*, where you are too just not to believe you will be welcome, before any one in the world. The longing your friends have to see you must be submitted to the judgment yourself makes of all circumstances. At present this seems to be a cooler climate, than your island is like to be, when they assemble, &c. Our impatience to see you should not draw you into uneasiness. We long to embrace you, if you find it may be of no inconvenience to yourself.

OXFORD.

# LETTER CXC.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

*Heathrop, in Oxfordshire, Aug. 24, 1717.*

YOUR's, my good friend, of the sixth, finds me in *Oxfordshire* with the duke of *Shrewsbury*, which would sooner have been acknowledged, had it stayed in *London*. Before I left that pious city, I made due enquiries into the methods and regularity of your correspondence with the earl \*. He has received your letters; he will answer them, but not to-day, *sicut olim*. Nothing can change him. I can get no positive an-

\* Of *Oxford*.

swer from him, nor can any man else; so trouble yourself no more on that head than he does. He is still in *London*, and possibly has answered you; while I am a little arraigning his neglect, but in all cases *liberavi animam meam*.

I wish you were in *England*, that you might a little look over the strange stuff, that I am to give our friends for their money. I shall be angry, if you are near and not with me; but when I see you, that weighty question may easily be decided. In the mean time, I am taking your good counsel, and will be in the country as much as I can.

You have found two mistakes in the list, but have not corrected them. I presume we shall have it of the best edition, when you send the list back again; of which, I say, no haste is required.

Give my service and thanks to all friends; reserve only to yourself the assurance of my being, beyond expression, my friend, your's,  
M. PRIOR.

L E T-



## L E T T E R CXCI.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

*March 20, 1717-18.*

**M**ultiplicity of business, and a long dangerous fit of sickness, prevented me from answering the obliging letter you honoured me with some time since: but, God be thanked, I cannot make use of either of these excuses at present, being entirely free both of my office\* and my asthma. I dare not however venture myself abroad yet, but have sent the contents of your last to a friend of mine (for he is very much so, tho' he is my successor †) who I hope will turn it to the advantage of the gentleman whom you mention. I know you have so much zeal and pleasure in doing kind offices for those you wish well to, that I hope you represent the hardship of the case in the strongest colours,

\* Of secretary of state, which post Mr. Addison resigned on the fourteenth of *March*, 1717-18, and had a pension granted him of one thousand five hundred pounds a year.

† *James Craggs*, Esq;

that

that it can possibly bear. However, as I always honoured you for your good-nature, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man, who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world, I should be glad, if I could any way concur with you in putting a stop to what you say is now in agitation.

I must here condole with you on the loss of that excellent man, the bishop of *Derry* \* who hath scarce left behind him his equal in humanity, agreeable conversation, and all kinds of learning. We have often talked of you with great pleasure; and, upon this occasion, I cannot but reflect upon myself, who, at the same time that I omit no opportunity of expressing my esteem for you to others, have been so negligent in doing it to yourself. I have several times taken up my pen to write to you, but have been always interrupted by some impertinence or other; and, to tell you unreservedly, I have been unwilling to answer so agreeable a letter, as that I received from you, with one written in form only; but I must still have continued silent, had I deferred writing, 'till I could have made a suitable return. Shall we never again talk together in laconic? Whenever you see *Eng-*

\* Dr. St. George *Asb*, formerly Fellow and Provost of the University of *Dublin*, afterwards promoted to the See of *Glogher*, and from thence translated to the Bishoprick of *Derry*.

*land*, your company will be the most acceptable in the world at *Holland-house*, where you are highly esteemed by lady \* *Warwick*, and the young lord, though by none any where more than by, Sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

L E T T E R   C X C H .

Lord H A R L E Y to Dr. S W I F T.

April 12, 1718.

HIS lordship writes to the dean, that he hopes to see him at *Wimble* this year: that lord *Oxford* was well, and talked of going into *Herefordshire*. He adds, your sister is obliged to go to *Bath*, presents her humble service, and desires you to accept of a little cuty. I beg you will not deny me the favour to take the snuff-box, which comes along with it, to supply the place of that, which was broke by accident some time ago. I am, with true respect, your most humble servant, and brother,

HARLEY.

\* The countess of *Warwick*, wife to Mr. *Addison*.



## L E T T E R CXIII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

May 1, 1718.

A PRETTY kind of amusement I have been engaged in ; comma's, semicolons, italics, and capitals, to make nonsense more pompous, and furbelow bad poetry with good printing. My friends letters, in the mean time, have lain unanswered ; and the obligations I have to them, on account of the very book itself, are unacknowledged. This is not all ; I must beg you once more to transfer to us an intire list of my subscribers, with their distinct titles, that they may, for my honour, be printed at the beginning of my book. This will easily be done by revising the list, which we sent to you. I must pray of you, that it may be exact.

E——O——\* has not at all disappointed my expectations. He is *semper idem*, and has as much business to do now, as when he was governing *England*, or impeached for treason. He is still in town, but going in a week or ten days into *Herefordshire*. Lord and Lady *Harley* are at the *Bath*, and as soon as I shall have settled my affairs of the

\* Lord Oxford.

printing-press, (sad business! as you very well call it) I shall go into the country to them.

My health, I thank you, is pretty good. My courage better. I drink very often to your health, with some of our friends here; and am always, with the greatest truth and affection, dear Sir, your obliged and most obedient servant,

M. PRIOR.

# LETTER CXCIV.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

May 29, 1718.

I HAVE received your's of the sixth, with the list corrected. I have two colon and comma men. We correct and design to publish, as fast as the nature of this great or sorry work, as you call it, will bear; but we shall not be out before *Christmas*, so that our friends abroad may compleat their collection 'till *Michaelmas*, and be returned soon enough to have their names printed and their books got ready for them.

I am going to-morrow morning to the *Bath*, to meet lord *Harley* there. I shall be back in a month. The earl of *Oxford* is still here. He will go into *Herefordshire* some

time

time in *June*. He says he will write to you himself. Am I particular enough? Is this prose? And do I distinguish tenses? I have nothing more to tell you, but that you are the happiest man in the world; and, if you once got into *la bagatelle*, you may despise the world. Besides contriving emblems, such as Cupids, torches, and hearts for great letters, I am now unbinding two volumes of printed heads, to have them bound together in better order than they were before. Don't you envy me? For the rest, matters continue *sicut olim*. I will not tell you how much I want you, and I cannot tell you how well I love you. Write to me, my dear dean, and give my service to all our friends. Your's ever,

M. PRIOR

L E T T E R CXC.V.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, Sept. 25, 1718.*

MY DEAR DEAN,

I HAVE now made an end of what you, in your haughty manner, call wretched work. My book is quite printed off; and if you are as much on the *bagatelle*, as you pretend to be, you will find more pleasure in  
it



it than you imagine. We are going to print the subscribers names : if, therefore, you have any by you, which are not yet remitted, pray send them over by the next post. If you have not, pray send me word of that too ; that, in all cases, I may at least hear from you. E—— of O—— has been in town all this summer, is now going into *Herefordshire*, and says he shall see you very soon in *England*. I would tell you with what pleasure this would be, if I knew upon what certainty the hopes of it were founded. Write me word of this too ; for upon it I would order my matters so, that I may be as much with you as I can ; and this you will find no little favour ; for I assure you we are all so changed, that there is very little choice of such company as you would like ; and, except about eighteen hundred, that have subscribed to my book, I do not hear of as many more in this nation, that have common sense. My cousin *Pennyfather*, and *Will. Phillips*, drink your health. I cough, but am otherwise well ; and 'till I cease to cough, *i. e.* to live, I am, with entire friendship and affection, dear Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

L E T-

## L E T T E R CXCVI.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Bristol, Oct. 1, [1718.]*

I Have received the honour of your letter at *Bristol*, where I have just finished a course of water-drinking, which I hope has pretty well recovered me from the leavings of my last winter's sickness. As for the subject of your letter, tho' you know an affair of that nature cannot well nor safely be trusted in writing, I desired a friend of mine to acquaint Sir \* *Ralph Gore*, that I was under a pre-engagement, and not at my own choice to act in it, and have since troubled my lady *Ashe* with a letter to the same effect, which I hope has not miscarried. However, upon my return to *London*, I will farther enquire into that matter, and see, if there is any room left for me to negotiate as you propose.

I live still in hopes of seeing you in *England*, and if you would take my house at *Bilton* in your way, (which lies upon the road within a mile of *Rugby*) I would strain hard to meet you there, provided you would make

\* Some time after speaker of the house of commons, and one of the lord justices of *Ireland*.

me happy in your company for some days. The greatest pleasure I have met with for some months, is in the conversation of my old friend Dr. \* *Smalridge*, who, since the death of the excellent man you mention, is to me the most candid and agreeable of all bishops; I would say clergymen, were not deans comprehended under that title. We have often talked of you; and when I assure you he has an exquisite taste of writing, I need not tell you how he talks on such a subject. I look upon it as my good fortune, that I can express my esteem of you, even to those, who are not of the bishop's party, without giving offence. When a man has so much compass in his character, he affords his friends topics enough to enlarge upon, that all sides admire. I am sure a zealous friendly behaviour distinguishes you as much as your many more shining talents; and as I have received particular instances of it, you must have a very bad opinion of me, if you do not think I heartily love and respect you; and that I am ever, dear Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

\* Promoted to the bishoprick of *Bristol*, February 2, 1713.



## L E T T E R CXC VII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

*London, Oct. 14, 1718.*

**T**HIS serves for an envelope to the enclosed ; for I cannot tell whether you care to hear from any of your friends on this side. In your last, I think, you desired me to let you alone to enjoy your own spleen. Can you purchase your fifty pounds a year in *Wales* ? Yet I can tell you, beforehand, *Lewis* scorns to live with you there. He keeps company with the greatest, and is principal governor in many families. I have been in *France* ; six weeks at *Paris*, and as much at *Rouen* ; where, I can assure you, I hardly heard a word of news or politics, except a little clutter about sending some impertinent presidents du parlement to prison, that had the impudence to talk for the laws and liberties of their country. I was asked for Monsieur *Swift* by many people, I can assure you ; and particularly by the duke *d'Aumont*. I was respectfully and kindly treated by many folks, and even by the great Mr. *Laws* \*. Amongst other things, I had

\* The contriver of the *Mississippi* scheme.

the honour to carry an *Irish* lady \* to court,  
that was admired beyond all the ladies in  
*France* for her beauty. She had great hon-  
ours done her. The hussar himself was  
ordered to bring her the king's cat to kiss.  
Her name is *Bennet*. Amongst other folks

*For when Nelly came to France,*  
*(Invited by her cousins)*  
*Across the Tuilleries, each glance*  
*Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.*

*The King, as he at dinner sat,*  
*Did beckon to his hussar,*  
*And bid him bring his tabby cat,*  
*For charming Nell to buss her.*

*The ladies were with rage provok'd,*  
*To see her so respected :*  
*The Men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd*  
*And puss her tail erected.*

*But not a man did look employ,*  
*Except on pretty Nelly ;*  
*Then said the duke de Villeroy,*  
*Ah? qu'elle est bien jolie ?*

*The courtiers all, with one accord,*  
*Broke out in Nelly's praises ;*  
*Admir'd her rose, and lis sans farde,*  
*Which are your terms Francoises.*

\* The celebrated beauty Miss *Nelly Bennet*, on whom  
the above lines were written.

I saw your old friend lord *Bolingbroke*, who asked for you. He looks just as he did. Your friends here are in good health; not changed in their sentiments towards you. I left my two girls in *France* with their \* uncle, which was my chief business. I don't know, that I have any friends on your side, besides Mr. *Ford*, to whom give my service; and to Dr. *Parnell* and Mr. † *Jervis*.

If it be possible for you, obey the contents of the inclosed, which, I suppose, is a kind invitation. The *dragon* is just as he was, only all his old habits ten times stronger upon him than ever. Let me beg of you not to forget me, for I can never cease to love and esteem you, being ever your most affectionate and obliged humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

\* Mr. *Arbuthnott*, an eminent Banquier in *Paris*, brother to Dr. *Arbuthnott*.

† A very eminent painter.



L E T T E R CXCVIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, December 11, 1718.*

DEAR BROTHER,

FOR so I had called you before, were it not for a certain reverence I pay to deans, I find you wish both me and yourself to live to be old and rich. The second goes in course along with the first; but you cannot give seven (that is the tythe of seventy) good reasons for either. Glad at my heart should I be, if Dr. \* *Helfham* or I could do you any good. My service to Dr. *Helfham*: he does not want my advice in the case. I have done good lately to a patient and a friend, in that complaint of a vertigo, by cinnabar of antimony and castor, made up into bolus's with confect. of alkermes. I had no great opinion of the cinnabar; but, trying it amongst other things, my friend found good of this prescription. I had tried the castor alone before, not with so much success. Small quantities of *tinctura sacra*, now and then, will do you good. There are twenty lords, I be-

\* A Senior Fellow of Trinity College, *Dublin*, a most eminent Physician, and Author of lectures on natural and experimental Philosophy.

lieve,

lieve, would send you horses, if they knew how. One or two have offered to me, who, I believe, would be as good as their words. Mr. *Rowe*, the poet-laureat, is dead, and has left a damned jade of a *Pegasus*. I'll answer for it, he won't do as your mare did, having more need of *Lucan's* present, than Sir *Richard Blackmore*. I would fain have *Pope* get a patent for life for the place, with a power of putting in *Durfey* his deputy. The *dragon* is come to town, and was entering upon the detail of the reasons of state, that kept him from appearing at the beginning, &c. when I did believe, at the same time, it was only a law of nature, to which the *dragon* is most subject, *Remanere in statu in quo est nisi deturbetur ab extrinseco*. Lord *Harley* and lady *Harley* give you their service. *Lewis* is in the country with lord *Batburst*, and has wrote me a most dreadful story of a mad dog, that bit their huntsman, since which accident, I am told, he has shortened his stirrups three bores; they were not long before. Lord *Oxford* presented him with two horses. He has sold one, and sent the other to graze, *avec beaucoup de sagesse*. I do not believe the story of Lord *Bolingbroke's* marriage, for I have been consulted about the lady; and, by some defects in her constitution, I should not think her appetite lay much towards matrimony. There is some

talk about reversing his attainder ; but I wish he may not be disappointed. I am for all precedents of that kind. \* They say the pretender is like to have his chief minister impeached. He has his wife prisoner. The footmen of the house of commons choose their speaker, and impeach, &c. I think it were proper, that all monarchs should serve their apprenticeships as pretenders, that we might discover their defects. Did you ever expect to live to see the duke of *Ormond* fighting against the Protestant succession, and the duke of *Berwick* fighting for it? *France*, in confederacy with *England*, to reduce the exorbitant power of *Spain*? I really think there is no such good reason for living 'till seventy, as curiosity. You say you are ready to resent it as an affront, to say, that a lady, hardly known or observed for her beauty in *Ireland*, is a curiosity in *France*. All deans naturally fall into paralogisms. My wife gives you her kind love and service, and, which is the first thing that occurs to all wives, wishes you well married.

L E T.



## L E T T E R CXCIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

*March* the 17th, 1719, [N.S.]

I HAVE not these several years tasted so sensible a pleasure, as your letters of the 19th of *January* and 16th of *February* gave me; and I know enough of the tenderness of your heart, to be assured, that the letter I am writing will produce much the same effect on you. I feel my own pleasure, and I feel your's. The truest reflection, and, at the same time, the bitterest satyr, which can be made on the present age, is this; that, to think as you think, will make a man pass for romantic. Sincerity, constancy, tenderness, are rarely to be found. They are so much out of use, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. We meet with few friends; the greatest part of those, who pass for such, are, properly speaking, nothing more than acquaintance; and no wonder, since *Tully's* maxim is certainly true, that friendship can subsist *non nisi inter bonos*, at that age of life, when there is balm in the blood, and that confidence in the mind, which the innocency of our own heart inspires, and the experience of other men's destroys. I  
was

was apt to confound my acquaintance and my friends together. I never doubted but that I had a numerous cohort of the latter. I expected, if ever I fell into misfortune, to have as many, and as remarkable instances of friendship to produce, as the *Scythian*, in one of *Lucian's Dialogues*, draws from his nation. Into these misfortunes I have fallen. Thus far my propitious stars have not disappointed my expectations. The rest have almost entirely failed me. The fire of my adversity has purged the mass of my acquaintance; and, the separation made, I discover, on one side, an handful of friends; but, on the other, a legion of enemies, at least of strangers. Happily this fiery trial has had an effect on me, which makes me some amends. I have found less resource in other people, and more in myself, than I expected. I make good, at this hour, the motto which I took nine years ago, when I was weak enough to list again under the conduct of a man \*, of whom nature meant to make a spy, or, at most, a captain of miners; and to whom fortune, in one of her whimsical moods, made a general.

I enjoy, at this hour, with very tolerable health, great tranquillity of mind. You will, I am sure, hear this with satisfaction;

\* *Robert earl of Oxford.*

and sure it is, that I tell it you without the least affectation. I live, my friend, in a narrower circle than ever ; but, I think, in a larger. When I look back on what is past, I observe a multitude of errors, but no crimes. I have been far from following the advice which *Cælius* gave to *Cicero* ; *Id melius est statuere quod tutius sit* : and, I think, may say to myself, what *Dolabella* says, in one of his letters, to the same *Cicero* : *Satisfactum est jam a te, vel officio, vel familiaritati : satisfactum etiam partibus, et ei reipublicæ, quam tu probabas. Reliquum est, ubi nunc est respublica, ibi simus potius, quam dum illam veterem sequamur, simus in nullâ.* What my memory has furnished on this head, (for I have neither books nor papers here concerning home affairs) is writ with great truth, and with as much clearness as I could give it. If ever we meet, you will, perhaps, not think two or three hours absolutely thrown away in reading it. One thing I will venture to assure you of beforehand, which is, that you will think I never deserved more to be commended, than whilst I was the most blamed ; and that you will pronounce the highest part of my character to be that, which has been disguised by the nature of things, misrepresented by the malice of men, and which is still behind a cloud. In what is past, therefore, I find no great source of uneasiness.

As



As to the present, my fortune is extremely reduced ; but my desires are still more so. Nothing is more certain than this truth, that all our wants, beyond those, which a very moderate income will supply, are purely imaginary ; and that his happiness is greater, and better assured, who brings his mind up to a temper of not feeling them, than his, who feels them, and has wherewithal to supply them. *Hor. Epist. i. lib. 1.*

— *Vides, quæ maxima credis,  
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemq; repul-  
sam,  
Quanto devites, &c.*

Which I paraphrased thus, not long ago, in my post-chaise:

Survey mankind, observe what risques they  
run,

What fancy'd ills, thro' real dangers, shun ;  
Those fancy'd ills, so dreadful to the great,  
A lost election, or impair'd estate.

Observe the merchant, who, intent on gain,  
Affronts the terrors of the *Indian* main ;  
Tho' storms arise, and broken rocks appear,  
He flies from poverty, and knows no other  
fear.

Vain men, who might arrive, with toil far  
less,

By smoother paths, at greater happiness.

For

For 'tis superior bliss, not to desire  
 That trifling good, which fondly you admire,  
 Possess precarious, and too dear acquire. }  
 What hackney gladiator can you find,  
 By whom th' Olympic crown would be de-  
 clin'd?

Who, rather than that glorious palm to  
 seize,  
 With safety combat, and prevail with ease,  
 Would chuse on some inglorious stage to  
 tread,  
 And, fighting, stroll from wake to wake for  
 bread?

As to what is to happen, I am not anxious about it: on which subject, I have twenty fine quotations at the end of my pen; but, I think, it is better to own frankly to you, that, upon a principle (which I have long established) that we are a great deal more mechanical than our vanity will give us leave to allow, I have familiarized the worst prospects to my sight; and that, by staring want, solitude, neglect, and the rest of that train in the face, I have disarmed them of their terrors. I have heard of somebody, who, whilst he was in the Tower, used, every morning, to lay down on the block, and so act over his last scene.

Nothing disturbs me, but the uncertainty of my situation, which the zeal of a few friends,

friends, and the inveteracy of a great many enemies, entertain. The more prepared I am to pass the remainder of my life, in exile, the more sensibly shall I feel the pleasure of returning to you, if his majesty's unconditional favour, (the offers of which prevented even my wishes) proves at last effectual. I cannot apply to myself, as you bid me do;—*Non tibi parvum ingenium, non incultum est*, and what follows: and, if ever we live in the same country together, you shall not apply to me,—*Quod si frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses*.

I have writ you, before I was aware of it, a long letter. The pleasure of breaking so long a silence, transports me; and your sentiment is a sufficient excuse. It is not so easy to find one for talking so much about myself; but I shall want none with you upon this score. Adieu.

This letter will get safe to *London*; and from thence, I hope, the friend, to whom I recommend it, will find means of conveying it to you.——For God's sake, no more apologies for your quotations, unless you mean, by accusing yourself, to correct me.

There never was a better application than your's, of the story of *Pierschole*. The storks will never come, and they must be porters all their lives. They are something worse; for I had rather be a porter than a tool:



tool: I would sooner lend out my back to hire, than my name. They are at this time the instruments of a saucy gardener, who has got a gold cross on his stomach, and a red cap on his head.

A poor gentleman, who puts me often in mind of one of *Scandal's* pictures in *Con greve's* play of *Love for Love*, where a soldier is represented with his heart where his head should be, and no head at all, is the conductor of this doughty enterprize; which will end in making their cause a little more desperate than it is. Again, adieu.

Let me hear from you by the same conveyance, that brings you this. I am in pain about your health. From the 6th of *January* to the 16th of *February* is a long course of illness.

## LETTER CC.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

*Westminster, May 5, [1719.]*

DEAR SIR,

SINCE I love you with all the ties of inclination and friendship, and wish you all the happiness of life, health especially, the chiefest, you will pardon my being a little peevish, when I received your's of the  
twenty-

twenty-eighth past, which told me I must not expect to see you here, and that you were not perfectly well at *Dublin*. I hope there is a little spleen mixed with your distemper; in which case your horse may be your physician, and your physician may have the happiness of being your companion; an honour, which many here would envy him. As to the *sang froid* of fifty, who has it not, that is worth conversing with, except *Harley* and *Bathurst*? at least, make no more that sort of complaint to me. *Isthæc commemoratio est quasi exprobatio*; for fifty (as Mr. *Locke* observes) is equal to fifty; and a cough is worse than the spleen. My bookseller is a blockhead; so have they all been, or worse, from *Chaucer's* scriviner down to *John* and *Jacob*, \* Mr. *Hyde* only excepted, to whom my books in quires are consigned, and the greatest care taken, that they are rightly put up. Several of the subscribers to you requiring their books here, have had them. I need not repeat my thanks to you, for the trouble this matter has given you; or intreat your favour for *Alma* and *Solomon*. I shall perform your commands to the earl of *Oxford*, *semper idem*; and drink your health with our friends, which is all I can do for you at this distance, 'till your particular order en-

\* *Tonson*, booksellers.

joins me any thing, by which I may shew  
you, that I am, and desire always to continue,  
with the greatest truth and regard, Sir, your  
most obedient and most humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

L E T T E R C C I.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

*Westminster, Dec. 8, 1719.*

**H**AVING spent part of my summer very  
agreeably in *Cambridgeshire*, with dear  
lord *Harley*, I am returned without him to  
my own palace in *Duke-street*, whence I en-  
deavour to exclude all the tumult and noise  
of the neighbouring Court of Requests, and  
to live *aut nihil agendo aut aliud agendo*, 'till  
he comes to town. But there is worse than  
this yet. I have treated lady *Harriot* \* at  
*Cambridge*. Good God! a fellow of a col-  
lege treat! and spoke verses to her † in a  
gown and cap! What! the plenipotentiary

\* Lady *Harriot Harley*, only daughter of *Edward*  
lord *Harley*, and now duchess dowager of *Portland*.

† They are printed in what is called by the editor,  
*Samuel Humphreys, Esq; the third volume of Prior's Works*;  
and are intitled, *Verses spoken to Lady Henrietta Caven-  
dish Holles Harley, in the Library of St. John's College,*  
*Cambridge, Nov. 9, 1719.*



so far concerned in the damned peace at *Utrecht*; the man, that makes up half the volume of terse prose, that makes up the report of the committee, speaking verses! *Sic est, homo sum*; and am not ashamed to send those very verses to one, who can make much better. And now let me ask you, How you do? and what you do? How your *Irish* country air agrees with you, and when you intend to take an *English* country air? In the spring I will meet you where you will, and go with you where you will; but I believe the best rendezvous will be *Duke-street*, and the fairest field for action *Wimble*\*, the lords of both those seats agreeing, that no man will be more welcome to either than yourself.

It is many months since the complaints of my subscribers are redressed, and that they have ceased to call the bookseller a block-head, by transferring that title to the author. We have not heard from Mr. *Hyde*, but expect, that at his leisure he will signify to *Tonson*, what may relate to that whole matter, as to the second subscriptions. In the mean time, I hope the books have been delivered without any mistake; and shall only repeat to you, that I am sensible of the trouble my poetry has given you, and return you my thanks in plain prose. Earl of *Oxford*, *pro*

\* The seat of lord *Harley*.

*more suo*, went late into the country, and continues there still. Our friends are all well; so am I, *nisi cum pituita molesta est*; which is at this present writing, and will continue so all the winter. So with weak lungs, and a very good heart, I remain always, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, M. PRIOR,

P. S. Service to *Matthew Pennyfeather*, and all friends. Adieu.

## L E T T E R CCII.

The Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

*April 18, 1720.*

YOU'D have great reason to be angry with me, if my long silence had been occasioned by any thing but my care of you; for having no safe hand to send it by 'till now, I would not write, for fear it might be construed a sort of treason (misprision at least) for you to receive a letter from one half of a proscribed man. I enquire of every body I see, that I imagine has either seen you or heard from you, how you have your health; for wealth and happiness I don't suppose you abound in; for it is hard to meet with either in the country you are, and be honest as you

are. I thank God our parliament has taken them to task, and, finding how ill a use they made of their judicature when they had it, have thought it not fit to trust them with it any longer \*. I hope the next thing will be to tax *Ireland* from hence, and then no more opportunities for bills of attainder, which is very happy; for else young *Hopeful* † might have been in danger. They were so good and obedient to the powers above, that whether there were reason or not, or as prince *Butler* said, crime or no crime, the man was condemned, and a price set upon his head.

I want much to hear what you think of *Great Britain*; for all your relations here want much to see you, where are strange changes every day. You remember, and so do I, when the *South-sea* was said to be my

\* The house of peers in *Ireland* having transmitted to king *Géorge I.* a long representation, setting forth their right to the final judicature of causes in that kingdom, the house of lords in *England* resolved, on the 8th of *January*, 1719-20, on the contrary, that the barons of the *Exchequer* in *Ireland* had acted, in the affair of *Annesley* and *Sherlock*, with courage, according to law, in support of his majesty's prerogative, and with fidelity to the crown of *Great Britain*; and a bill was soon after brought in, for the better securing the dependency of the kingdom of *Ireland* upon the crown of *Great Britain*.

† The duchess seems to mean the prince of *Wales*, afterwards king *George II.* then upon ill terms with his father and his father's ministers.



lord *Oxford's* brat, and must be starved at nurse. Now the king has adopted it, and calls it his beloved child; tho', perhaps, you may say, if he loves it no better than his son, it may not be saying much: but he loves it as well as the duchess of K——\*, and that is saying a good deal. I wish it may thrive, for many of my friends are deep in it: I wish you were so too. I believe, by this time, you are very sorry I have met with an opportunity of troubling you with this scrawl; but the strong must bear with the infirmities of the weak; and therefore, brother, I hope you will pardon the impertinencies of your poor sister, whose brain may be reasonably thought turned with all she has met with. But nothing will hinder her from being, as long as she lives, most sincerely your very humble servant, and faithful friend,

M. ORMOND.

\* *Erengard-Melusine*, baroness of *Schullenburg*, and princess of *Eberstein*, in *Germany*, was created duchess of *Munster*, in *Ireland*, by letters patent bearing date July 16, 1716. She was also created duchess of *Kendal*, in *England*, by king *George I.* on the 30th of *April*, 1719.

## L E T T E R CCIII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

*Westminster, May 4, 1720.*

FROM my good friend, the dean, I have two letters before me, of what date I will not say, and I hope you have forgot, that call out for vengeance; or, as other readings have it, for an answer. You told me in one of them, you had been pursued with a giddy head; and I presume you judged, by my silence, that I have laboured under the same distemper. I don't know why you have not buried me, as you did *Partridge*, and given the wits of the age, the *Steeles* and *Addisons*, a new occasion of living seven years upon one of your thoughts. When you have finished the copy of verses, which you began in *England*, our writers may have another hint, upon which they may dwell seven years longer.

Are you *Frenchman* enough to know how a *Gascon* sustains his family for a week?

*Dimanche, une Escalanche;**Lundi, froid et Salade;**Mardi j'aime la Grillade;**Mecredi,*

*Mecredi, Hachee ;  
 Jeudi, bon pour la Capillotade ;  
 Vendredi, Point de Gras ;  
 Samedi, Qu' on me casse les os, et les chiens  
 se Creveront des restes de mon Mouton.*

We can provide such sort of cookery, if you will but send us the *esclanche* ; but rather bring it with you, for it will eat much better, when you are in the company.

Lord Oxford has been a twelvemonth in *Herefordshire*, as far from us, literally, tho' not geographically, as if he had been with you in *Ireland*. He has writ no more to us, than if we were still ministers of state. But in the balance of account, *per contra*, I have lord *Harley* at *London* ; and have either lived with him at *Wimple*, or upon him here, ever since his father left us. I know no reason, why you should not expect his picture, but that he promised it to you so often. I wrote to him six months since, and, instead of acknowledging my letter, he took a more compendious way of sending a gentleman to lady *Harriot*, in *Dover-street*, and bid him call at *Westminster*, to know if I had any thing to say to his lord. He was here to-day, when he was sure the scaffold was ready, and the axe whetted ; and is in *Herefordshire*, when the consent of all mankind either justifies his ministry, or follows the plan of it. The



*South sea* company have raised their stock to three hundred and fifty, and he has not sixpence in it. Thou art a stranger in *Israel*, my good friend; and seemest to know no more of this lord, than thou didst of the *Conde de P* —, when first I construed him to thee at the coffee-house.

I labour under the distemper you complain of, deafness, especially upon the least cold. I did not take care of my ears, 'till I knew if my head was my own or not; but am now syringing, and I hope to profit by it. My cousin is here, and well, and I see him sometimes; but I find he has had a caution, which depended upon his expecting more from court, and is justifiable in a man, who, like him, has a great family. I have given your compliments to my two favourites. We never forget your health.

I have seen Mr. *Butler*, and served him to the utmost of my power with my *amici potentiores*. Though he had a good cause, and a strong recommendation, he trusted wholly to neither of them, but added the greatest diligence in his solicitations.

Auditor *Harley* thanks you, for remembering him and his singing-man \*. As to the affair of subscriptions, do all at your leisure, and in the manner you judge most proper;

\* Probably a person recommended to the dean's cathedral.

and

and so I bid you heartily farewell, assuring you,  
that I am most truly your's, M. P.

Friend *Ford* salutes you. Adieu.

*Richardson*, whom I take to be a better painter than any named in your letter, has made an excellent picture of me; from whence lord *Harley* (whose it is) has a stamp taken by *Vertue*. He has given me some of them for you to give to our friends at or about *Dublin*. I will send them by *Tonson's* canal to *Hyde* at *Dublin*, in such a manner, as that, I hope, they may come safe to you.

L E T T E R CCIV.

Sir THOMAS HANMER to Dr. SWIFT.

*Mildenhall*, near *Newmarket*; in *Suffolk*, Oct.  
22, 1720.

S I R,

I Received the favour of a letter from you about ten days since, at which time the duke of *Grafton* \* was at *London*; but as he was soon expected in the country, and is now actually returned, I thought it best, rather than write, to wait for an opportunity of

\* *Charles*, duke of *Grafton*, then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, whose mother *Isabella*, daughter of *Henry Bennett*, earl of *Arlington*, married to her second husband Sir *Thomas Hanmer*.

speaking

speaking to him ; and yesterday I went over to his house, on purpose to obey your commands. I found he was not a stranger to the subject of my errand ; for he had all the particulars of the story very perfect, and told me, my lord *Arran* had spoke to him concerning it †. I added my solicitations, backed with the reasons, with which you had furnished me ; and he was so kind to promise, he would by this post write to the chief justice ; how explicitly or how precisely I cannot say, because men in high posts are afraid of being positive in their answers ; but I hope it will be in such a manner as will be effectual.

If the thing is done, it will be best, that the means should be a secret by which it is brought about ; and for this reason you will excuse me, if I avoid putting my name to the outside of my letter, lest it should excite the curiosity of the *Post-Office*. If this affair ends to your satisfaction, I am glad it has proved to me a cause of hearing from you, and an occasion of assuring you, that I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

THO. HANMER.

† The prosecution of *Waters*. See the following letter from Sir *Constantine Phipps*.

LET-



## L E T T E R CCV.

SIR CONSTANTINE PHIPPS to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *Ormond-street, Jan. 14, 1720-21.*

**H**AVING been a little indisposed, I went at *Christmas* into the country, which prevented me from sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter. As to *Waters's* \* case, I was informed of it ; and the last term I spoke to Mr. attorney-general † about it ; but he told me, he could not grant a writ of error in a criminal case, without direction from the king : so that *Waters* is not like to have much relief from hence, and therefore I am glad you have some hopes it

\* Dr. *Swift's* printer : he was prosecuted for printing *A Proposal for the universal Use of the Irish Manufactures*, said my mistake to have been written in 1721. The dean, in his letter to *Pope*, dated *January 10, 1721*, says, that the jury, which tried him, had been culled with the utmost industry ; but that, notwithstanding, they brought him in not guilty. That *Whitshed*, the judge, sent them out nine times, and kept them eleven hours ; 'till, being tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge by a special verdict. The duke of *Grafton*, then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, soon after, upon mature advice, and permission from *England*, granted a *noli prosequi*.

† Sir *Robert Raymond*.

will

will drop in *Ireland*. I think the chief justice † should have that regard to his own reputation, to let it go off so ; for I believe the oldest man alive, or any law-book, cannot give any instance of such a proceeding. I was informed who was aimed at by the prosecution, which made me very zealous in it ; which I shall be in every thing, wherein I can be serviceable to that gentleman, for whom no body has a greater esteem than your most humble and most obedient servant,  
CON. PHIPPS.

## L E T T E R CCVI.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

*Westminster, Feb. 28, 1720-21.*

Dear Sir,

**I**F I am to chide you for not writing to me, or beg your pardon, that I have not writ to you, is a question ; for our correspondence has been so long interrupted, that I swear I don't know which of us wrote last. In all cases, I assure you of my continual friendship, and kindest remembrance of you ; and, with great pleasure, expect the same from you.

† *Whitbed.*

I have

I have been ill this winter. Age, I find, comes on ; and the cough does not diminish.

*Non sum qualis eram bonæ*  
*Sub Regno Cynaræ*—Pass for that.

I am tired with politics, and lost in the *South-sea*. The roaring of the waves, and the madness of the people, were justly put together. I can send you no sort of news, that holds either connexion or sense. It is all wilder than St. *Anthony's* dream ; and the *bagatelle* is more solid than any thing, that has been endeavoured here this year. Our old friend Ox—— is not well, and continues in *Herefordshire*. *John* of *Bucks* \* died last week, and *Coningby* was sent last week to the *Tower*. I frequently drink your health with lord *Harley*, who is always the same good man, and grows daily more beloved as more universally known. I do so too with our honest good-natured friend *Ford*, whom I love for many good reasons, and particularly for that he loves you.

How do you do as to your health ? Are we to see you this summer ? Answer me these questions. Give my service to all friends, and believe to be ever, with great truth and esteem, dear Sir, your's,

M. PRIOR.

\* *John Sheffield*, duke of *Buckinghamshire*.



## L E T T E R CCVII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

Dear Sir, *Westminster, April 25, 1721.*

I KNOW very well, that you can write a good letter, if you have a mind to it ; but that is not the question. A letter from you sometimes is what I desire. Reserve your tropes and periods for those you love less ; and let me hear how you do, in whatever humour you are ; whether lending your money to the butchers, protecting the weavers, treating the women, or construing *propria quæ maribus* to the country curate. You and I are so established authors, that we may write what we will, without fear of censure : and if we have not lived long enough to prefer the *bagatelle* to any thing else, we deserved to have had our brains knocked out ten years ago.

I have received the money punctually of Mr. *Dan. Hayes*, have his receipt, and hereby return you all the thanks, that your friendship in that affair ought to claim, and your generosity does contain. There's one turn for you : good.

The man you mentioned in your last has been in the country these two years, very ill  
in

in his health, and has not for many months been out of his chamber ; yet what you observe of him is so true, that his sickness is all counted for policy, that he will not come up, 'till the public distractions force some body or other, (whom God knows) who will oblige some-body else to send for him in open triumph, and set him in *statu quo prius*. That, in the mean time, he has foreseen all that has happened ; checkmated all the ministry ; and, to divert himself at his leisure hours, has laid all these lime-twigs for his neighbour *Coningsby* \*, that keep that precious bird in the cage, out of which himself slipt so cunningly and easily.

Things, and the way of mens judging them, vary so much here, that it is impossible to give you any just account of some of our friends actions. *Roffen* is more than suspected to have given up his party, as *Sancho* did his subjects, for so much a head, *l'un portant l'autre*. His cause, therefore, which is something originally like that of *Lutbran*, is opposed or neglected by his antient friends, and openly sustained by the ministry. He cannot be lower in the opinion of most men, than he is ; and I wish our friend *Har* — † were higher than he is.

\* *Thomas*, earl of *Coningsby*, created so by king *George* I. in 1719.

† Lord *Harcourt*.

Our young *Harley's* vice is no more covetousness, than plainness of speech is that of his cousin *Tom*. His lordship is really *amabilis*, and lady *Harriette adoranda*.

I tell you no news, but that the whole is a complication of mistakes in policy, and of knavery in the execution of it: Of the ministers I speak, for the most part, as well ecclesiastical as civil. This is all the truth I can tell you, except one, which I am sure you receive very kindly, that I am ever your friend and your servant, M. PRIOR.

Friend *Shelton*, commonly called *Dear Dick*, is with me. We drink your health. Adieu.

## L E T T E R CCVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

July 28, 1721.

I Never was so angry in all my life, as I was with you last week, on the receipt of your letter of the 19th of *June*. The extreme pleasure it gave me takes away all the excuses, which I had invented for your long neglect. I design to return my humble thanks to those men of eminent gratitude and integrity, the weavers and the judges, and earnestly



nestly to intreat them, instead of tossing you in the person of your proxy, who had need to have iron ribs to endure all the drubbings you will procure him, to toss you in your proper person, the next time you offend, by going about to talk sense, or to do good to the rabble. Is it possible, that one of your age and profession should be ignorant, that this monstrous beast has passions to be moved, but no reason to be appealed to; and that plain truth will influence half a score men at most in a nation, or an age, while mystery will lead millions by the nose?

Dear *Jonathan*, since you cannot resolve to write as you preach, what public authority allows, what councils and senates have decided to be orthodox, instead of what private opinion suggests, leave off instructing the citizens of *Dublin*. Believe me, there is more pleasure, and more merit too, in cultivating friendship, than in taking care of the state. Fools and knaves are generally best fitted for the last; and none but men of sense and virtue are capable of the other. How comes it then to pass, that you, who have sense, tho' you have wit, and virtue, tho' you have kept bad company in your time, should be so surprized, that I continue to write to you, and expect to hear from you, after seven years absence?

*Anni prædantur euntes*, say you ; and time will lop off my luxuriant branches : perhaps it will be so. But I have put the pruning-hook into an hand, which works hard to leave the other as little to do of that kind as may be. Some superfluous twigs are every day cut ; and, as they lessen in number, the bough, which bears the golden fruit of friendship, shoots, swells and spreads.

Our friend told you what he heard, and what was commonly said, when he told you, that I had taken the fancy of growing rich. If I could have resolved to think two minutes a day about stocks, to flatter *Law* \* half an hour a week, or to have any obligation to people I neither loved nor valued, certain it is, that I might have gained immensely. But not caring to follow the many bright examples of these kinds, which *France* furnished, and which *England* sent us over, I turned the little money I had of my own, without being let into any secret, very negligently : and if I have secured enough to content me, it was because I was soon contented. I am sorry to hear you confess, that the love of money has got into your head. Take care, or it will, ere long, sink into your heart, the proper seat of passions. *Plato*, whom you cite, looked upon riches, and the other advantages of fortune, to be desirable ; but he declared, as you have read

\* The projector of the *Mississipi* scheme in *France*, which produced the *South-sea* scheme here.

in *Diogenes Laertius*; *Ea etsi non astuerint, nihilominus tamen beatum fore sapientem*. You may think it, perhaps, hard to reconcile his two journies into *Sicily* with this maxim, especially since he got fourscore talents of the tyrant. But I can assure you, that he went to the elder *Dionysius* only to buy books, and to the younger only to borrow a piece of ground, and a number of men, women and children, to try his *Utopia*. *Aristippus* was in *Sicily* at the same time; and there passed some *Billingsgate* between these reverend persons. This philosopher had a much stronger fancy to grow rich than *Plato*: he flattered, he cracked jests, and danced over a stick to get some of the *Sicilian* gold; but still, even he took care, *sibi res, non se rebus submittere*. And I remember, with great edification, how he reprov'd one of his catechumens, who blushed, and shrunk back, when his master shewed him the way to the bawdy-house. *Non ingredi turpe est, sed egredi non posse turpe est*. The conclusion of all this is; *un bonnete homme* ought to have *centemille livres de rente*, if you please; but a wise man will be happy with the hundredth part. Let us not refuse riches, when they offer themselves; but let us give them no room in our heads or our hearts. Let us enjoy wealth, without suffering it to become necessary to us. And, to finish with one



of *Seneca's* quaint sentences; *Let us place it so, that fortune may take it without tearing it from us.* The passage you mention does follow that, which I quoted to you, and the advice is good. *Solon* thought so; nay, he went further: and you remember the reason he gave for sitting in the council of *Pisistratus*, whom he had done his utmost to oppose; and who, by the way, proved a very good prince. But the epistle is not writ by *Cicero*, as you seem to think. It is, if I mistake not, an epistle of *Dolabella* to him. *Cato*, you say, would not be of the same mind. *Cato* is a most venerable name, and *Dolabella* was but a scoundrel with wit and valour; and yet there is better sense, nay, there is more virtue, in what *Dolabella* advises, than in the conduct of *Cato*. I must own my weakness to you. This *Cato*, so sung by *Lucan* in every page, and so much better sung by *Virgil* in half a line, strikes me with no great respect. When I see him painted in all the glorious colours, which eloquence furnishes, I call to mind that image of him, which *Tully* gives in one of his letters to *Atticus*, or to somebody else; where he says, that having a mind to keep a debate from coming on in the senate, they made *Cato* rise to speak, and that he talked 'till the hour of proposing matters was over. *Tully* insinuates, that they often made this use of him. Does not the  
moving



moving picture shift? Do you not behold *Clarke of Tauntondean*, in the gown of a *Roman* senator, sending out the members to piss? The censor used sharp medicines; but, in his time, the patient had strength to bear them. The second *Cato* inherited this receipt without his skill; and, like a true quack, he gave the remedy, because it was his only one, tho' it was too late. He hastened the patient's death; he not only hastened it, he made it more convulsive and painful.

The condition of your wretched country is worse than you represent it to be. The healthful *Indian* follows his master, who died of sickness, to the grave; but I much doubt, whether those charitable legislators exact the same, when the master is a lunatick, and cuts his own throat. I mourn over *Ireland* with all my heart, but I pity you more. In reading your letter, I feel your pulse; and I judge of your distemper as surely by the figures, into which you cast your ink, as the learned doctor, at *the hand and the urinal* could do, if he pored over your water. You are really in a very bad way. You say your memory declines: I believe it does, since you forget your friends, and since repeated importunity can hardly draw a token of remembrance from you. There are bad airs for the mind, as well as the body: and what do you imagine, that *Plato*, since you

have set me upon quoting him, (who thanked heaven that he was not a *Bæotian*) would have said of the *ultima Thule*? Shake off your laziness, ramble over hither, and spend some months in a kinder climate. You will be in danger of meeting but one plague here, and you will leave many behind you. Here you will come among people, who lead a life singular enough to hit your humour; so near the world, as to have all it's conveniencies; so far from the world, as to be a stranger to all it's inconveniencies; wanting nothing, which goes to the ease and happiness of life; embarrassed by nothing, which is cumbersome. I dare almost venture to say, that you will like us better than the persons you live with, and that we shall be able to make you retrograde (that I may use a canonical simile) as the sun did on the dial of *Hezekias*, and begin anew the twelve years, which you complain are gone. We will restore to you the *nigros angusto fronte capillos*; and, with them, the *dulce loqui*, the *ridere decorum*, et *inter vina fugam Cynaræ mærerere proterva*. *Hæc est vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique*, and not your's.

I was going to finish with my sheet of paper; but having bethought myself, that you deserve some more punishment, and calling all my anger against you to my aid, I resolve, since I am this morning in the humour



mour of scribbling, to make my letter at least as long as one of your sermons; and, if you do not mend, my next shall be as long as one of Dr. *Manton's* \*, who taught my youth to yawn, and prepared me to be an high-churchman, that I might never hear him read, nor read him more.

You must know, that I am as busy about my hermitage, which is as busy between the *Chateau* and the *Maison Bourgeoise*, as if I was to pass my life in it: and, if I could see you now and then, I should be willing enough to do so. I have in my wood the biggest and clearest spring perhaps in *Europe*, which forms, before it leaves the park, a more beautiful river than any, which flows in *Greek* or *Latin* verse. I have a thousand projects about this spring, and, among others, one, which will employ some marble. Now marble, you know, makes one think of inscriptions: and if you will correct this, which I have not yet committed to paper, it shall be engraved, and help to fill the table-books of *Spons* and *Missons* † yet to come.

\* *Thomas Manton*, D. D. who had been ejected from the rectory of *Covent-Garden* for non-conformity, after the restoration. He was a voluminous writer in divinity, and published a large folio of sermons on the 119th psalm.

† *James Spon*, M. D. and *Maximilian Misson*, were two eminent travellers, who have published their travels; in which are inserted many inscriptions.

*Propter fidem adversus reginam, et partes,*  
*Intemeratè servatam,*  
*Propter operam, in pace generali conciliandâ*  
*Strenue saltem navatam,*  
*Impotentia vesanæ factionis*  
*Solum vertere coactus,*  
*Hic ad aquæ lene caput sacræ*  
*Injustè exulat*  
*Dulcè vivit*  
*H. De B. An. &c.*

*Ob* were better than *propter*, but *ob operam* would never please the ear. In a proper place, before the front of the house, which I have new built, I have a mind to inscribe this piece of patch-work.

*Si repispiscat patria, in patriam rediturus ;*  
*Si non respiscat, ubivis, melius quam inter*  
*tales cives futurus,*  
*Hanc villam instauro et exorno :*  
*Hinc, velut ex portu, alienos casus*  
*Et fortunæ ludum insolentem*  
*Cernere suave est.*  
*Hic, mortem nec appetens nec timens*  
*Innocuis deliciis,*  
*Doctâ quiete,*  
*et*  
*Felicis animi immotâ tranquillitate,*  
*Frunifcor.*  
*Hic mihi vitam quod superest aut exilii, aut ævi.*  
It

If in a year's time you should find leisure to write to me, send me some mottos for groves, and streams, and fine prospects, and retreat, and contempt of grandeur, &c. I have one for my green-houses, and one for an alley, which leads to my apartment, which are happy enough. The first is, *Hic ver assiduum atque alienis mensibus æstas*. The other is, — *fallentis semita vitæ*.

You see I amuse myself *de la bagatelle* as much as you ; but here lies the difference ; your bagatelle leads to something better ; as fiddlers flourish carelessly, before they play a fine air. But mine begins, proceeds, and ends in bagatelle.

Adieu : it is happy for you that my hand is tired.

I'll take care, that you shall have my picture, and I am simple enough to be obliged to you for asking for it. If you do not write to me soon, I hope it will fall down as soon as you have it, and break your head.

L E T-



## LETTER CCIX.

The Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Sept. 1, 1721.

I Don't know how to account for your long silence, unless your time has been taken up in making an interest with those in power here, for, one of the two archbishoprics, that, we hear, were void; (but I am very glad are not so). Set your heart at rest, for they are promised; and therefore you may as well write to a sister, when next you honour this kingdom with dispatches. As to any greater people, it is a shame to think how you have neglected those of your own house. I had once determined to write to you no more, since no answer was to be expected; but then revenge came into my head, and I was resolved to teaze you, 'till at last, to be quiet, you would send me some plausible excuse at least, for never enquiring after brother or sister. I wonder when you'll be good-natured enough to come and see how we do; but *Ireland* has such powerful charms, that I question whether you would leave it to be one of our archbishops. I was at your brother *Arran's* \* a good while this summer,

\* Another of the sixteen.

and have been much upon the ramble, or else you'd have sooner had these just reproaches from me; whom you have no way of appeasing, but by a letter of at least four sides of paper: though I am so good a Christian, upon this occasion, as to be, notwithstanding all this ill treatment, Sir, your most sincere friend, and humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

L E T T E R CCX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

January 1, 1721-2.

I Received your letter of the twenty-ninth of *September*, above a fortnight ago; and should have set you an example, by answering it immediately, (which I do not remember you ever set me) if I had not been obliged to abandon the silence and quiet of this beloved retreat, and to thrust myself into the hurry and rabble of an impertinent town. In less than ten days, which I spent at *Paris*, I was more than ten times on the point of leaving my business there undone; and yet this business was to save four-fifths of four hundred thousand livres, which I have on the town-house; *restes misérables du naufrage de ma fortune*. Luckily I had the fear of  
you

you before my eyes ; and tho' I cannot hope to deserve your esteem by growing rich, I have endeavoured to avoid your contempt by growing poor: The expression is equivocal ; a fault, which our language often betrays those, who scribble hastily, into ; but your own conscience will serve for a comment, and fix the sense. Let me thank you for remembering me in your prayers, and for using your credit above so generously in my behalf. To despise riches with *Seneca's* purse, is to have at once all the advantages of fortune and philosophy.

*Quid noveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?*

You are not like *H. Guy* \*, who, among other excellent pieces of advice, gave me this, when I first came to court ; to be very moderate and modest in my applications for my friends, and very greedy and importunate, when I asked for myself. You call *Tully* names, to revenge *Cato's* quarrel ; and to revenge *Tully's*, I am ready to fall foul on *Seneca*. You churchmen have cried him up

\* *Henry Guy*, who had been secretary to the treasury during three successive reigns. He died *Feb. 3, 1710*, and left to *William Pulteney*, Esq; late earl of *Bath*, near forty thousand pounds, with an estate of about five hundred pounds a year ; as the latter owns, in his *Answer to one part of a late infamous libel*, &c. published in 1731, p. 39.



for a great saint; and, as if you imagined, that to have it believed, he had a month's mind to be a Christian, would reflect some honour on Christianity, you employed one of those pious frauds, so frequently practised in the days of primitive simplicity, to impose on the world a pretended correspondence between him and the great apostle of the *Gentiles* \*. Your partiality in his favour shall bias me no more than the pique, which *Dion Cassius* and others shew against him. Like an equitable judge, I shall only tax him with avarice in his prosperity, adulation in his adversity, and affectation in every state of life. Was I considerable enough to be banished from my country, methinks I would not purchase my restoration, at the expence of writing such a letter to the prince himself, as your Christian Stoic wrote to the emperor's slave, *Polybius* †. Thus I think of the man, and yet I read the author with pleasure; tho' I join in condemning those points, which he introduced into the *Latin* stile; those eternal

\* It consists of thirteen letters, which seemed to St. *Jerome* and St. *Augustin* to have been genuine. But *Du Pin* (*Nouvelle Bibliotheque des Auteurs Ecclesiastiques*, tom. I. p. 24. edit. 1690, quarto) acknowledges, that they contain nothing worthy of the apostle or philosopher, and have not the least resemblance to the style of either. This is likewise the judgment of the most learned among the modern critics.

† *Seneca de consolatione ad Polybium*.

witticisms, strung like beads together, and that impudent manner of talking to the passions, before he has gone about to convince the judgment; which *Erasmus*, if I remember right, objects to him. He is seldom instructive, but he is perpetually entertaining; and when he gives you no new idea, he reflects your own back upon you with new lustre. I have lately wrote an excellent treatise in praise of exile\*. Many of the hints are taken from *Consolatio ad Helviam*, and other parts of his works. The whole is turned on his stile and manner; and there is as much of the spirit of the *portique*, as I could infuse without running too far in the *mirabilia, inopinata, et paradoxa*, which *Tully*, and I think *Seneca* himself, ridicules the school of *Zeno* for. That you may laugh at me in your turn, I own ingenuously, that I began in jest, grew serious at the third or fourth page, and convinced myself, before I had done, of what perhaps I shall never convince any other, that a man of sense and virtue may be unfortunate, but can never be unhappy. Do not imagine, however, that I have a mind to quarrel with *Aristippus*: he is still my favourite among the philosophers; and, if I find some faults in him, they are few and venial.

\* It is printed in his works, under the title of *Reflections upon Exile*.

You do me much honour, in saying, that I put you in mind of lord *Digby* \*; but say it to no one else, for fear of passing for partial in your parallels, which has done *Plutarch* more hurt than it has done good to his *Grecian* heroes. I had forgot, or I never knew, the remarkable passage, which you mention. Great virtue, unjustly persecuted, may hold such language, and will be heard with applause, with general applause I mean, not universal. There was at *Athens* a wretch, who spit in the face of *Aristides*, as he marched firm, calm, and almost gay, to execution. Perhaps there was not another man among the *Athenians*, capable of the same vile action. And for the honour of my country I will believe, that there are few men in *England*, besides lord *Oxford*, capable of hearing that strain of eloquence, without admiration. There is a sort of kindred in souls; and they are divided into more families than we are apt to imagine. *Digby* and *Harley* are absolute strangers to one another. Touch an unison, and all the unisons will give the same sound; but you may thrum a lute 'till your fingers are sore, and you will draw no sound out of a Jew's harp.

\* *George* lord *Digby*, afterwards earl of *Bristol*. Dr. *Swift*, in a letter to lord *Bolingbroke*, dated *April* 5, 1729, and printed in his works, styles lord *Digby* the prototype of lord *Bolingbroke*.

I thank



I thank you for correcting my inscriptions, and I thank you still more for promising to gather up mottos for me, and to write often to me. I am as little given to beg correspondents, as you are to beg pictures; but since I cannot live with you, I would fain hear from you. To grow old with good sense, and a good friend, was the wish of *Thales*; I add, with good health: to enjoy but one and half of these three, is hard. I have heard of *Prior's* death, \* and of his epitaph †; and have seen a strange book, writ by a grave and eloquent doctor ‡,

\* He died Sept. 18, 1721.

† In the following triplet, written by himself.

- ‘ To me ’tis given to die ; to you ’tis given
- ‘ To live. Alas ! one moment sets us even.
- ‘ Mark how impartial is the will of heaven !’

}  
}

Bishop *Atterbury*, in a letter to Mr. *Pope*, dated Sept. 27, 1721, says; ‘ I will take care to make good, in every respect, what I said to him when living, particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was dean of *Westminster*.’

‡ *Richard Fiddes*, D. D. published in 1721, in octavo, ‘ A Letter in Answer to one from a Freethinker; occasioned by the late Duke of *Buckinghamshire's* Epitaph; wherein certain passages in it, that have been thought exceptionable, are vindicated; and the doctrine of the soul’s immortality asserted, &c.’ This was followed by *A second Letter*, published the same year.

about

about the duke of *Buckinghamshire*. People, who talk much in that moment, can have, as I believe, but one of these two principles, fear, or vanity. It is therefore much better to hold one's tongue. I am sorry, that the first of these persons, our old acquaintance *Matt.* lived so poor as you represent him. I thought that a certain lord \*, whose marriage with a certain heiress was the ultimate end of a certain administration, had put him above want. *Prior* might justly enough have addressed himself to his young patron, as our friend *Aristippus* did to *Dionysius*: You have money, which I want. I have wit and knowledge, which you want. I long to see your travels †; for, take it as you will, I do not retract what I said. I will undertake to find, in two pages of your *bagatelles*, more good sense, useful knowledge, and true religion, than you can shew me in the works of nineteen in twenty of the profound divines and philosophers of the age.

I am obliged to return to *Paris* in a month or six weeks time, and from thence will send you my picture. Would to heaven I could send you as like a picture of my mind: you

\* *Edward* lord *Harley*, who married, in *October* 1713, the lady *Henrietta Cavendish Holles*, only daughter and heir of *John* duke of *Newcastle*.

† *Gulliver's*.

would find yourself, in that draught, the object of the truest esteem and the sincerest friendship.

# LETTER CCXI.

Dr. SNAPE to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,      *Windsor, April 23, 1722.*

**I** TAKE the opportunity of two of our choir going over to try their fortune in your country, at once to return my thanks for a very obliging letter you favoured me with some years ago, and your kind interpretation of my endeavours at that time to assert the cause of our establishment against a prelate\*, who was undermining it: and also to recommend to your favour the bearer, Mr. *Elford*, who, upon the encouragement of your worthy † primate, is going to settle at *Armagh*. I cannot pretend to say, he has the same compass of voice with his late brother, whom the good queen so much admired; but I will venture to say, he has a greater compass of understanding; and, upon the whole, that he is a good choir-man. The

\* Bishop Hoadly.

† Dr. *Thomas Lindsay*, who died the 13th of July, 1724, and was succeeded by Dr. *Hugh Boulter*.

other,



other, that bears him company, was a very useful choirester to us. His voice, since its breaking, is somewhat harsh, but I believe will grow mellow. If you find either of them for your purpose, especially the bearer, when you have a vacancy in your church, I shall be much obliged to you for any favour you are pleased to shew him, and be ready to approve myself, on any occasion, reverend Sir, your most affectionate and obedient servant,

A. SNAPE.

## L E T T E R CCXII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, Dec. 22, 1722.*

**A**FTER every post-day, for these eight or nine years, I have been troubled with an uneasiness of spirit, and, at last, I have resolved to get rid of it, and write to you. I don't deserve you should think so well of me as I really deserve; for I have not professed to you, that I love you as much as ever I did: but you are the only person of my acquaintance almost, that does not know it. Whoever I see, that comes from *Ireland*, the first question I ask is after your health; of which I had the pleasure to hear very lately from Mr. *Berkeley*. I think of you

very often: no-body wishes you better, or longs more to see you. Duke *Disney*, who knows more news than any man alive, told me I should certainly meet you at the *Bath*, in the season: but I had one comfort in being disappointed, that you did not want it for your health. I was there for near eleven weeks for a cholick, that I have been often troubled with of late; but have not found all the benefit I expected.

I lodge, at present, in *Burlington-house*, and have received many civilities from many great men, but very few real benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me; and I wonder at them all. Experience has given me some knowledge of them; so that I can say, that it is not in their power to disappoint me. You find I talk to you of myself; I wish you would reply to me in the same manner. I hope, though you have not heard of me so long, I have not lost my credit with you; but that you will think of me in the same manner, as when you espoused my cause so warmly; which my gratitude never can forget. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and sincere humble servant,

J. GAY.

P. S. Mr. *Pope*, upon reading over this letter, desired me to tell you, that he has been just in the same sentiments with me, in regard to you; and shall never forget his obligations to you.

L E T-

## L E T T E R CCXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Duke of GRAFTON.

*Dublin, January 24, 1722-3.*

MY LORD,

I Received lately from the Dean of *Downe* a favourable message from your grace, relating to a clergyman, who married my near relation, and whose estate is much incumbered by a long suit at law. I return my most humble acknowledgments for your grace's favourable answer. I can assure your grace, that in those times, when I was thought to have some credit with persons in power, I never used it to my own interest, and very rarely for that of others, unless where it was for the public advantage; neither shall I ever be a troublesome or common petitioner to your grace. I am sorry the archbishop of *Dublin* \* should interpose in petty matters, when he has justly so much weight in things of greater moment. How shall we, the humblest of your addressers, make our way to the smallest mark of your favour? I desired your secretary, Mr. *Hopkins*, (whom I have long known) to deal plainly with me, as with a man forgotten, and out of the world, and, if he thought my

I 3 request

\* Dr. King.



request unreasonable, I would drop it. This he failed to do; and therefore I here complain of him to your grace, and will do so to himself, because I have long done with court answers.

I heartily wish your grace full success in all your great and good endeavours for the service of your country, and particularly of this kingdom; and am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

L E T T E R CCXIV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, February the 3d, 1722-3.*

**Y**OU made me happy in answering my last letter in so kind a manner, which, to common appearance, I did not deserve; but I believe you guessed my thoughts, and knew, that I had not forgot you, and that I always loved you. When I found, that my book was not sent to you by *Tooke*, *Jervais* undertook it, and gave it to Mr. \* *Maxwell*, who married a niece of Mr. *Meredith's*. I am surprized you have heard nothing of it; but *Jervais* has promised me to write about it, so that I hope you will have it delivered

\* Some years after created lord *Farnham*, whose eldest son is now earl *Farnham*, July 1, 1766.

to you soon. Mr. *Congreve* I see often: he always mentions you with the strongest expressions of esteem and friendship. He labours still under the same afflictions, as to his sight and gout; but, in his intervals of health, he has not lost any thing of his chearful temper. I passed all the last season with him at the *Bath*, and I have great reason to value myself upon his friendship; for I am sure he sincerely wishes me well. We pleased ourselves with the thoughts of seeing you there; but duke *Disney*, who knows more intelligence than any body besides, chanced to give us a wrong information. If you had been there, the duke promised, upon my giving him notice, to make you a visit. He often talks of you, and wishes to see you.

I was two or three days ago at Dr. *Arbutnott's*, who told me, he wrote you three letters, but had received no answer. He charged me to send you his advice, which is, to come to *England* and see your friends. This, he affirms (abstracted from the desire he has to see you) to be very good for your health. He thinks, that your going to *Spa*, and drinking the waters there, would be of great service to you, if you have resolution enough to take the journey. But he would have you try *England* first. I like the prescription very much, but I own, I have a self-interest in it; for your taking this jour-

ney would certainly do me a great deal of good. *Pope* has just now embarked himself in another great undertaking as an author: for, of late, he has talked only as a gardener. He has engaged to translate the *Odyſſey* in three years, I believe rather out of a proſpect of gain, than inclination; for I am perſuaded he bore his part in the loſs of the *South-ſea*. He lives moſtly at *Twickenham*, and amuſes himſelf in his houſe and garden. I ſupped about a fortnight ago with lord *Bathurſt* and *Lewis* at Dr. *Arbutnott*'s. Whenever your old acquaintance meet, they never fail of expreſſing their want of you. I wiſh you would come, and be convinced, that what I tell you is true.

As for the reigning amuſement of the town, it is intirely muſic; real fiddles, baſs viols, and hautboys; not poetical harps, lyres and reeds. There's nobody allowed to ſay, *I ſing*, but an eunuch, or an *Italian* woman. Every body is grown now as great a judge of muſic, as they were, in your time, of poetry; and folks, that could not diſtinguiſh one tune from another, now daily diſpute about the different ſtyles of *Handel*, *Bononcini*, and *Attilio*. People have now forgot *Homer*, and *Virgil*, and *Cæſar*; or, at leaſt, they have loſt their ranks. For in *London* and *Westminſter*, in all polite converſations,

*Senefino*



*Senefino* is daily voted to be the greatest man that ever lived.

I am obliged to you for your advice, as I have been formerly for your assistance in introducing me into business. I shall this year be a commissioner of the state-lottery, which will be worth to me a hundred and fifty pounds. And I am not without hopes, that I have friends, that will think of some better and more certain provision for me. You see I talk to you of myself, as a thing of consequence to you. I judge by myself; for to hear of your health and happiness, will always be one of my greatest satisfactions. Every one that I have named in the letter, give their service to you. I beg you to give mine, Mr. *Pope's*, and Mr. *Kent's* \*, to Mr. *Ford*. I am, dear Sir, your most faithful and most humble servant,

J. GAY.

\* A celebrated improver, to whom *Pope*, speaking of *Essex*, a seat of the late Mr. *Pelham's*, pays a most elegant compliment:

“Where *Kent* and nature vie for *Pelham's* love.”

L E T-

## L E T T E R CCXV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

Indorsed, Received 17th Nov. 1723.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE as good a right to invade your solitude as lord *B——*, *Gay*, or *Pope*, and you see I make use of it. I know you wish us all at the devil for robbing a moment from your vapours and vertigo. It is no matter for that; you shall have a sheet of paper every post till you come to yourself. By a paragraph in your's to Mr. *Pope*, I find you are in the case of the man, who held the whole night by a broom brush, and found when day-light appeared, he was within two inches of the ground. You don't seem to know how well you stand with our great folks. I myself have been at a great man's table, and have heard, out of the mouths of violent *Irish* whigs, the whole table-talk turn upon your commendation. If it had not been upon the general topic of your good qualities, and the good you did, I should have grown jealous of you. My intention in this is not to expostulate, but to do you good. I know how unhappy a vertigo makes any body, that has the misfortune to be troubled

troubled with it. I might have been deep in it myself, if I had a mind, and I will propose a cure for you, that I will pawn my reputation upon. I have of late sent several patients in that case to the *Spa*, to drink there of the *Geronster water*, which will not carry from the spot. It has succeeded marvelously with them all. There was indeed one, who relapsed a little this last summer, because he would not take my advice, and return to his course, that had been too short the year before. But, because the instances of eminent men are most conspicuous, lord *Whitworth*, our plenipotentiary, had this disease, (which, by the way, is a little disqualifying for that employment :) he was so bad, that he was often forced to catch hold of any thing to keep him from falling. I know he has recovered by the use of that water, to so great a degree that he can ride, walk, or do any thing as formerly. I leave this to your consideration. Your friends here wish to see you, and none more than myself; but I really don't advise you to such a journey to gratify them or myself: but I am almost confident, it would do you a great deal of good. The *dragon* is just the old man, when he is roused. He is a little deaf, but has all his other good and bad qualities just as of old. Lord *B——* is much improved in knowledge, manner and every thing else.

The



The shaver \* is an honest friendly man as before: he has a good deal to do to smother his *Welsh* fire, which, you know, he has in a greater degree than some would imagine. He posts himself a good part of the year in some warm house, wins the ladies money at ombre, and convinces them, that they are highly obliged to him. Lord and lady M—— †, Mr. *Hill*, and Mrs. *Hill*, often remember you with affection.

As for your humble servant, with a great stone in his right kidney, and a family of men and women to provide for, he is as chearful as ever in public affairs. He has kept, as *Tacitus* says, *Medium iter inter vile servitum et abruptam contumaciam*. He never rails at a great man, but to his face; which, I can assure you, he has had both the opportunity and licence to do. He has some few weak friends, and fewer enemies: if any, he is low enough to be rather despised than pushed at by them. I am faithfully, dear Sir, your affectionate humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOTT.

\* ‘*Erasmus Lewis*, Esq; who in Dr. *Swift*’s imitation of *Horace*, Ep. vii. B. 1. is so called.’

“ This *Lewis* is an errant shaver.”

† *Masbam*.

## L E T T E R CCXVI.

The Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Dec. 9, 1723.

**I** FIND by your's of the 6th of *November*, which I did not receive till last night, that you have been so good as to remember your poor relation here. But as your three last never came to hand, I think it very happy, that you have kept your liberty thus long; for I can't account for my not receiving them any other way, than that they were stopped in the post-office, and interpreted, as most innocent things are, to mean something very distant from the intention of the writer or actor.

I am surprized at the account you give me of that part of *Ireland* you have been in: for the best I expected from that grateful country is to be forgotten by the inhabitants. For to remember with any kindness one under the frowns of the court, is not a gift the *Irish* are endowed with. I am very sorry to hear you have got the spleen, where a man of your sense must every day meet with things ridiculous enough to make you laugh; but I am afraid, the jests are too low to do so. Change of air is the best thing in the world

world for your distemper. And if not to cure yourself, at least, have so much goodness for your friends here, as to come and cure us; for it is a distemper we over-run with. I am sure your company would go a great way towards my recovery; for I assure you, nobody has a greater value for you than I have, and hope I shall have the good fortune to see you before I die.

I have no sort of correspondence with the person you have not seen, and wonder at nothing they do, or do not do.

I will let your brother \* and mine know, that you remembered him, in my letter. He is as good a man as lives.

I am afraid you will wish you had not encouraged my scribbling to you, when you find I am still such an insipid correspondent; but with that, which I hope will make some amends, am with great sincerity and respect,  
your most faithful friend and humble servant,  
M. ORMOND.

\* In the society of sixteen, *Charles lord Butler of Weston*, and earl of *Arran*, brother to the duke of *Ormond*, on whose attainder he was elected chancellor of the university of *Oxford*.



## , L E T T E R CCXVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

*December the 25th, 1723 \*.*

**N**EVER letter came more opportunely than your last. The gout had made me a second visit, and several persons were congratulating with me on the good effect of the waters, which had determined my former illness to a distemper so desirable. My toe pained me; these compliments tired me; and I would have taken my fever again to give the gout to all the company. At that instant your letter was delivered to me. It cleared my brow, diverted my ill humour, and at last made me forget my pain. I told the persons, who were sitting round my bed, and who testified some surprize at so sudden a change, that this powerful epistle came from *Ireland*. At which, to say the truth, I did not observe, that their surprize diminished. But the dullest fellow among them, who

\* This letter appears to have been written from *France*, though lord *Bolingbroke* had come over to *England* in the latter-end of *June* this year, in order to plead his pardon, which had passed the seals on the 28th of *May*.

was

was a priest, (for that happens to be the case sometimes in this country) told the others, that *Ireland* formerly had been called *Insula sanctorum*: that, by the acquaintance he had at the *Irish* College, he made no doubt of her deserving still the same appellation: and that they might be sure, that the three pages were filled with *matiere d'edification et matiere de consolation*, which he hoped I would be so good as to communicate to them. A learned *Rosycrucian* of my acquaintance, who is a fool of as much knowledge and as much wit as ever I knew in my life, smiled at the doctor's simplicity; observed, that the effect was too sudden for a cause so heavy in its operations; said a great many extravagant things about natural and theurgic magic; and informed us, that tho' the sages, who deal in occult sciences, have been laughed out of some countries, and driven out of others, yet there are, to his knowledge, many of them in *Ireland*. I stopped these guessers, and others, who were perhaps ready, by assuring them, that my correspondent was neither a saint nor a conjuror. They asked me, what he was then? I answered, that they should know it from yourself; and opening your letter, I read to them in *French* the character, which you draw of yourself. Particular parts of it were approved or condemned by every one, as  
every

every one's own habits induced them to judge; but they all agreed, that my correspondent stood in need of more sleep, more victuals, less ale, and better company. I defended you the best I could; and, bad as the cause was, I found means to have the last word, which in disputes you know is the capital point. The truth is, however, that I convinced nobody, not even the weakest of the company, that is, myself.

I flatter my friendship for you with the hopes, that you are really in the case, in which you say, that our friend *Pope* seems to be; and that you do not know your own character. Or did you mean to amuse yourself, like that famous painter, who, instead of copying nature, tried in one of his designs, how far it was possible to depart from his original? Whatever your intention was, I will not be brought in among those friends, whose misfortunes have given them an habitual sourness. I declare to you once for all, that I am not unhappy, and that I never shall be so, unless I sink under some physical evil. Retrench therefore the proportion of peevishness, which you set to my account. You might for several other reasons retrench the proportions, which you set to the account of others, and so leave yourself without peevishness, or without excuse. I lament, and have always lamented, your being placed in *Ireland*;



*land*; but you are worse than peevish, you are unjust, when you say, that it was either not in the power or will of a ministry to place you in *England*. Write *minister*, friend *Jonathan*, and scrape out the words, *either*, *power*, or; after which the passage will run as well, and be conformable to the truth of things. I know but one man\* who had power at that time, and that wretched man had neither the will nor the skill to make a good use of it.

We talk of characters; match me that, if you can, among all the odd phenomena, which have appeared in the moral world. I have not a *Tacitus* by me; but I believe, that I remember your quotation, and as a mark that I hit right, I make no comment upon it. As you describe your public spirit, it seems to me to be a disease, as well as your peevishness. Your proposals for reforming the state are admirable; and your schemes concise. With respect to your humble servant, you judge better than you did in a letter I received from you about four years ago. You seemed at that time not so afraid of the nightingale's falling into the serpent's mouth. This reflection made me recollect, that I writ you at that time a long epistle in metre. After rumaging among my papers I found it,

\* Lord *Oxford*.

and send it with my letter: it will serve to entertain you the first fast-day. I depend on the fidelity of your friendship, that it shall fall under no eye but your own. Adieu.

I read in *English*, (for she understands it) to a certain lady, the passage of your letter, which relates to her. The *Latin* I most generously concealed. She desires you to receive the compliments of one, who is so far from being equal to fifty others of her sex, that she never found herself equal to any of them. She says, that she has neither youth nor beauty, but that she hopes on the long and intimate acquaintance she has had with you, when you meet, if that ever happens, to cast such a mist before your eyes, that you shall not perceive she wants either of them.

# L E T T E R CCXVIII.

Lady M—— to Dr. SWIFT.

(Indorsed, Received 20th Feb. 1723.)

DEAR SIR,

**I**T is impossible for you to imagine with what satisfaction I received your kind letter, and though I had been so long without hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendship in one, whose goodness

to me hath always been abundantly more than I could deserve. I had writ often to you, but having no safe conveyance, chose rather to enquire after your health and welfare, of some people that could give me an account of it. And I do assure you, from the bottom of my heart, there is not a person living I have a greater friendship for than yourself, and shall have to the end of my life. Indeed, now, I can only shew it in expressions, but I flatter myself you believe them sincere. I long to see you at my retired habitation, where you will meet with a most hearty welcome, and faithful friends, and none more so than her, who is your most affectionate humble servant,

A. M———M.

My lord, children, brother and sister, are your humble servants.

L E T-



LETTER CCXIX.

Lord C————\* to Dr. SWIFT.

*Arlington-street, June 20th, 1724.*

S I R,

**T**O begin by confessing myself in the wrong will, I hope, be some proof to you, that none of the stations which I have gone through, have hitherto had the effects upon me, which you apprehend. If a month's silence has been turned to my disadvantage in your esteem, it has at least had this good effect, that I am convinced by the kindness of your reproaches, as well as by the goodness of your advice, that you still retain some part of your former friendship for me, of which I am the more confident from the agreeable freedom with which you express yourself: and I shall not forfeit my pretensions to the continuance of it, by doing any thing, that shall give you occasion to think, that I am insensible of it.

\* Lord C—— was then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. In the letter, to which this is an answer, the dean complained, that a former letter had been a month unanswered. For both these letters of the dean, see the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*, in 1765.

But to come to the point: your first letter is dated 28th *May*, your second the 9th of *June*. By the date of this you will see, that the interval of silence may be accounted for by a few excursions, which I have made into the country: therefore I desire you will put the most favourable sense.

The principal affair you mention is under examination\*; and 'till that is over, I am not informed sufficiently to make any other judgment of the matter, than that, which I am naturally led to make, by the general aversion, which appears to it in the whole nation.

I hope the nation will not suffer by my being in this great station; and if I can contribute to it's prosperity, I shall think it the honour and happiness of my life. I desire you to believe what I say, and particularly when I profess myself to be, with great truth, Sir, your most faithful and affectionate humble servant, C.

\* Probably that of Mr. *Wood*'s patent for coining halfpence and farthings for *Ireland*, which was referred to the lords of the privy council of *England*, who, on the 24th of *July*, 1724, drew up a report, justifying the patentee.

L E T T E R   CCXX.

Lord C—— to Dr. S W I F T.

*Arlington-street, August the 4th, 1724.*

S I R,

**Y**OUR claim to be the last writer is what I can never allow: that is the privilege of ill writers. And I am resolved to give you compleat satisfaction by leaving it with you, whether I shall be that last writer or not. Methinks I see you throw this letter upon your table in the height of spleen, because it may have interrupted some of your more agreeable thoughts. But then, in return, you may have the comfort of not answering it, and so convince my lord lieutenant, that you value him less now than you did ten years ago. I don't know but this might become a free speaker and a philosopher. Whatever you may think of it, I shall not be testy, but endeavour to shew, that I am not altogether insensible of the force of that genius, which hath outshone most of this age, and when you will display it again, can convince us, that its lustre and strength are still the same.



Once more I commit myself to your censure, and am, Sir, with great respect, your most affectionate humble servant, C\*.

L E T T E R CCXXI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dean SWIFT.

*September the 12th, 1724.*

**I**T is neither sickness, nor journies, nor ill humours, nor age, nor vexation, nor stupidity, which has hindered me from answering sooner your letter of the month of *June*; but a very prudent consideration, and one of the greatest strains of policy I ever exercised in my life. Should I answer you in a month, you might think yourself obliged to answer me in six; and, scared at the sore fatigue of writing twice a year to an absent friend, you might (for ought either you or I can tell) stop short, and not write at all. Now this would disappoint all my projects; for, to confess the truth, I have been drawing you in these several years, and by my past success, I begin to hope, that in about ten more, I may establish a right of hearing from you once a quarter. The gout neither clears my head, nor warms my ima-

\* See the letter, to which this is an answer, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

gination,

gination, and I am ashamed to own to you, how near the truth I kept in the description of what passed by my bedside in the reading of your letter. The scene was really such as I painted it; and the company was much better than you seem to think it. When I, who pass a great part, very much the greatest, of my life alone, sally forth into the world, I am very from expecting to improve myself by the conversation I find there; and still farther from caring one jot of what passes there. In short, I am no longer the bubble you knew me; and therefore, when I mingle in society, it is purely for my amusement. If mankind divert me (and I defy them to give me your distemper, the spleen) it is all I expect or ask of them. By this sincere confession you may perceive, that your great masters of reason are not for my turn; their thorough bass benumbs my faculties. I seek the fiddle or the flute, something to raise, or something to calm my spirits agreeably; gay flights, or soothing images. I do not dislike a fellow, whose imagination runs away with him, and who has wit enough to be half mad; nor him, who atones for a scanty imagination by an ample fund of oddnesses and singularity. If good sense and great knowledge prevail a little too much in any character, I desire there may be at least some latent ridicule, which may be called forth upon occasion,

caſion, and render the perſon a tolerable companion. By this ſketch you may judge of my acquaintance. The dead friends, with whom I paſs my time, you know. The living ones are of the ſame ſort, and therefore few.

I paſs over that part of your letter, which is a kind of an elegy on a departed miniſter\*; and I promiſe you ſolemnly neither to mention him, nor think of him more, 'till I come to do him juſtice in an hiſtory of the firſt twenty years of this century, which I believe I ſhall write, if I live three or four years longer. But I muſt take a little more notice of the paragraph which follows. The verſes I ſent you are very bad, becauſe they are not very good: *mediocribus eſſe poetis non dii non homines, &c.* I did not ſend them to be admired; and you would do them too much honour if you criticized them. *Pope* took the beſt party; for he ſaid not one word to me about them. All I deſire of you is to conſider them as a proof, that you have never been out of my thoughts, though you have been ſo long out of my ſight; and, if I remember you upon paper for the future, it ſhall be in proſe.

I muſt on this occaſion ſet you right, as to an opinion, which I ſhould be very ſorry to have you entertain concerning me. The

\* The earl of *Oxford*, who died in *June*, 1724.



term *esprit fort*, in *English* free-thinker, is, according to my observation, usually applied to them, whom I look upon to be the pests of society; because their endeavours are directed to loosen the bands of it, and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man, when it would be well if he was checked by half a score others. Nay, they go farther. Revealed religion is a lofty and pompous structure, erected close to the humble and plain building of natural religion. Some have objected to you, who are the architects *et les concierges* (we want that word in *English*) of the former, to you who build, or at least repair the house, and who shew the rooms, that, to strengthen some parts of your own building, you shake and even sap the foundation of the other. And between you and I, Mr. Dean, this charge may be justified in several instances; but still your intention is not to demolish: whereas the *esprit fort*, or the free-thinker, is so set upon pulling down your house about your ears, that if he was let alone, he would destroy the other for being so near it, and mingle both in one common ruin. I therefore not only disown, but detest this character. If indeed by *esprit fort*, or free-thinker, you only mean a man, who makes a free use of his reason, who searches after truth without passion or prejudice, and adheres inviolably to it, you mean

mean a wise and honest man, and such an one as I labour to be. The faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong, true and false, which we call reason, or common sense, which is given to every man by his bountiful Creator, and which most men lose by neglect, is the light of the mind, and ought to guide all operations of it. To abandon this rule, and to guide our thoughts by any other, is full as absurd, as it would be, if you should put out your eyes, and borrow even the best staff, that ever was in the family of the staffs, when you set out upon one of your dirty journies. Such free-thinkers as these I am sure you cannot, even in your apostolical capacity, disapprove: for since the truth of the divine revelation of Christianity is as evident, as matters of fact, on the belief of which so much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of justice, these free-thinkers must needs be Christians on the best foundation; on that, which St. Paul himself established, I think it was St. Paul, *omnia probate, quod bonum est tenete.*

But you have a further security from these free-thinkers, I do not say a better, and it is this: the persons I am describing think for themselves, and to themselves. Should they unhappily not be convinced by your arguments, yet they will certainly think it their duty

duty not to disturb the peace of the world by opposing you \*. The peace and happiness

\* Notwithstanding the declarations made by lord *Bolingbroke* in this letter, he left his writings against religion to Mr. *Mallet*, with a view to their being published, as appears by his will; and with a positive and direct injunction to publish them, and also by a letter from Mr. *Mallet* to lord *Hyde*, viscount *Cornbury*, now in the *British Museum*. We have therefore his lordship's own authority to say, that he was one of the pests of society, even if the opinions, which he has advanced against religion, are true; for his endeavour is certainly directed to loosen the band of it, and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man. Expressly to direct the publication of writings, which, he believed, would subvert the morals and the happiness of society, at a time when he could derive no private advantage from the mischief, was perhaps an act of wickedness more purely diabolical, than any hitherto upon record in the history of any age or nation. *Mallet* had a pecuniary temptation to assassinate the morals and happiness of his country at *Bolingbroke's* instigation: his crime therefore is not equally a proof of natural depravity, though it is impossible to suppose he had less conviction of the mischief he was doing; and it is also impossible to suppose, that he could seriously think any obligation to print *Bolingbroke's* infidelity, in consequence of his injunction, equivalent to the obligation he was under to suppress it, arising from the duty, which, as a man, he owed to human nature.

The paragraph in lord *Bolingbroke's* will, by which his writings are bequeathed to *Mallet*, the letter, which lord *Cornbury* wrote to *Mallet*, upon hearing he was about to publish the letters, including those on Sacred history, and *Mallet's* answer, are, for the reader's satisfaction, printed at the end of this collection. Lord *Cornbury's* letter is a monument, that will do more honour to his memory, than all that mere wit or valour has atchieved since the world began.

of



of mankind is the great aim of these free-thinkers; and, therefore, as those among them, who remain incredulous, will not oppose you, so those, whom reason, enlightened by grace, has made believers, may be sorry, and may express their sorrow, as I have done, to see religion perverted to purposes so contrary to her true intention, and first design. Can a good Christian behold the ministers of the meek and humble Jesus, exercising an insolent and cruel usurpation over their brethren? Or the messengers of peace and good news setting all mankind together by the ears? Or, that religion, which breathes charity and universal benevolence, spilling more blood, upon reflection and by system, than the most barbarous heathen ever did in the heat of action, and fury of conquest? Can he behold all this without an holy indignation, and not be criminal? Nay, when he turns his eyes from those tragical scenes, and considers the ordinary tenour of things, do you not think he will be shocked to observe metaphysics substituted to the theory, and ceremony to the practice of morality?

I make no doubt but you are by this time abundantly convinced of my orthodoxy, and that you will name me no more in the same breath with *Spinoza*, whose system of one infinite substance I despise and abhor, as I  
have

have a right to do, because I am able to shew why I despise and abhor it.

You desire me to return home, and you promise me, in that case, to come to *London*, loaden with your travels. I am sorry to tell you, that *London* is, in my apprehension, as little likely as *Dublin* to be our place of rendezvous. The reasons for this apprehension I pass over; but I cannot agree to what you advance with the air of a maxim, that exile is the greatest punishment to men of virtue, because virtue consists in loving our country. Examine the nature of this love, from whence it arises, how it is nourished, what the bounds and measures of it are; and after that, you will discover, how far it is virtue, and where it becomes simplicity, prejudice, folly, and even enthusiasm. A virtuous man in exile may properly enough be stiled unfortunate; but he cannot be called unhappy. You remember the reason, which *Brutus* gave, because, wherever he goes, he carries his virtue with him. There is a certain bulky volume, which grows daily, and the title of which must, I think, be *Noëtes Gallicæ*. There you may perhaps one day or other see a dissertation upon this subject: and to return you threatening for threatening, you shall be forced to read it out, though you yawn from the first to the last page.

The

The word *Ireland* was struck out of the paper you mention; that is, to satisfy your curiosity, and to kindle it anew, I will tell you, that this anecdote, which I know not how you came by, is neither the only one, nor the most considerable one of the same kind. The person you are so inquisitive about \*, returns into *England* the latter-end of *October*. She has so great a mind to see you, that I am not sure she will not undertake a journey to *Dublin*. It is not so far from *London* to *Dublin*, as from *Spain* to *Padua*; and you are as well worth seeing as *Livy*. But I had much rather you would leave the humid climate, and the dull company, in which, according to your account, a man might grow old between twenty and thirty. Set your foot on the continent; I dare promise, that you will, in a fortnight, have gone back the ten years you lament so much, and be returned to that age, at which I left you. With what pleasure should I hear you *inter vina fugam Stellæ mæerere protervæ*? Adieu.

\* His lordship's second wife, a *French* lady.



## L E T T E R CCXXII.

L' Abbé des FONTAINES \* a Monsieur  
SWIFT.

A Paris, le 4 Juillet, 1725.

J' AI l'honneur, monsieur, de vous envoyer la 2de edition de votre ouvrage, que j'ai tradust en *Francois*. Je vous aurois envoyé la premiere, si je puis vous dire, d'insérer dans la preface un endroit, dont vous n'auriez pas eu lieu d'être content, ce que j'ai mis assurément malgré moi. Comme le livre s'est débité sans contradiction, ces raisons ne subsistent plus, et j'ai aussitôt supprimé cet endroit dans la 2de edition, comme vous verrez. J'ai aussi corrigé l'endroit de monsieur *Carteret*, sur lequel j'avois eu de faux memoires. Vous trouverez, monsieur, en beaucoup d'endroits une traduction peu fidele ; mais tout ce qui plaît en *Angleterre*, n'a pas ici le meme agrément ; soit parce que

\* *Peter Francis Guyet des Fontaines* born at Roan in Normandy, 29 June, 1685. He entered into the society of *Jesuits* in 1700 ; but quitted it sixteen years after. He lived for some years with the cardinal d'*Auvergne*, and died at Paris, 16 December, 1745, being well known for several works, and particularly for his *Observations sur les ecrits modernes*, in a great number of volumes.

les moeurs sont differentes, soit parceque que les allusions et les allegories, qui sont sensibles dans une pays, ne les sont pas dans une aûtre; soit enfin parce que le goût des deux nations n'est pas le même. J'ai voulu donner aux *François* un livre, qui fut a leur usage: voila ce qui m'a rendu traducteur libre et peu fidele. J'ai meme pris la liberté d'ajouter, selon que vôtre imagination est echauffoit la mienne. C'est à vous seul, monsieur, que je suis redevable de l'honneur, que me fait cette traduction, qui à été debitée icy' avec une rapidité etonnante, et donc il y'a deja trois editions. Je suis penetré d'une si obligé, qui si la suppression, que j'ai faite, ne vous satisfait pas entierement, je ferai volontiers encore d'avantage pour effacer jusqu'au souvenir de cet endroit de la preface: aut surplus je vous supplie, monsieur, de vouloir bien faire attention à la justice, que je vous ai rendu dans la memê preface.

On se flatte, monsieur, qu'on aura bien tôt l'honneur de vous posseder ici. Tous vos amis vous attendent avec impatience. On ne parie ici que de vôtre arrivée; et tout *Paris* souhaite de vous voir. Ne deferreés pas nôtre satisfaction: vous verrez un peuple, qui vous estime infinement. En attendant je vous demande, monsieur, l'honneur de vôtre amitié, et vous prie d'etre persuadé, que personne ne vous honore plus que moi,

et

n'est avec plus de consideration et d'estime,  
votre tres humble, et tres obeissant servi-  
teur, L'Abbé des FONTAINES.

Mr. *Arbutnott* a bien voulu se  
charger de vous faire tenir cette  
lettre avec l'*exemplaire*, que j'ai  
l'honneur de vous envoyer.

L E T T E R CCXXIII.

REPONSE de Monsieur SWIFT,

**I**L y a plus d'un mois que j'ay recûe vôtre  
lettre du 4. de *Juillet*, Monsieur : mais  
l'exemplaire de 2<sup>e</sup> edition de vôtre ouvrage  
ne m'a pas été encore remis. J'ay lû la pre-  
face de la premiere; et vous me permettrez  
de vous dire, que j'ay été fort surpris d'y voir,  
qu'en me donnant pour patrie un pais, dans  
lequel je suis né, vous ayez trouvé a propos  
de m'attribuer un livre, qui porte le nom  
de son auteur, qui a eu le malheur de de-  
plaîre a quelques uns de nos ministres, et  
qui je n'ay jamais avoué. Cette plainte, qui  
je fais de vôtre conduite a mon egard, ne  
m'empeche pas de vous rendre justice. Les  
traducteurs donnent pour la plupart des  
louanges excessives aux ouvrages, qu'ils tra-  
duisent, et s'imaginent peut etre, que leur  
reputation depend en quelque façon de celles  
des auteurs, qu'ils ont choisis. Mais vous

L 2

avez



avez senti vos forces, qui vous mettent au dessus de pareilles precautions. Capable de corriger un mauvais livre, entreprise plus difficile, que celle d'en composer un bon, vous n'avez pas craint de donner au public la traduction d'un ouvrage, que vous assurez etre plein de pollisoneries, de sottises, de puerilites, &c. Nous convenons icy, que le goût des nations n'est pas toujours le meme. Mais nous sommes portes a croire, que le bon goût est même le par tout, ou il y a des gens d'esprit, de jugement et de scavoir. Si donc les livres du sieur *Gulliver* ne sont calculus que pour les isles *Britanniques*, ce voyageur doit passer pour un tres pitoyable ecrivain. Les memes vices et le memes follies regnent par tout, du moins, dans tous les pais civilises de l'*Europe* : et l'auteur, qui n'ecrit que pour une ville, une province, un royaume ou meme un siecle, merite si peu d'etre traduit, qu'il ne merite pas d'etre lû.

Les partisans de ce *Gulliver*, qui ne laissent pas d'etre en fort grand nombre chez nous, soutiennent, que son livre durera autant que notre langage, parce qu'il ne tire pas son merité de certaines modes ou manieres de penser et de parler, mais d'une suite d'observations sur les imperfections, les follies, et les vices de l'homme.

Vous jugez bien, que les gens, dont je viens de vous parler, n'approvent pas fort  
votre

vosre critique, et vous serez fans doute surpris de scavoir, qu'ils regardent ce chirurgien de vaisseau, comme un auteur grave, qui ne sort jamais de son serieux, qui n'emprunte aucun fard, qui ne se pique point d'avoir de l'esprit, et qui se contente de communiquer au public dans une narration simple et naive les aventures, qui lui sont arrivées, et les choses, qu'il a vû ou entendu dire pendant ses voyages.

Quant a l'article qui regarde my lord *Carteret*, fans m'informer d'ou vous tirez vos memoires, je vous diray, que vous n'avez escrit que la moitié de la verité; et que ce *Drapier* où réel ou supposé a sauvé l'*Irlande*, en mettant toute la nation contre un projet, qui devoit enrichir au depense du public un certain nombre de particuliers.

Plusieurs accidens, qui sont arrivé, m'empecheront de faire le voyage de *France* presentement, et je ne suis plus assez jeune pour me flatter de retrouver une autre occasion. Je scais, que j'ay perdû beaucoup, et je suis tres sensible a cette perte. L'unique consolation, qui me reste, c'est de songer, que j'en supporteray mieux la pais, au quel la fortune m'a condamné. Je suis, &c.

## L E T T E R CCXXIV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, July 24, 1725.*

**M**R. *Ford* will tell you how I do, and what I do. Tired with suspense, the only insupportable misfortune of life, I desired, after nine years of autumnal promises and vernal excuses, a decision; and very little cared what that decision was, provided it left me a liberty to settle abroad, or put me on a foot of living agreeably at home. The wisdom of the nation has thought fit, instead of granting so reasonable a request, to pass an act, which, fixing my fortune unalterably to this country, fixes my person here also: and those, who had the least mind to see me in *England*, have made it impossible for me to live any where else. Here I am then, two-thirds restored, my person safe, (unless I meet hereafter with harder treatment than even that of Sir *Walter Raleigh*) and my estate, with all the other property I have acquired, or may acquire, secured to me. But the Attainder is kept carefully and prudently in force, lest so corrupt a member should come again into the house of lords, and his bad leaven should

four



four that sweet, untainted mass. Thus much I thought I might say about my private affairs to an old friend, without diverting him too long from his labours to promote the advantage of the church and state of *Ireland*; or, from his travels into those countries of giants and pigmies, from whence he imports a cargo \* I value at an higher rate than that of the richest galeon. *Ford* brought the dean of *Derry* † to see me. Unfortunately for me, I was then out of town; and the journey of the former into *Ireland* will perhaps defer for some time my making acquaintance with the other; which I am sorry for. I would not by any means lose the opportunity of knowing a man, who can espouse in good earnest the system of father *Mallebranche*, and who is fond of going a missionary into the *West Indies* ‡. My

L 4

zeal

\* This is very obscure: *Gulliver* was not then published. Perhaps *Berkeley* brought *Bolingbroke* a copy of the MS. *Former*, I suppose, is *Swift*, called an old friend: other is *Berkeley*; but the nominative case is so remote, that *former* and *other* scarce make the sense intelligible. This letter is dated in 1725; *Gulliver's* travels were first published in 1726.

† Doctor *Berkeley*.

‡ Dr. *Berkeley* formed a design of fixing an university in the *Bermudas*, for the improvement of our colonies, and the education of *Indians*, to be employed as Missionaries among their countrymen. For this college

zeal for the propagation of the Gospel will hardly carry me so far ; but my spleen against *Europe* has, more than once, made me think of buying the dominion of *Bermudas*, and spending the remainder of my days as far as possible from those people, with whom I have passed the first and greatest part of my life. Health and every other natural comfort of life is to be had there, better than here. As to imaginary and artificial pleasures, we are philosophers enough to despise them. What say you? Will you

college he obtained a charter, in which he was appointed president, and a certain number of fellows, selected by himself, were incorporated; but the design miscarried for want of money. The system of *Mallebranche* here referred to, was, " that our ideas are distinct from our understanding, and that we see all things in God." In other words, that material objects are not the causes of our ideas. *Berkeley*, in the early part of his life, wrote a dissertation against the existence of material beings, and external objects, with such subtilty, that *Whiston* acknowledged himself unable to confute it, and recommended the task to *Dr. Clarke*. The Dr. however did not perform it; and the dissertation remains unanswered to this time, except what has been attempted by *Baxter* in his treatise on the soul.

*Bayle* says, that *Mallebranche's* system, was only that of *Democritus*, amended and unfolded.

See a farther account of *Dr. Berkeley*, in a letter from *Swift* to lord *Carteret*, dated *September 3d, 1724*, lately published in two posthumous volumes by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

leave

leave your *Hibernian* flock to some other shepherd, and transplant yourself with me into the middle of the *Atlantic* ocean? We will form a society more reasonable, and more useful, than that of doctor *Berkeley's* college: and I promise you solemnly, as supreme magistrate, not to suffer the currency of *Wood's* halfpence: nay, the coiner of them shall be hanged, if he presumes to set foot on our island.

Let me hear how you are, and what you do; and if you really have any latent kindness still at the bottom of your heart for me, say something very kind to me, for I don't dislike being cajoled. If your heart tells you nothing, say nothing, that I may take the hint, and wean myself from you by degrees. Whether I shall compass it or no, God knows: but, surely this is the properest place in the world to renounce friendship in, or to forget obligations. Mr. *Ford* says, he will be with us again by the beginning of winter. Your *star* \* will probably hinder you from taking the same journey. Adieu, dear dean. I had something more to say to you, almost as important as what I have said already, but company comes in upon me, and relieves you.

\* Mrs. *Johnson*, the lady whom he celebrated by the name of *Stella*.



## L E T T E R CCXXV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, Oct. 17, 1725.*

I HAVE the vanity to think, that a few friends have a real concern for me, and are uneasy when I am in distress; in consequence of which, I ought to communicate with them the joy of my recovery. I did not want a most kind paragraph in your letter to Mr. *Pope*, to convince me, that you are of the number; and I know, that I give you a sensible pleasure in telling you, that I think myself at this time almost perfectly recovered of a most unusual and dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; such a one, that had it been in the hands of a surgeon, in an outward and fleshy part, I should not have been well these three months. Duke *Disney*, our old friend, is in a fair way to recover of such another. There have been several of them occasioned, as I reckon, by the cold and wet season. People have told me of new *impostures* (as they call them) every day. Poor Sir *William Wyndham* is an *imposture*: I hope the *Bath*, where he is going, will do him good. The  
hopes

hopes of seeing once more the dean of *St. Patrick's* revives my spirits. I cannot help imagining some of your old club met together like mariners after a storm. For God's sake do not tantalize your friends any more. I can prove by twenty unanswerable arguments, that it is absolutely necessary, that you should come over to *England*; that it would be committing the greatest absurdity that ever was, not to do it the next approaching winter. I believe, indeed, it is just possible to save your soul without it, and that is all. As for your book \* (of which I have framed to myself such an idea, that I am persuaded, there is no doing any good upon mankind without it) I will set the letters myself, rather than it should not be published. But before you put the finishing hand to it, it is really necessary to be acquainted with some improvements of mankind, that have appeared of late, and are daily appearing. Mankind has an inexhaustible source of invention in the way of folly and madness. I have only one fear, that when you come over, you will be so much coveted and taken up by the ministry; that, unless your friends meet you at their tables, they will have none of your company. This is really no joke;

\* *Gulliver's travels.*

I am

I am quite in earnest. Your deafness is so necessary a thing, that I almost begin to think it an affectation. I remember you used to reckon dinners. I know of near half a year's dinners, where you are already bespoke. It is worth your while to come to see your old friend *Lewis*, who is wiser than ever he was, the best of husbands. I am sure I can say from my own experience, that he is the best of friends. He was so to me, when he had little hope I should ever live to thank him.

You must acquaint me before you take journey, that we may provide a convenient lodging for you amongst your friends. I am called away this moment, and have only time to add, that I love and long to see you, and am most sincerely, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant.

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

L E T-



LETTER CCXXVI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT, then  
in *London* \*.

DEAR SIR,

(Indorsed, 1726.)

I Have been at your lodgings this morning,  
but you was out early. Her royal high-  
ness begs the honour of a visit from you on  
*Thursday* night at seven o'clock. You are to  
be attended by, dear Sir, your most faithful  
humble servant, JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

I hope you will not engage yourself  
at that hour; but I shall see you  
before that time. *Tuesday*, 3  
o'clock.

\* The Dean went to *London* in the beginning of *April*,  
1726; and this invitation was made by her royal high-  
ness, afterwards queen *Caroline*, soon after; but is un-  
certain on what day.

L E T-

## L E T T E R CCXXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL †.

*Twickenham, July 15, 1726.*

**I** WISH you would send me a common bill in form upon any banker for one hundred pounds, and I will wait for it, and in the mean time borrow where I can. What you tell me of Mrs. *Johnson*, I have long expected, with great oppression and heaviness of heart. We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years. Upon my advice they both came to *Ireland*, and have been ever since my constant companions; and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy scene, when one of them is gone, whom I most esteemed, upon the score of every good quality, that can possibly recom-

† This gentleman was a foundling, and *Swift* used to call him *Melchisedeck*, because *Melchisedeck* is said to have had neither father nor mother: he was a clergyman, a master of arts, a reader, and a vicar of *Swift's* cathedral, and master of the song: he was nearly of the Dean's own standing in the college, had good sense, and much humour. His wife was a woman of great sprightliness, good-nature, and generosity; remarkably cleanly, and elegant in her person, in her house, and at her table; the Dean therefore was of his guests, and contracted great intimacy with him.

mend

mend a human creature. I have these two months seen through Mrs. *Dingley's* disguises\*. And, indeed, ever since I left you, my heart hath been so sunk, that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again; but drag on a wretched life, 'till it shall please God to call me away. I must tell you, as a friend, that if you have reason to believe Mrs. *Johnson* cannot hold out 'till my return, I would not think of coming to *Ireland*; and, in that case, I would expect of you, in the beginning of *September*, to renew my licence for another half year; which time I will spend in some retirement far from *London*, 'till I can be in a disposition of appearing, after an accident, that must be so fatal to my quiet. I wish it could be brought about, that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister, during their lives, and afterwards to *Dr. Stephens's* hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there, as she designs. Think how I am disposed while I write this, and forgive the inconsistencies. I would not for the universe be present at such a trial of seeing her depart. She will be among friends, that, upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment

\* Probably endeavouring to conceal Mrs. *Johnson's* danger, in tenderness to the Dean.



to myself. In case the matter should be desperate, I would have you advise, if they come to town, that they should be lodged in some airy healthy part, and not in the deanry; which besides, you know, cannot but be a very improper thing for that house to breathe her last in. This I leave to your discretion, and I conjure you to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any person alive. Pray write to me every week, that I may know what steps to take; for I am determined not to go to *Ireland*, to find her just dead, or dying. Nothing but extremity could make me so familiar with those tetrible words, applied to such a dear friend. Let her know, I have bought her a repeating gold watch, for her ease in winter nights. I designed to have surprised her with it; but now I would have her know it, that she may see how my thoughts are always to make her easy. I am of opinion, that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable. On the back of *Brereton's* note there was written the account of Mrs. *Johnson's* sickness. Pray, in your next, avoid that mistake, and leave the backside blank. When you have read this letter twice, and retain what I desire, pray burn it; and let all I have said lie only in your own breast. Pray write every week.

I have

I have ('till I know further) fixed on *August* the fifteenth to set out for *Ireland*. I shall continue or alter my measures according to your letters. Adieu.

Pray tell Mr. *Dobbs*, of the college, that I received his letter; but cannot possibly answer it, which I certainly would, if I had materials. As to what you say about promotion, you will find it was given immediately to *Maule* \*, as I am told; and I assure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behaviour to those in power hath been directly contrary, since I came here. I had rather have good news from you than *Canterbury*, though it were given me upon my own terms.

\* Dr. *Henry Maule*, promoted to the bishopric of *Cloyne* in 1726; translated to *Dromore* 1731, and afterwards to *Meath*. This most worthy man was one of the first promoters of the protestant charter-schools in *Ireland*, for the reception and education of children of papists, which have met with great success.

## L E T T E R CCXXVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to the Three  
Yahoos of *Twickenham*, JONATHAN,  
ALEXANDER, JOHN\*.

MOST EXCELLENT TRIUMVIRS OF  
PARNASSUS,

**T**HOUGH you are probably very indif-  
ferent where I am, or what I am do-  
ing; yet I resolve to believe the contrary. I  
persuaded myself, that you have sent at least  
fifteen times within this fortnight to † *Daw-*  
*ley* farm, and that you are extremely mortif-  
fied at my long silence. To relieve you  
therefore from this great anxiety of mind,  
I can do no less than write a few lines to  
you; and I please myself beforehand with  
the vast pleasure, which this epistle must  
needs give you. That I may add to this  
pleasure, and give you further proofs of my  
beneficent temper, I will likewise inform  
you, that I shall be in your neighbourhood  
again by the end of next week; by which  
time I hope that *Jonathan's* imagination of  
business will be succeeded by some imagina-

\* *John Gay.*

† The country residence of lord *Bolingbroke*, near  
*Cranford* in *Middlesex*.



tion more becoming a professor of that divine science, *la bagatelle*. Adieu, *Jonathan, Alexander, John!* mirth be with you.

From the banks of the *Severne*, July the 23d, 1726.

L E T T E R CCXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

*London, August 6, 1726.*

**A**T the time that I had your letter, with the bill, (for which I thank you) I received another from Dr. *Sheridan*, both full of the melancholy account of our friend. The doctor advises me to go over at the time I intended, which I now design to do, and to set out on *Monday* the fifteenth from hence. However, if any accident should happen to me, that you do not find me come over on the first of *September*, I would have you renew my licence of absence from the second of *September*, which will be the day that my half year will be out; and since it is not likely, that you can answer this, so as to reach me before I leave *London*, I desire you will write to me, directed to Mrs. *Kenah*, in *Chester*, where I design to set up, and shall hardly be there in less than a fortnight from this time; and if I should then hear our friend

was no more, I might probably be absent a month or two in some parts of *Derbyshire*, or *Wales*. However, you need not renew the licence 'till the first of *September*; and, if I come not, I will write to you from *Chester*. This unhappy affair is the greatest trial I ever had; and I think you are unhappy in having conversed so much with that person under such circumstances. Tell Dr. *Sheridan*, I had his letter; but care not to answer it. I wish you would give me your opinion, at *Chester*, whether I shall come over or no. I shall be there, God willing, on *Thursday*, the eighteenth instant. This is enough to say, in my present situation. I am, &c.

My humble service and thanks to Mrs. *Worral*, for the care of our friend, which I shall never forget.

# L E T T E R CCXXX.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; afterwards  
Earl of *Bath*, to Dr. SWIFT.

Dear Sir,

*London*, Sept. 3, 1726.

I Received the favour of your kind letter at my lord *Chetwyn's*; and though you had so much goodness, as to forbid my answering it

it at that time; yet I should be inexcusable, now I have perfectly recovered my health and strength, if I did not return you my very hearty thanks for your concern for me during my illness. Though our acquaintance has not been of long date, yet I think I may venture to assure you, that, even among your old friends, you have not many, who have a juster regard for your merit than I have. I could wish, that those, who are more able to serve you than I am, had the same desire of doing it. And yet methinks, now I consider it, and reflect who they are, I should be sorry they had the merit of doing so right a thing. As well as I wish you, I would rather not have you provided for yet, than provided for by those that I don't like. Mr. *Pope* tells me, that we shall see you in spring. When we meet again, I flatter myself we shall not part so soon; and I am in hopes you will allow me a longer share of your company than you did. All I can say to engage you to come a little oftener to my house, is, to promise, that you shall have one dish of meat at my table so disguised, but you shall easily know what it is. You shall have a cup of your own for small beer and wine mixed together; you shall have no women at table, if you don't like them, and no men, but such as like you. I wished mightily to be in *London* before you left it, having something,



which I would willingly have communicated to you, that I do not think so discreet to trust to a letter. Do not let your expectations be raised, as if it was a matter of any great consequence: it is not that, though I should be mighty glad you knew it, and perhaps I may soon find a way of letting you do so.

Our parliament, they now say, is not to meet 'till after *Christmas*, the chief business of it being to give money. It may be proper the ministers should know, a little before it meets, how much farther they have run the nation in debt, that they may prudently conceal or provide what they think fit. I am told, that many among us begin to grumble, that *England* should be obliged to support the charge of a very expensive war, whilst all the other powers of *Europe* are in peace. But I will enter no farther into public matters, taking it for granted, that a letter directed to you, and franked by me, cannot fail of raising the curiosity of some of our vigilant ministers, and that they will open it; though we know it is not customary for them so to do. Mrs. *Pulteney* is very much your humble servant, and I am, with great truth, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

L E T-

## L E T T E R CCXXXI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, September the 16th, 1726.*

DEAR SIR,

SINCE I wrote last, I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in *Oxfordshire* with the duke and duchess of *Queensberry*, and at *Petersham*, and where-soever they would carry me; but as they will go to *Wiltshire* without me, on *Tuesday* next, for two or three months, I believe I shall then have finished my travels for this year, and shall not go farther from *London*, than now and then to *Twickenham*. I saw Mr. *Pope* on *Sunday*, who hath lately escaped a very great danger; but is very much wounded across his right-hand. Coming home in the dark, about a week ago, alone in my lord *Bolingbroke's* coach from *Dawley*, he was overturned, where a bridge has been broken down, near *Whitton*, about a mile from his own house. He was thrown into the river, with the glasses of the coach up, and was up to the knots of his perriwig in water. The footman broke the glass to draw him out; by which, he thinks, he received the cut across his hand. He was a-

afraid he should have lost the use of his little finger, and the next to it; but the surgeon, whom he sent for last *Sunday* from *London* to examine it, told him, that his fingers were safe, that there were two nerves cut, but no tendon. He was in very good health, and very good spirits, and the wound in a fair way of being soon healed\*. The instructions you sent me to communicate to the doctor about the finger, I transcribed from your own letter, and sent to him; for, at that time, he was going every other day to *Windſor Park* to visit Mr. *Congreve*, who hath been extremely ill, but is now recovered. I dined and supped on *Monday* last with lord and lady *Bolingbroke*, at lord *Berkeley's*, at *Cranford*, and returned to *London*, with the duke and duchess of *Queensberry*, on *Tuesday*, by two o'clock in the morning. You are remembered always with great respect by all your acquaintance, and every one of them wishes for your return. The lottery begins to be drawn on *Monday* next, but my week of attendance will be the first in *October*. I am obliged to follow the engravers to make them dispatch my plates for the fables; for without it, I find they proceed very slowly. I take your advice in this, as I wish to do in

\* See lord *Bolingbroke's* account of this accident, in his letter, dated *Sept. 22d, 1726*.



all things, and frequently revise my work, in order to finish it as well as I can. Mr. *Pulteney* takes the letter you sent him in the kindest manner; and I believe he is, except a few excursions, fixed in town for the winter. As for the particular affair, that you want to be informed in, we are as yet wholly in the dark; but Mr. *Pope* will follow your instructions. I have not seen Mrs. *Howard* a great while, which you know must be a great mortification and self-denial; but in my case, it is particularly unhappy, that a man cannot contrive to be in two places at the same time: if I could, while you are there, one of them should be always *Dublin*. But, after all, it is a silly thing to be with a friend by halves, so that I will give up all thoughts of bringing this project to perfection, if you will contrive, that we shall meet again soon. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and affectionate friend, and servant,

J. GAY.

LET-

## L E T T E R CCXXXII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, Sept. 20, 1726.*

I HAVE been balancing, dear Sir, these three days, whether I should write to you first. Laying aside the superiority of your dignity, I thought a notification was due to me, as well as to two others of my friends: then, I considered, that this was done in the public news, with all the formalities of reception of a lord lieutenant. I reflected on the dependency of *Ireland*; but, said I, what if my friend should dispute this? Then I considered, that letters were always introduced at first from the civilized to the barbarous kingdom. In short, my affection, and the pleasure of corresponding with my dear friend, prevailed; and, since you most disdainfully, and barbarously confined me to two lines a month, I was resolved to plague you with twenty times that number; though I think it was a sort of compliment to be supposed capable of saying any thing in two lines. The *Gascoyne* asked only to speak one word to the *French* king, which the king confining him to, he brought a paper, and said, *signez*, and not a word more. Your  
nego-

negociation with the singing-man is in the hands of my daughter *Nancy*, who, I can assure you, will neglect nothing that concerns you: she has wrote about it. Mr. *Pope* has been in hazard of his life by drowning: coming late, two weeks ago, from lord *Bolingbroke's* in his coach and six, a bridge on a little liver being broke down, they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high, but the coach was overturned in it; and the glafs being up, which he could not break, nor get down, he was very near drowned; for, the footman was stuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to his assistance. He had that in common with *Horace*, that it was occasioned by the trunk of a tree; but it was *trunco rbeda illapsa, neque Faunus ictum dextra levabat*; for he was wounded in the left hand, but, thank God, without any danger; but by the cutting of a large vessel, lost a great deal of blood. I have been with Mrs. *Howard*, who has a most intolerable pain in one side of her head. I had a great deal of discourse with your friend, her royal highness: She insisted upon your wit, and good conversation. I told her royal highness, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere, honest man, and speaking the truth, when others were afraid to speak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the duchess of  
*Marl-*



*Marlborough's*, with *Mr. Congreve*, who has been like to die of a fever, and the gout in his stomach; but he is now better, and like to do well. My brother was like to be cast away going to *France*: there was a ship lost just by him. I write this in a dull humour, but with most sincere affection, to an ungrateful man as you are, that minds every body more than me, except what concerns my interest. My dear friend, farewell.

L E T T E R CCXXXIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, Sept. 22d, 1726.*

A Bookfeller\*, who says he is in a few days going to *Dublin*, calls here, and offers to carry a letter to you. I cannot resist the temptation of writing to you, though I have nothing to say more by this conveyance, than I should have by that of the post; tho' I have lately clubbed with *Pope* to make up a most elegant epistle to you in prose and verse; and though I wrote the other day the first paragraph of that *Chedder*† letter, which  
is

\* *George Faulkner.*

† A *Chedder* letter, is a letter written by the contribution of several friends, each furnishing a paragraph. The name is borrowed from that of a large  
and

is preparing for you. The only excuse then, which I can plead for writing now, is, that the letters will cost you nothing. Have you heard of the accident which befel poor *Pope* in going lately from me? A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank steep, an hole on one side, and a block of timber on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In short, he overturned, the fall was broke by the water; but the glasses were up, and he might have been drowned, if one of my men had not broke a glass, and pulled him out through the window. His right hand was severely cut; but the surgeon thinks him in no danger of losing the use of his fingers: however, he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the shoulder downwards, which might create a suspicion, that some of the glass remains still in the flesh. *St, André*\* says, there is none. If so, these pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry, which carried him across the water to see Mrs. *Howard*, who has been extremely ill, but is much better. Just as I

and excellent cheese made at *Cheddar* in *Gloucestershire*, where all the dairies contribute to make the cheese, which is thus made of new milk, or fresh cream; of which, one dairy not furnishing a sufficient quantity, the common practice is to make a cheese of milk or cream that has been set by, 'till a proper quantity is procured, and then part of it at least is stale.

\* A French surgeon.

am writing, I hear that Dr. *Arbutnott* says, that *Pope's* pains are rheumatic, and have no relation to his wound. He suffers very much; I will endeavour to see him to-morrow. Let me hear from you as often as you can afford to write. I would say something to you of myself, if I had any good to say; but I am much in the same way in which you left me, eternally busy about trifles, disagreeable in themselves, but rendered supportable by their end; which is, to enable me to bury myself from the world (who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it) in an agreeable sepulchre. I hope to bring this about by next spring, and shall be glad to see you at my funeral. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCXXXIV.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

Dear Sir, *Whitehall, Oct. 22, 1726.*

**B**EFORE I say one word to you, give me leave to say something of the other gentleman's affair. The letter was sent; and the answer was, that every thing was finished and concluded according to orders, and that it would be publickly known to be so in a very few days; so that, I think, there can be no occasion for his writing any more about this affair.

The



The letter you wrote to Mr. *Pope* was not received 'till eleven or twelve days after date; and the post-office, we suppose, have very vigilant officers; for they had taken care to make him pay for a double letter. I wish, I could tell you, that the cutting of the tendons of two of his fingers was a joke; but it is really so: the wound is quite healed; his hand is still weak, and the two fingers drop downwards, as I told you before\*; but, I hope, it will be very little troublesome or detrimental to him. In answer to our letter of maps, pictures, and receipts, you call it a tripartite letter. If you will examine it once again, you will find some lines of Mrs. *Howard*, and some of Mr. *Pulteney*, which you have not taken the least notice of. The receipt of the veal is of Monsieur *Davaux*, Mr. *Pulteney's* cook; and it hath been approved of at one of our *Twickenham* entertainments. The difficulty of the saucepan, I believe you will find, is owing to a negligence in perusing the manuscript; for, if I remember right, it is there called a stew-pan. Your earthen vessel, provided it is close stopped, I allow to be a good *succedaneam*. As to the boiling chickens in a wooden bowl, I

\* In the preceding letter he says, no tendon is cut: he must therefore refer to a letter not in this collection, if his memory did not fail him.

shall

shall be quite ashamed to consult Mrs. *Howard* upon your account, who thinks herself intirely neglected by you, in not writing to her, as you promised: however, let her take it as she will, to serve a friend, I'll venture to ask it of her. The \* prince and his family come to settle in town to-morrow. That Mr. *Pulteney* expected an answer to his letter, and would be extremely pleased to hear from you, is very certain; for I have heard him talk of it with expectation for above a fortnight.

I have of late been very much out of order, with a slight fever, which I am not yet quite free from. It was occasioned by a cold, which my attendance at the *Guild Hall* improved. I have not a friend, who has got any thing under my administration, but the duchess of *Queensberry*, who hath had a benefit of a thousand pounds. Your mentioning Mr. *Rollinson* † so kindly, will, I know, give him much pleasure; for he always talks of you with great regard, and the strongest terms of friendship. He hath been of late ill of a fever, but is recovered so as to go abroad and take the air.

\* The prince of *Wales*, afterwards king *George II.*

† A great friend of lord *Bolingbroke*, Dr. *Swift*, and Mr. *Pope*. He married the widow of *John* earl of *Winchester*.

If the engravers keep their word with me, I shall be able to publish my fables soon after *Christmas*. The doctor's book \* is intirely printed off, and will be very soon published. I believe you'll expect, that I should give you some account how I have spent my time since you left me. I have attended my distressed friend at *Twickenham*, and been his *amanuensis*, which you know is no idle charge. I have read about half *Virgil*, and half *Spencer's Fairy-queen*. I still despise court preferments, so that I lose no time upon attendance on great men; and still can find amusement enough without quadrille, which here is the universal employment of life.

I thought you would be glad to hear from me, so that I determined not to stir out of my lodgings 'till I had answered your letter: and, I think, I shall very probably hear more of the matter (which I mention in the first paragraph of this letter) as soon as I go abroad; for I expect it every day. We have no news as yet of Mr. *Stopford* †: Mr. *Rolinson* told me he shall know of his arrival, and will send me word. Lord *Bolingbroke* hath been to make a visit to Sir *William Wyndham*. I hear he is returned, but I have not seen him. If I had been in a better state

\* *Arbuthnot's* tables of antient coins, &c.

† Rev. Dr. *James Stopford*, fellow of trinity-college, *Dublin*, afterwards bishop of *Cloyne*.



of health, and Mrs. *Howard* \* were not to come to town to-morrow, I would have gone to Mr. *Pope*'s to-day, to have dined with him there on *Monday*.

You ask me how to address to lord *B—*; when you are disposed to write to him. If you mean lord *Burlington*, he is not yet returned from *France*, but is expected every day. If you mean lord *Bathurst*, he is in *Gloucestershire*, and makes but a very short stay; so that if you direct to one of them in *St. James's-square*, or to the other at *Burlington-house*, in *Piccadilly*, your letter will find them. I will make your compliments to lord *Chesterfield* and Mr. *Pulteney*; and I beg you, in return, to make mine to Mr. *Ford*. Next week I shall have a new coat, and new buttons, for the birth-day, though I don't know, but a turn-coat might have been for my advantage. Your's most sincerely and affectionate.

*P. S.* I hear that lord *Bolingbroke* will be in town, at his house in *Pallmall*, next week.

As we cannot enjoy any good things without your partaking it, accept of the following receipt for stewing veal†.

\* Afterwards countess of *Suffolk*, from whom *Gay* at this time had expectations.

† This is supposed to be the receipt of Mr. *Pulteney*'s cook, mentioned in the preceding part of this letter, verified.

Take

Take a knuckle of veal;  
 You may buy it, or steal.  
 In a few pieces cut it:  
 In a stewing-pan put it.  
 Salt, pepper, and mace  
 Must season this knuckle;  
 Then \* what's join'd to a place,  
 With other herbs muckle;  
 That, which killed king † *Will*:  
 And what never ‡ stands still.  
 Some § sprigs of that bed  
 Where children are bred,  
 Which much you will mend, if  
 Both spinnage and endive,  
 And lettice, and beet,  
 With marygold meet.  
 Put no water at all:  
 For it maketh things small,  
 Which, lest it should happen,  
 A close cover clap on.  
 Put this pot of || *Wood's* mettle  
 In a hot boiling kettle,

\* Vulgo, salary.

† Supposed forril.

‡ This is by Dr. *Bentley* thought to be time, or thyme.

§ Parsley. Vide *Chamberlayne*.

|| Copper.

And there let it be  
(Mark the doctrine I teach)  
About—let me see,—  
Thrice as long as you preach \* :  
So skimming the fat off,  
Say grace with your hat off.  
O, then ! with what rapture  
Will it fill dean and chapter !

L E T T E R CCXXXV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, Nov. 8, 1726.*

**I**TAKE it mighty kindly, that a man of your high post, dear Sir, was pleased to write me so long a letter. I look upon the captain *Tom* of a great nation to be a much greater man than the governor of it.

I am sorry your commission about your finger has not been executed any sooner. It is not *Nancy's* fault, who has spoke several times to Dr. *Pepusch* about it, and wrote three or four letters, and received for answer, that he would write for the young fellow ; but still, nothing is done. I will endeavour to get his name and direction, and write to him myself.

\* Which we suppose to be near four hours.

Your



Your books shall be sent as directed : they have been printed above a month ; but I cannot get my subscribers names \*. I will make over all my profits to you for the property of *Gulliver's travels* ; which, I believe, will have as great a run as *John Bunyan*. *Gulliver* is a happy man, that, at his age, can write such a merry book.

I made my lord archbishop's † compliments to her royal highness, who returns his grace her thanks ; at the same time, Mrs. *Howard* read your letter herself. The princess immediately seized on your plaid ‡ for her own use, and has ordered the young princess to be clad in the same. When I had the honour to see her, she was reading *Gulliver*, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince ; which she laughed at. I tell you freely, the part of the projector is the least brilliant. *Lewis* § grumbles a little at it, and says, he wants the key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be

\* To a work, in 4to, intitled, *Tables of antient coins, weights, and measures, explained and exemplified in several dissertations*.

† Probably archbishop *King* of *Dublin*.

‡ The dean sent a present of some silk plaids from *Ireland*, for the princess of *Wales*, and the young princesses.

§ *Erasmus Lewis*, Esq.

able to publish like *Barnevelt* \* in time. I gave your service to lady *Harvey*. She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad, that was wrote on her, to the tune of *Molly Mog*, and sent to her, in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two double entendres: which the authors, Mr. *Pulteney* and lord *Chesterfield*, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeased, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit.

There has been a comical paper about quadrille †, describing it in the terms of a lewd debauch among four ladies, meeting four gallants, two of a ruddy, and two of a swarthy complexion, talking of their a—es, &c. The riddle is carried on in pretty strong terms; it was not found out a long time. The ladies, imaginining it to be a real thing, began to guess who were of the party. A great minister was for

\* This refers to a pamphlet, intituled, *A key to the lock: Or, a treatise proving beyond all contradiction the dangerous tendency of a late poem, intituled, The rape of the lock, to government and religion.* By *Eſaras Barnevelt*, apothecary. The second edition of this piece was published in 1715, in 8vo.

† Written by Mr. *Congreve*.

hanging the author. In short it has made very good sport.

*Gay* has had a little fever, but is pretty well recovered : so is *Mr. Pope*. We shall meet at lord *Bolingbroke's* on *Thursday*, in town, at dinner, and remember you. *Gulliver* is in every body's hands. Lord *Scarborough*, who is no inventor of stories, told me, that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him, he was very well acquainted with *Gulliver* ; but that the printer had mistaken, that he lived in *Wapping*, and not at *Rotherhithe*. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to search for *Lilliput*.

We expect war here. The city of *London* are all crying out for it, that they shall be undone without it, there being now a total stoppage of all trade. I think one of the best courses will be, to rig out a privateer for the *West-Indies*. Will you be concerned ? We will build her at *Bermudas*, and get *Mr. Dean Berkeley* \* to be our manager.

I had the honour to see lord *Oxford*, who asked kindly for you, and said he would write to you. If the project goes on of printing

\* He formed a design of fixing an university in the *Bermudas*. See note on *Bolingbroke's* letter, dated *July* 24, 1725.



some papers, he has promised to give copies of some things, which I believe cannot be found elsewhere. My brother *Robert* has been very ill of a rheumatism. Wishing you all health and happiness, and not daring to write my paper on the other side, I must remain, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,  
JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

## L E T T E R CCXXXVI.

Mrs. HOWARD (since Countess of *Suffolk*)  
to Dr. SWIFT.

[*Nov.* 1726.]

**I** DID not expect, that the sight of my ring would produce the effects it has. I was in such a hurry to shew your plaid to the princess, that I could not stay to put it into the shape you desired. It pleased extremely, and I have orders to fit it up according to the first design: but as this is not proper for the public, you are desired to send over, for the same princess's use, the height of the *Brobdingnag* dwarf multiplied by two and a half. The young princesses must be taken care of; theirs must be in three shares: for a short method, you may draw a line of twenty feet, and upon that, by two circles, form an equilateral triangle; then measuring each

each side, you will find the proper quantity and proper division. If you want a more particular rule, I refer you to the academy of *Legado* \*. I am of opinion many of this kingdom will soon appear in your plaid. To this end it will be highly necessary, that care be taken of disposing of the purple, the yellow and white filks; and though the greens are for the princesses, the officers are very vigilant; so take care they are not seized. Don't forget to be observant how to dispose of the colours. I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge safest. I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the chequer might be best managed.

The princess will take care, that you shall have pumps sufficient to serve you 'till you return to *England*; but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels †, and therefore advises your keeping close 'till they arrive. Here are several *Lilliputian* mathematicians, so that the length of your head, or of your foot, is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Don't forget our good friends the 500 weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many disputes have

\* See *Gulliver's travels*.

† See *Gulliver's travels*, where high and low heels are made the distinction of political parties.

arisen here, whether the *Big-Endians* and *Lesser-Endians* ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either buttered or poached? Or whether this part of cookery was ever known in *Lilliput*? I cannot conclude without telling you, that our island is in great joy; one of our yahoos having been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo; and another has brought forth four perfect black \* rabbits. May we not hope, and, with some probability expect, that, in time, our female yahoos will produce a race of *Houbynbrms*? I am, Sir, your humble servant, SIEVE YAHOO †.

## L E T T E R CCXXXVII.

The Earl of PETERBOROW to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Nov. 29, 1726.

I WAS endeavouring to give an answer to your's in a new dialect, which most of us are very fond of. I depended much upon a lady, who had a good ear, and a pliant

\* This alludes to a famous impostor, *Mary Tofts*, of *Godalmin*, in *Surry*, called the rabbit-woman, who, in Nov. 1726, pretended to be delivered of living rabbits, and imposed, among others, upon *St. Andrée*, a French surgeon, who was her advocate, I think, in print.

† *Sieve Yahoo* is a name given by *Swift*, in his *Gulliver's travels*, to a court lady.

tongue,



tongue, in hopes she might have taught me to draw sounds out of consonants. But she, being a professed friend to the *Italian* speech and vowels, would give no assistance, and so I am forced to write to you in the *Yaboo* language.

The new one in fashion is much studied, and great pains is taken about the pronunciation. Every body (since a new turn) approves of it ; but the women seem most fastidious, who declare for few words and horse performance. It suffices to let you know, that there is a neighing duetto appointed for the next opera.

Strange distempers rage in the nation, which your friend the \* doctor takes no care of. In some, the imagination is struck with the apprehension of swelling to a giant, or dwindling to a pigmy. Others expect an oration equal to any of *Cicero's* from an eloquent barb, and some take the braying of an ass for the emperor's speech in favour of the *Vienna* alliance. The knowledge of the ancient world is of no use; men have lost their titles; continents and islands have got new names, just upon the appearance of a certain book †. Women bring forth rabbits ‡; and

\* Probably *Arbuthnot*.

† *Gulliver's travels*.

‡ *Mary Tofts* pretended to do this ; but being brought up to town, and well watched, the imposture was detected.

every man, whose wife has conceived, expects an heir with four legs. It was concluded not long ago, that such confusion could be only brought about by the black art, and by the spells of a notorious scribbling \* magician, who was generally suspected, and was to be recommended to the mercy of the inquisition. Indictments were upon the anvil, a charge of forcery preparing, and *Merlin's* friends were afraid, that the exasperated pettifoggers would persuade the jury to bring in *billa vera*. For they pretended to bring in certain proofs of his appearance in several shapes, at one time a drapier †; at another a *Wapping* surgeon ‡, sometimes a nardac, sometimes a reverend divine. Nay more, that he could raise the dead; that he had brought philosophers, heroes, and poets in the same caravan from the other world; and, after a few questions, had sent them all to play at quadrille in a flying island of his own.

This was the scene not many days ago, and burning was too good for the wizzard. But what mutations amongst the *Lilliputians*! The greatest lady in the nation resolves to send a pair of shoes without heels to captain *Gulliver*: she takes *vi et armis* the plaid from the lady it was sent to, which

\* The dean.

† In the drapier's letters against *Wood's* halfpence.

‡ *Lemuel Gulliver*.

is soon to appear upon her royal person; and now, who but captain *Gulliver*? The captain indeed has nothing more to do but to chalk his pumps, learn to dance upon the rope, and I may yet live to see him a bishop. Verily, verily, I believe he never was in such imminent danger of preferment. Sir, your affectionate tar.

L E T T E R CCXXXVIII.

The Earl of PETERBOROW to Dr. SWIFT, with an invitation, &c.

S I R,

ONE of your *Irish* heroes, that, from the extremity of our *English* land, came to destroy the wicked brazen project\*, desires to meet you on *Monday* next at *Parson's-Green*. If you are not engaged, I will send my coach for you.

Sir *Robert Walpole*, any morning except *Tuesday* and *Thursday* (which are his public days) about nine o'clock, will be glad to see you, at his *London* house. On *Monday*, if I see you, I will give you a fuller account. Your affectionate servant, PETERBOROW.  
*Saturday* evening.

\* *Wood's* halfpence.

L E T-



## L E T T E R CCXXXIX.

Lady BOLINGBROKE \* to Dr. SWIFT.

de Dawleo ce premier Fevrier 1726-7.

ON m'a dit, monsieur, que vous vous plaignez de n'avoir point reçu de me lettres. Vous avez tort : je vous traite comme les divinités, qui tiennent compte aux hommes de leurs intentions. Il y a dix ans, que j'ay celle de vous écrire ; avant que d'avoir l'honneur de vous connoître l'idée, que je me faisois de votre gravité, me retenoit : depuis que j'ay eu celui de voir votre reverence, je ne me suis pas trouvée assez d'imagination pour l'hazarder. Un certain monsieur de *Gulliver* avoit un peu remis en mouvement cette pauvre imagination si éteinte par l'air de *Londres*, et par des conversations dont je n'entend que le bruit, je voulû me saisir de ce moment pour vous écrire mais je tombois malade, et je l'ay toujours esté depuis trois mois. Je profite donc, monsieur, de premier re-

\* Second wife of lord viscount *Bolingbroke*, born in France. She had been second wife of the marquis de *Tillette*, chef d'escadre, nephew or cousin to madame de *Maintenon*. See *Voltaire Siecle de Lewis XIV.* tom. II. p. 106. edit. *Amsterdam*, 1764, 240. She died 18th. March, 1749. Lord *Bolingbroke* survived her, dying 15 December, 1751. aged 78.

tour de ma santé de vous remercier de vos reproches, dont je suis tres flattée, et pour vous dire un mot de mon ami monsieur *Gulliver*. J'apprend avec une grande satisfaction, qu'il vient d'être traduit en *François*, et comme mon séjour en *Angleterre* a beaucoup redoublé mon amitié pour mon pays et pour mes compatriotes, je suis ravi qu'ils puissent participer au plaisir, que m'a fait ce bon monsieur, et profiter de ses decouvertes. Je ne desespere pas que 12 vaisseaux que la *France* vient d'armer ne puissent être destiné, a une embassade ches messieurs les *Houbynnms*. En ce cas je vous proposerai, que nous fassions ce voyage. En attendant je scay bon gré a un ouvrier de vôtre nation, qui pour instruire les dames, les quelles comme vous scavies, monsieur, (sont icy un grand usage) de leurs évantails en a fait faire ou toutes les avaptures de notre veridique voyageur sont depeintes. Vous jugez bien quelle part il va avoir dans leur conversation. Cela fera a la verité beaucoup de tort a la pluye et au beauteims, qui en remplisoient une partie, et en mon particulier je serai privée des very cold et very warm, qui sont les peu mots, que j'entende. Je conte de vous envoyer de ces evantails par un de vos amis. Vous vous en ferez un merite avec les dames d' *Irelande*, si tant est que vous en ayes besoin; ce qui je ne crois pas, du moins si elles pensent commes les *Françoises*.

*çoisés.* Le seigneur *de Dawley*, Mr. *Pope*, et moy sommes icy occupés a boire, manger, dormir, ou ne ainfaire priant Dieu qu'a rien, si soit de vou. Revenes si printems nous revoir, monsieur, attend vôtre retour avec impatience pour tuer le boeuf le plus pesant, et le cochon le plus gros, qui soit dans ma ferme: l'un et l'autre seront servis en entier sur le table de vôtre reverence, craint qu'elle n'aucunmon cuisinier deguisement. Vous brillieres parmy nous du moins autant queparmy vos Chanoins, et nous se ferons pas moins empressé a vous plaire. Je le disputerai a tout autre, etant plus que personne du monde vôtre tres humble and tres obeissante servante.

## L E T T E R . CCXL.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

*February 17th, 1726-7.*

**T**HIS opportunity of writing to you I cannot neglect, though I shall have less to say to you than I should have by another conveyance, Mr. *Stopford* being fully informed of all that passes in this boisterous climate of ours, and carrying with him a cargo of our weekly productions. You will find anger on one side, and rage on the other; satire on one side, and defamation on the



the other. Ah! *ou est Grillon?* You suffer much where you are, as you tell me, in an old letter of your's, which I have before me; but you suffer with the hopes of passing next summer between *Dawley* and *Twickenham*; and these hopes, you flatter us, are enough to support your spirits. Remember the solemn renewal of your engagements: Remember, that though you are a Dean, you are not great enough to despise the reproach of breaking your word. Your deafness must not be a hackney excuse to you, as it was to *Oxford*. What matter, if you are deaf? what matter if you can't hear what we say? You are not dumb, and we shall hear you, and that's enough. My wife writes to you herself, and sends you some fans just arrived from *Lilliput*, which you will dispose of to the present *Stella* \*, whoever she be. Adieu, dear friend; I cannot in conscience keep you any longer from enjoying Mr. *Stopford's* conversation. I am hurrying myself here, that I may get a day or two for *Dawley*, where I hope, that you will find me established at your return. There I hope to finish my days in ease, without sloth; and believe I shall seldom visit *London*, unless it be to divert my-

\* Mrs. *Johnson* died the month preceding the date of this letter; but considering the connection between the Dean and that lady, and the tenderness, with which he was known to regret her loss, this is a strange expression.

self now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two. Once more adieu; no man loves you better than your faithful.

# LETTER CCXLI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

*Whitehall, February 18, 1726-7.*

DEAR SIR,

**I** Believe it is now my turn to write to you, though Mr. *Pope* hath taken all I have to say, and put it into a long letter, which is sent too by Mr. *Stopford*: but however, I could not omit this occasion for thanking you for his acquaintance. I don't know whether I ought to thank you or not, considering I have lost him so soon, though he hath given me some hopes of seeing him in the summer. He will give you an account of our negotiations together; and I may now glory in my success, since I could contribute to his. We dined together to-day at the doctor's, who, with me, was in high delight upon an information Mr. *Stopford* gave us, that we are like to see you soon. My fables are printed; but I cannot get my plates finished, which hinders the publication. I expect nothing, and  
am

am like to get nothing. It is needless to write, for Mr. *Stopford* can acquaint you of my affairs more fully than I can in a letter. Mrs. *Howard* desires me to make her compliments; she hath been in an ill state of health all this winter, but I hope is somewhat better. I have been very much out of order myself for the most part of the winter: upon my being let blood last week, my cough and my head-ach are much better. Mrs. *Blount* always asks for you. I refused supping at *Burlington* house, in regard to my health; and this morning I walked two hours in the park. The contempt of the world grows upon me, and now I begin to be richer and richer; for I find I could, every morning I awake, be content with less than I aimed at the day before. I fancy, in time, I shall bring myself into that state, which no man ever knew before me. In thinking I have enough, I really am afraid to be content with so little, lest my good friends should censure me for indolence, and the want of a laudible ambition. So that it will be absolutely necessary for me to improve my fortune to content them. How solicitous is mankind to please others? Pray give my sincere service to Mr. *Ford*. Dear Sir, your's most affectionately,

J. GAY.



## L E T T E R CCXLII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

May the 18, 1727.

I Lived on *Tuesday* with you and *Pope*. Yesterday another of my friends found his way to this retreat\*, and I shall pass this day alone. Would to God my whole life could be divided in the same manner; two-thirds to friendship, one third to myself, and not a moment of it to the world.

In the epistle, a part of which you shewed me, mention is made of the author of three *Occasional Letters*†, a person intirely unknown. I would have you insinuate there, that the only reason *Walpole* can have had to ascribe them to a particular person‡, is the au-

\* *Dawley*.

† Printed in his lordship's works. They were first published in *Feb.* 1726.

‡ This person was Mr. *Gay*; and though *Walpole* was afterwards convinced, that *Gay* did not write the letters, yet he never ceased to do him ill offices; and prevented the queen, who declared she would take up the hare from providing for him, though *Swift* defended him to her majesty in person, and told her the whole story. See *Gay's* fables, and a letter from the Dean to lady *Suffolk*, dated *Nov.* 21, 1730; and another to lady *Betty Germain*, dated *Jan.* 1732-3, in the 2 vols. published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

thority

thority of one of his spies, who wriggles himself into the company of those, who neither love, esteem, nor fear the minister, that he may report, not what he hears (since no man speaks with any freedom before him) but what he guesses.

I was interrupted yesterday when I least expected it; and I am going to-day to *London*, where I hear that my wife is not very well. Let me know how Mrs. *Pope* does.

I had a hint or two more for you; but they have slipped out of my memory. Do not forget the sixty nor the twenty guineas, nor the min—— character transferred into the administration. Adieu; I am very faithfully your's, my dear and reverend Dean. I embrace *Pope*.

*Friday morning.*

## L E T T E R CCXLIII.

Monfieur VOLTAIRE to Dr. SWIFT,

S I R, *Friday, 16th June, 1727.*

I Send you here inclosed two letters, one for monfieur *de Morville*, our secretary of state, and the other for monfieur *de Maiſon*, both deſirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be ſo kind to go by *Calais*, or by the way to *Rouen*. I will give you ſome

letters for a good lady, who lives in her country castle just by *Rouen*. She will receive you as well as you deserve. There you will find two or three intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learned *English*, since I was in *England*. All will pay you all the respects, and procure all the pleasures they are capable of. They will give you a hundred directions for *Paris* \*, and provide you with all the requisite conveniencies. Vouchsafe to acquaint me with your resolution. I shall certainly do my best endeavours to serve you, and to let my country know, that I have the inestimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the highest respect and esteem, your most humble, obedient, faithful servant,

V O L T A I R E.

L E T T E R CCXLIV.

Monfieur V O L T A I R E à Monfieur le Comte de MORVILLE, Miniftre et Secrétaire d'Etat à Versailles.

MONSIEGNEUR,

*Juin 1727.*

**J**E me fuis contenté jufque icy d'admirer en filence votre conduite dans les affaires

\* *Swift*, at this time, was preparing to vifit lord *Belingbroke* in France.



de l'*Europe*; mais il ne'est pas permis a un homme, qui aime vôtre gloire, et au qui vous êtes auffi tendrement attaché, que je le suis, de demeurer plus long tems sans vous faire ses sincere complimens.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuser l'honneur, que me fait le celebre monsieur *Swift*, de vouloir bien vous presenter une de mes lettres. Je scai que sa reputation est parvenue jusqu'a vous, et que vous avez envie de le connoître: il fait l'honneur d'une nation, que vous estimez; vous avez lû les traductions de plusieurs ouvrages, qui lui sont attribuez; et qui est plus capable, que vous, monseigneur, de discerner les beautez d'un original à travers la foiblesse des plus mauvaises copies. Je croi que vous ne serez yas fâché de diner avec monsieur *Swift*, et monsieur le presiden *Henault*, et je me flatte au que vous le regarderez comme une preuve de mon sincere attachment à vôtre personne la liberté, que je prens de vous presenter un des hommes des plus extraordinaires que l'*Angleterre* a produit, et le plus capable de sentir toutë l'entendüe de vos grandez qualitez.

Je suis pour toute ma vie, avec un profond respect et un attachment remplis de la plus haute estime, monseigneur, vôtre tres humble, et tres obeissant serviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

## L E T T E R CCXLV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

*Saturday, at Pope's, [June the 24th,  
1727.]*

I AM going to *London*, and intend to carry this letter, which I will give you, if I see you, and leave for you, if I do not see you.

There would not be common sense in your going into *France* at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the sole pleasure and profit, which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity for quitting *Ireland* for *England* is, I believe, fairly before you \*. To hanker after a court is fit for men with blue ribbands, pompous titles, and overgrown estates. It is below either you or me; one of whom never made his fortune, and the other's turned rotten the very moment it grew ripe. But, without hankering, without assuming a suppliant dependant's air, you may spend in *England* all the

\* See a letter from Dr. Swift to Dr. Sheridan, dated 24th June, 1727.

time



time you can be absent from *Ireland*, & *faire la guerre à l'oeil*. There has not been so much inactivity as you imagine ; but I cannot answer for contingencies. Adieu.

If you can call on me to-morrow morning, in your way to church, about ten o'clock, you will find me just returning to *Cranford* from the *Pall-mall*.

I shall return again to *London* on *Monday* evening.

## L E T T E R CCXLVI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

*Cranford, Tuesday.*

I HAVE so severe a defluxion of rheum on both my eyes, that I dare hardly stir abroad. You will be ready to say, Physician, cure thyself; and that is what I am about. I took away, by cupping, yesterday, fourteen ounces of blood ; and such an operation would, I believe, have done you more good than steel, bitters, waters and drops. I wish *John Gay* success in his pursuit ; but I think he has some qualities, which will keep him down in the world. Good God ! what is man ? polished, civilized, learned man ! A liberal education fits him for slavery ; and the pains he has taken gives him the noble



noble pretension of dangling away life in an ante-chamber, or of employing real talents to serve those, who have none ; or, which is worse than all the rest, of making his reason and his knowledge serve all the purposes of other mens follies and vices. You say not a word to me about the public, of whom I think as seldom as possible. I consider myself as a man with some little satisfaction, and with some use ; but I have no pleasure in thinking I am an *Englishman* ; nor is it, I doubt, to much purpose to act like one. *Serpit enim res, quæ proclivis ad perniciem, cum semel cœpit, labitur. Plures enim discunt quemadmodum hæc fiant, quam quemquamadmodum his resistatur.* Adieu.

Let me know how you do. If your landlord \* is returned, my kindest services to him.

\* Mr. Pope, the Dean being at *Twickenham*.

## L E T T E R CCXLVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

*Sunday*, [Indorsed, on going to *France*  
about *June*, 1727.]

**Y**OU may be sure of letters from me to people, who will receive you with all the honours due to so great a traveller, and so exact an author. I am obliged to stay in the country to-morrow, by some business relating to my poor farm, which I would willingly make a rich one; and for which purpose a person is with me, who comes from *Suffolk* on my summons.

On *Tuesday*, by seven in the evening, I will certainly be in the *Pall-mall*, and there you shall have, if you meet me, and not otherwise, both my letters and instructions, which will be of use to you.

Raillery apart: since you do go into *France*, I shall be glad to talk with you before your departure; and I fancy you would not leave *England* without embracing the man in *England*, who loves you best. Adieu. My best services attend all with you.

L E T-

## L E T T E R CCXLVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

*Tuesday.*

**I** Return you the papers, which I have read twice over since you was here. They are extremely well; but the *Craftsman* has not only advertised the public, that he intended to turn news-writer, he has begun, and for some weeks continued to appear under that new character. This consideration inclines me to think, that another turn might be given to the introduction; and perhaps, this would naturally call for a fourth letter from the *Occasional Writer*, to account for his silence, to prosecute your argument, to state the present disputes about political affairs; and, in short, to revive and animate the paper war. When we meet next, I will explain myself better than I can do by a letter writ in haste, with mowers and haymakers about me. Adieu. Let *Pope* share my embraces with you.

L E T-



L E T T E R CCXLIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

*Thursday.*

**L**ORD B. is so ill, and so much alone, the common fate of those who are out of power, that I have not left him one day since my return from *London*. Let me know how you are. Say something very kind from me to *Pope*. Toss *John Gay* over the water to *Richmond*, if he is with you. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCL.

Mr. PULTENEY to Mr. POPE.

**I** AM obliged to you all for your compliment, and, when the Dean is well enough, I hope to see you in town. You will probably find me a much happier man than when you saw me last; for I flatter myself, that in an hour or two I shall be once more blessed with a son. Mrs. *Pulteney* is now in labour: if she does well and brings me a boy, I shall not care one sixpence how much

much longer Sir Robert \* governs *England*,  
or † *Horace* governs *France*. I am ever  
your's, W. P.

Eleven o'clock, *Tuesday* morning.

L E T T E R C C L L

Mrs. H O W A R D to Dr. S W I F T.

*August, 1727.*

I Write to you to please myself. I hear you are melancholy because you have a bad head, and deaf ears. These are two misfortunes I have laboured under these many years and yet was never peevish with myself or the world. Have I more philosophy and resolution than you? Or am I so stupid I don't feel the evil? Is this meant in a good-natured view? Or do I mean, that I please myself, when I insult over you? Answer these queries in writing, if poison or other methods don't enable you soon to appear in person. Though I make use of your own word poison, give me leave to tell you, it is nonsense; and I desire you will take more care, for the time to come,

\* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Oxford.

† Horace Walpole, (brother to Sir Robert) ambassador in France.

how

how you endeavour to impose upon my understanding, by making no use of your own. I am &c.

# L E T T E R CCLII.

Mrs. HOWARD to Dr. SWIFT.

*September, 1727.*

**I**DID desire you to write me a love-letter ; but I never did desire you to talk of marrying me. I had rather you and I were dumb, as well as deaf, for ever, than that should happen. I would take your giddiness, your head-ach, or any other complaint you have, to resemble you in one circumstance of life. So that I insist upon your thinking yourself a very happy man, at least whenever you make a comparison between yourself and me. I likewise insist upon your taking no resolution to leave *England* till I see you ; which must be here, for the most disagreeable reason in the world, and the most shocking : I dare not go to you. Believe nobody, that talks to you of the queen, without you are sure the person likes both the queen and you. I have been a slave twenty years, without ever receiving a reason for any one thing I ever was obliged to do ; and I have now a mind to take  
the



the pleasure, once in my life, of absolute power ; which I expect you to give me, in obeying all my orders, without one question why I have given them.

# L E T T E R CCLIII.

Chevalier RAMSAY \* to Dr. SWIFT.

*Paris, August 1, N. S. 1727.*

REV. SIR,

**M**R. *Hooke* having acquainted me with what goodness and patience you have been pleased to examine a performance of mine †, I take this occasion to make my acknowledge-

\* *Andrew Michael Ramsay*, knight of *St. Lazarus* in *France*, and doctor of laws of the university of *Oxford*. He was born in *Scotland* 9th of *June*, 1686, and educated a Protestant, but perverted to the church of *Rome* in 1709, by *Fenelon*, archbishop of *Cambray*, whose life he published. In 1724, he was sent for to *Rome* by the Pretender, in order to be tutor to his two sons ; but the divisions and jealousies of that court induced him to desire leave to return to *France*, where he was appointed governor of the duke of *Chateau-Thierry*, and afterwards of the prince of *Turenne*. He died 6 *May*, 1743, at *St. Germain-en-laie*, at the age of fifty-seven. He is well known for his *Travels of Cyrus*, his *Life of Marshal Turenne*, &c.

† The travels of *Cyrus*.

knowledgments. Nothing could flatter me more sensibly than your approbation. To acquire the esteem of persons of your merit is the principal advantage I could wish for by becoming an author; and more than I could flatter myself with. I should be proud of receiving your commands, if I could be any way useful to you in this part of the world, where, I assure you, your reputation is as well established as in your own country. I am, with the utmost regard and esteem, reverend Sir, your most humble, and most obliged, obedient servant, A RAMSAY.

## L E T T E R CCLIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

*London, Sept. 12, 1727.*

I Have not wrote to you this long time, nor would I now, if it were not necessary. By Dr. *Sheridan's* frequent letters, I am every post expecting the death of a friend, with whose loss I shall have very little regard for the few years, that nature may leave me. I desire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. *Brent*, that it might not be *in domo decani*, *quoniam hoc minimè decet, uti manifestum est: habeo enim malignos, qui sinistra hoc interpretabuntur, si eveniat* (quod  
 VOL. II. P Deus

*Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur.* I am in such a condition of health, that I cannot possibly travel. Dr. *Sheridan*, to whom I wrote this last post, will be more particular, and spare my weak disordered head. Pray, answer all calls of money in your power to Mrs. *Dingley*, and desire her to ask it. I cannot come back at the time of my licence, I am afraid. Therefore the second or third day before it expires, which will be the beginning of *October*, (you will find by the date of the last) take out a new one for another half year; and let the same clause be in (of leave to go to *Great Britain*, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health) for very probably, if this unfortunate event should happen of the loss of our friend, (and I have no probability or hopes to expect better) I will go to *France*, if my health will permit me to forget myself\*. I leave my whole little affairs with you; I hate to think of them. If Mr. *Deacon*, or alderman *Pierſon*, come to pay rent, take it on account, unless they bring their last acquittance to direct you. But *Deacon* owes me seventy-five pounds, and interest, upon his bond; so that you are to take care, of giving him any receipt in full of all accounts. I hope you and Mrs.

\* Soon after the date of this letter, the Dean went to *Ireland*; and Mrs. *Johnson*, after languishing about two months, died, on the 28th of *January*, 1727, in the 44th year of her age.



*Worrall* have your health. I can hold up my head no longer. I am sincerely your's.

You need not trouble yourself to write, 'till you have business; for it is uncertain where I shall be.

# LETTER CCLV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. HOWARD†, before  
his leaving *England*.

MADAM,

Sept. 1727.

**T**HIS cruel disorder of deafness, attended with giddiness, still confines me. I have been debating with myself, that having a home in *Dublin* not inconvenient, it would be prudent for me to return thither, while my sickness will allow me to travel. I am therefore setting out for *Ireland*; and it is one comfort to me, that I am ridding you of a troublesome companion.

\* This lady went, in the prime of her youth, to the court of *Hanover*, with her husband, and became of the bedchamber to the princess of *Brunswick*, afterwards princess of *Wales*, and then queen *Caroline*. Upon the death of queen *Anne*, she came over with her mistress, and was reckoned the greatest favourite at *Leicester-house*. Some time after the accession of *George II.* she was created countess of *Suffolk*, and in a few years retired from court. She survived her first husband, and married the honourable Mr. *George Berkeley*, brother to lady *Betty Germain*, in the year 1735. See Mrs. *Barber's* letters, and those of lady *Betty Germain*, in this collection.

I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life. I hope you will favour me so far, as to present my most humble duty to the queen, and to describe to her majesty my sorrow, that my disorder was of such a nature, as to make me incapable of attending her, as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favours\*. I am, &c.

# LETTER CCLVI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, Nov. 30, 1727.*

I Have heard, dear Sir, with great pleasure, of your safe arrival; and, which is more, of the recovery of your health. I think it will be the best expedient for me to take a journey. You will know who the inclosed comes from; and, I hope, will value mine for what it contains. I think every one of your friends have heard from you, except

\* His opinion of this lady, and sense of her majesty's favours, are expressed very differently in other places; it is therefore to be presumed, they were changed by some events subsequent to this letter, although he was never afterwards in *England*. See verses on his own death, and the letter of lady *Eliz. Germain*, in this collection.

myself.

myself. Either you have not done me justice, or they have not done you; for I have not heard from them of my name being mentioned in any of your letters. If my curiosity wanted only to be gratified, I don't stand in need of a letter from yourself, to inform me what you are doing; for there are people about court, who can tell me every thing, that you do or say; so that you had best take care of your conduct. You see of what importance you are. However, all quarrels aside, I must ask you, if you have any interest? Or, do you think, that I could have, or procure any with my lord lieutenant, to advance a relation of mine, one captain *Innes*, I think in colonel *Wilson's* regiment, and now in *Limerick*? He is an exceeding worthy man, but has stuck long in a low post, for want of friends. Pray tell me which way I shall proceed in this matter.

I was yesterday with all your friends at St. *James's*. There is certainly a fatality upon poor *Gay*. As for hope of preferment there by favour, he has laid it aside. He has made a pretty good bargain (that is a *Smithfield* one) for a little place in the custom-house, which was to bring him in about a hundred a year. It was done as a favour to an old man, and not at all to *Gay*. When every thing was concluded, the man repented, and said, he would not part with his place. I have beg-



ged *Gay* not to buy any annuity upon my life; I am sure I should not live a week. I long to hear of the safe arrival of Dr. *Delany*. Pray, give my humble service to him.

As for news, it was wrote from *Spain*, to me, from my brother in *France*, that the preliminaries were ratified, and yet the ministry know nothing of it. Nay, some told me, that the answer was rather surly. Lord *Townshend* is very ill; but I think, by the description of his case, it is not mortal. I was with our friend at the back stairs yesterday, and had the honour to be called in, and prettily chid for leaving off, &c. The first part of the discourse was about you, Mr. *Pope*, *Curle*, and myself. My family are well: they, and my brother in *France*, and one that is here, all give their service to you. If you had been so lucky as to have gone to *Paris* last summer, you would have had health, honour, and diversion in abundance; for I will promise, you would have recovered of the spleen. I shall add no more, but my kindest wishes, and that I am, with the greatest affection and respect. your's, &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCLVII.

Monfieur VOLTAIRE to Dr. SWIFT.

In *London*, at the White Peruke,  
*Covent-Garden*, Dec. 14, 1727.

S I R,

YOU will be surprized in receiving an \*  
*English* essay from a *French* traveller.  
Pray, forgive an admirer of you, who owes  
to your writings the love he bears to your  
language, which has betrayed him into the  
rash attempt of writing in *English*.

You will see by the advertisement, that I  
have some designs upon you, and that I must  
mention you, for the honour of your coun-  
try, and for the improvement of mine. Do  
not forbid me to grace my relation with your

\* An essay on the civil wars of *France*, which he  
made the foundation of his *Henriade*, an heroic poem,  
since well known. He had been imprisoned in the  
*Bastile*, in *Paris*, but being released about the year 1725,  
he came to *England*, and solicited subscriptions for his  
poem. In about a year and an half, he had made him-  
self master of our language; and, in 1727, when this  
letter was written, he published the essay here men-  
tioned, with an essay on the epic poetry of the *Eu-  
ropean* nations, from *Homer* to *Milton*.

name. Let me indulge the satisfaction of talking of you, as posterity will do.

In the mean time, can I make bold to intreat you to make some use of your interest in *Ireland*, about some subscriptions for the *Henriade*; which is almost ready, and does not come out yet for want of a little help? The subscriptions will be but one guinea in hand. I am, with the highest esteem, and the utmost gratitude, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant, VOLTAIRE.

### L E T T E R CCLVIII.

Monfieur VOLTAIRE to Dr. SWIFT, after the publication of the *Henriade*.

S I R,

I Sent the other day a cargo of *French* dullness to my lord lieutenant. My lady *Bolingbroke* has taken upon herself to send you one copy of the *Henriade*. She is desirous to do that honour to my book; and, I hope, the merit of being presented to you by her hands, will be a commendation to it. However, if she has not done it already, I desire you to take one of the cargo, which is now at my lord lieutenant's. I wish you a good hearing; if you have got it, you want nothing. I have not seen Mr. *Pope* this winter; but



but I have seen the third volume of the *Miscellanea*; and the more I read your works, the more I am ashamed of mine. I am, with respect, esteem, and gratitude, Sir, your most humble obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

# LETTER CCLIX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Dear Sir, *Whitehall, Feb. 15, 1727-8.*

I Have deferred writing to you from time to time, 'till I could give you an account of the *Beggar's Opera*. It is acted at the play-house in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* with such success, that the play-house hath been crouded every night. To-night is the fifteenth time of acting; and it is thought it will run a fortnight longer. I have ordered *Motte* \* to send the play to you the first opportunity. I made no interest, either for approbation or money; nor hath any body been pressed to take tickets for my benefit: notwithstanding which, I think, I shall make an addition to my fortune of between six and seven hundred pounds. I know this account will give you pleasure, as I have pushed

\* Benjamin, the bookseller.

through

through this precarious affair without servility or flattery.

As to any favours from great men, I am in the same state you left me; but I am a great deal happier, as I have no expectations. The duchess of *Queensberry* hath signalized her friendship to me upon this occasion, in such a conspicuous manner, that I hope (for her sake) you will take care to put your fork to all it's proper uses, and suffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their mouths\*. Lord *Cobham* says, that I should have printed it in *Italian* over-against the *English*, that the ladies might have understood what they read. The outlandish (as they now call it) opera, hath been so thin of late, that some have called that the *Beggar's Opera*; and, if the run continues, I fear, I shall have remonstrances drawn up against me by the royal academy of music. As none of us have heard from you of late, every one of us are in concern about your health: I beg we may hear from you soon. By my constant attendance on this affair, I have almost worried myself into an ill state of health; but I intend in five or six days to go to our country-seat, at *Twickenham*, for a little air. Mr. *Pope* is very seldom in town. Mrs. *Howard* frequently asks after you, and de-

\* See the letter of *November* 9th, 1729.

fires her compliments to you. Mr. *George Arbuthnott*, the doctor's brother, is married to Mrs. *Peggy Robinson*.

I would write more, but as to-night is for my benefit, I am in a hurry to go out about business. I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate and obedient servant, J. GAY.

L E T T E R CCLX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

*March 20, 1727-8.*

I AM extremely sorry, that your disorder is returned; but as you have a medicine, which hath twice removed it, I hope by this time you have again found the good effects of it. I have seen Dr. *Delany* at my lodgings; but, as I have been for a few days with Mr. *Pulteney* at *Cashioberry*, I have not yet returned his visit. I went with him to wait upon lord *Bathurst* and lord *Bolingbroke*; both of whom desire me to make you their compliments. Lady *Bolingbroke* was very much out of order, and with my lord is now at *Dawley*: she expects a letter from you. Mrs. *Howard* would gladly have the receipt you found so much benefit by: she is happier than I have seen her, ever since you have left us, for she is free as to her conjugal affairs,



affairs, by articles of agreement. The *Beggar's Opera* hath been acted now thirty-six times, and was as full the last night as the first; and as yet, there is not the least probability of a thin audience; though there is a discourse about the town, that the doctors of the royal academy of music design to solicit against it's being played on the outlandish opera days, as it is now called. On the benefit-day of one of the actresses last week, one of the players falling sick, they were obliged to give out another play, or dismiss the audience. A play was given out, but the audience called out for the *Beggar's Opera*; and they were forced to play it, or the audience would not have staid.

I have got by all this success between seven and hundred pounds; and *Rich*, deducting the whole charge of the house, hath cleared already near four thousand pounds. In about a month I am going to *Bath* with the duchess of *Marlborough* and Mr. *Congreve*; for I have no expectations of receiving any favours from the court. The duchess of *Queensberry* is in *Wiltshire*, where she hath had the small-pox in so favourable a way, that she had not above seven or eight on her face: she is now perfectly recovered. There is a metzotinto print published to-day of *Polly*, the heroine of the *Beggar's Opera*\*;

\* Miss *Fenton*.

who was before unknown, and is now in so high vogue, that I am in doubt, whether her fame does not surpass that of the opera itself. I would not have talked so much on this subject, or upon any thing that regards myself, but to you: as I know you interest yourself so sincerely in every thing that concerns me, I believe you would have blamed me, if I had said less.

I saw Dr. *Arbutnott* last night with Mr. *Lewis*, at Sir *William Wyndham's*, who, if he had not the gout, would have answered your letter you sent him a year and a half ago. He said this to me a week since, but he is now pretty well again, and so may forget to write; for which reason, I ought to do him justice, and tell you, that I think him a sincere well-wisher of your's. I have not seen Mr. *Pope* lately, but have heard, that both he and Mrs. \* *Pope* are very well. I intend to see him at *Twickenham* on *Sunday* next. I have not drank out the *Gutheridge* cyder yet; but I have not so much as a single pint of port in my cellar. I have bought two pair of sheets against your coming to town, so that we need not send any more to *Jervais* upon that account. I really miss you every day; and I would be content, that you should have a whole window to yourself, and half

\* Mr. *Pope's* mother.

another,

another, to have you again. I am, dear Sir.  
your's most affectionately.

You have half a year's interest due at *Lady-day*, and now it is *March* the 20th, 1727-8.

# LETTER CCLXI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Dear Sir, *Bath, May 16, 1728.*

I Have been at the *Bath* about ten days, and I have played at no game but once, and that at backgammon with Mr. *Lewis*, who is very much your humble servant. Lord and lady *Bolingbroke* are here; I think she is better: they stay as I guess, about a fortnight longer. They both desired me to make their compliments; as does Mr. *Congreve*\*, who is in a very ill state of health, but somewhat better since he came here. I do not know how long I shall stay here, because I am now, as I have been all my life, at the disposal of others. I drink the waters, and am in hopes to lay in a stock of health; some of which I wish to communicate to you. Dr. *Delany* told me you had been upon a journey, and I really fancy, taking horse is as good as taking the waters: I hope  
you

\* He died the 19th *January*, 1728-9.



you have found benefit by it. The *Beggar's Opera* is acted here ; but our *Polly* hath got no fame, though the actors have got money. I have sent by Dr. *Delany* the opera, *Polly Peachum* and captain *Macheath*. I would have sent you my own head, which is now engraving, to make up the gang, but it is not yet finished. I suppose you must have heard, that I had the honour to have had a sermon preached against my works by a court-chaplain \*, which I look upon as no small addition to my fame. Direct to me here when you write ; and the sooner that is, the sooner you'll make me happy.

\* Dr. *Thomas Herring*, then preacher to the society of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and afterwards archbishop of *Canterbury*. Dr. *Swift*, in the *Intelligencer*, No. III. published in *Ireland*, speaks with great asperity of Dr. *Herring*, on account of his sermon against the *Beggar's Opera*.

L E T-

## LETTER CCLXII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Dear Sir,

Bath, July 6, 1728.

THE last news I heard of you, was from Mr. *Launcelot*, who was at this place with lord *Sussex*, who gave me hopes of seeing you the latter-end of this summer. I wish you may keep that resolution, and take the *Bath* in your way to town. You in all probability will find here some, or most of those you like to see. Dr. *Arbutnott* wrote to me to-day from *Tunbridge*, where he is now for the recovery of his health, having had several relapses of a fever: he tells me he is much better, and that in *August* he intends to come hither. Mr. *Congreve* and I often talk of you, and wish you health, and every good thing; but often, out of self-interest, we wish you with us. In five or six days, I set out upon an excursion to *Herefordshire*, to lady *Scudamore's*, but shall return here the beginning of *August*. I wish you could meet me at *Gutheridge*. The *Bath* did not agree with lady *Bolingbroke*. Since she went to *Dawley*, by her own inclination, without the advice of physicians, she hath taken to a milk-diet, and writes me an account

count of prodigious good effects in the recovery of her appetite and spirits. The weather is extremely hot, the place is very empty. I have an inclination to study, but the heat makes it impossible. The d—— of ——\* I hear hath run away with *Polly Peachum*, having settled 400*l.* a year upon her during pleasure; and, upon disagreement, 200*l.* a year. Mr. *Pope* is in a state of persecution for the *Dunciad*: I wish to be witness of his fortitude, but he writes but seldom. It would be a consolation to me to hear from you. My portrait metzotinto is published from *Howard's* painting; I wish to send you one, but I fancy I could get a better impression at *London*. I have ten thousand things to talk to you, but few to write; yet defer writing to you no longer, knowing you interest yourself in every thing that concerns me, so much, that I make you happy, as you will me, if you can tell me you are in good health; which I wish to hear every morning as soon as I awake. I am, dear Sir, your's most affectionately.

\* The duke of *Belton*, who afterwards married Miss *Fenton*.



## L E T T E R CCLXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

Sept. 28, 1728.

I H A D all the letters given me by my servant: so tell Mrs. *Brent* \* and Dr. *Sheridan*; and I thank you for the great care you had in the commissions I troubled you with. We have a design upon *Sheridan*. He sent us in print a ballad upon *Ballyspellin*, in which he has employed all the rhimes he could find to that word; but we have found fifteen more, and employed them in abusing his ballad, and *Ballyspellin* too. I here send you a copy, and desire you will get it printed privately, and published †, I am ever your's, &c.

\* His housekeeper.

† See the verses in vol. xiv. *Swift's works*, 8vo. edition.

L E T -

## L E T T E R CCLXIV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, December the 2d, 1728.*

DEAR SIR,

I Think this is my fourth letter; I am sure it is the third, without any answer. If I had any assurance of your health, I should have been more easy. I should have wrote to you upon this subject above a month ago, had it not been for a report, that you were upon the road in your way to *England*; which I fear now was without foundation. Lord and lady *Bolingbroke* are in town: she hath been lately very ill, but is now somewhat better. I have had a very severe attack of a fever, which, by the care of our friend Dr. *Arbutnott*, hath, I hope, almost left me. I have been confined about ten days, but never to my bed, so that I hope soon to get abroad about my business; that is, the care of the second part of the *Beggar's Opera*, which was almost ready for rehearsal; but *Rich* received the duke of *Grafton's* commands (upon an information, that he was rehearsing a play improper to be represented) not to rehearse any new play whatever, 'till his grace hath seen it. What will become of it, I

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know

know not; but I am sure, I have written nothing, that can be legally suppressed, unless the setting vices in general in an odious light, and virtue in an amiable one, may give offence. I passed five or six months this year at the *Bath*, with the duchess of *Marlborough*; and then, in the view of taking care of myself, writ this piece. If it goes on, in case of success, I have taken care to make better bargains for myself: I tell you this, because I know you are so good as to interest yourself so warmly in my affairs, that it is what you would want to know. I saw Mr. *Pope* on *Friday*, who, as to his health, is just as you left him. Dr. *Arbuthnott* particularly desires his compliments; and Mrs. *Howard* often asks after you. Prince \* *Frederick* is expected over this week. I hope to go abroad in two or three days. I wish I could meet you either abroad or at home.

\* The prince of *Wales*, father of king *George III.*



L E T T E R CCLXV.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

From the duke of *Queensberry's* in  
*Burlington-Gardens,*  
March 18, 1728-9.

DEAR SIR,

I Have writ to you several times; and having heard nothing from you makes me fear my letters are miscarried. Mr. *Pope's* letter hath taken off my concern in some degrees; but I hope good weather will entirely re-establish you in your health. I am but just recovered from the severest fit of sickness, that ever any body had, who escaped death. I was several times given up by the physicians, and every body that attended me; and, upon my recovery, was judged to be in so ill a condition, that I should be miserable for the remainder of my life: but, contrary to all expectation, I am perfectly recovered, and have no remainder of the distempers, that attacked me, which were at the same time, fever, asthma, and pleurisy. I am now in the duke of *Queensberry's* house, and have been so ever since I left *Hampstead*; where I was carried at a time, that it was thought I could not live a day. Since my coming to

Q 3

town,

town, I have been very little abroad, the weather has been so severe.

I must acquaint you, (because I know it will please you) that during my sickness I had many of the kindest proofs of friendship, particularly from the duke and duchess of *Queensberry*, who, if I had been their nearest relation, and nearest friend, could not have treated me with more constant attendance then; and they continue the same to me now.

You must undoubtedly have heard, that the duchess took up my defence with the king and queen, in the cause of my \* play, and that she hath been forbid the court for interesting herself to increase my fortune, by the publication of it, without being acted. The duke too hath given up his employments (which he would have done, if the duchess had not met with this treatment) upon account of ill usage from the ministers; but this hastened him in what he had determined. The play is now almost printed, with the music, words, and bases, engraved on thirty-one copper-plates, which, by my friends assistance, hath a probability to turn greatly to my advantage. The duchess of *Marlborough* hath given me a hundred pounds for one copy; and others have contributed

\* *Polly*, an opera.

very handsomely ; but, as my account is not yet settled, I cannot tell you particulars.

For writing in the cause of virtue, and against the fashionable vices, I am looked upon at present as the most obnoxious person almost in *England*. Mr. *Pulteney* tells me, I have got the start of him. Mr. *Pope* tells me, that I am dead, and that this obnoxiousness is the reward for my inoffensiveness in my former life. I wish I had a book ready to send you ; but, I believe, I shall not be able to compleat the work 'till the latter-end of next week. Your money is still in lord *Bathurst's* hands ; but, I believe, I shall receive it soon : I wish to receive your orders how to dispose of it. I am impatient to finish my work, for I want the country air ; not that I am ill, but to recover my strength ; and I cannot leave the work 'till it is finished. While I am writing this, I am in the room next to our dining-room, with sheets all round it, and two people from the binder folding sheets. I print the book at my own expence, in quarto, which is to be sold for six shillings, with the music ; you see I do not want industry ; and, I hope you will allow, that I have not the worst œconomy. Mrs. *Howard* hath declared herself strongly, both to the king and queen, as my advocate. The duchess of *Queensberry* is allowed to have shewn more spirit, more honour, and more



goodness, than was thought possible in our times; I should have added too, more understanding and good sense. You see my fortune (as I hope my virtue will) increases by oppression! I go to no courts; I drink no wine; and am calumniated, even by ministers of state, and yet am in good spirits. Most of the courtiers, though otherwise my friends, refused to contribute to my undertaking. But the city and the people of *England* take my part very warmly; and, I am told, the best of the citizens will give me proofs of it by their contributions.

I could talk to you a great deal more, but I am afraid I shall write too much for you, and for myself. I have not writ so much together since my sickness. I cannot omit telling you, that *Dr. Arbuthnot's* attendance and care of me shewed him the best of friends. *Dr. Hollings*, though intirely a stranger to me, was joined with him, and used me in the kindest and most handsome manner. *Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney* were greatly concerned for me, visited me, and shewed me the strongest proofs of friendship. When I see you I will tell you of others, as of *Mr. Pope*, *Mrs. Blount*, *Mr. and Mrs. Rollinson*, lord and lady *Bolingbroke*, &c. I think they are all your friends and well-wishers. I hope you will love them the better upon my account; but do not forget *Mr. Lewis*, nor lord *Bathurst*,  
Sir

Sir *William Wyndham*, and lord *Gower*, and *Oxford*, among the number.

L E T T E R CCLXVI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, March 19, 1728-9.*

THIS is the second or third time, dear Sir, that I have wrote to you, without hearing a word of you, or from you; only, in general, that you are very much out of order; sometimes of your two old complaints, the vertigo and deafness, which I am very sorry for. The gentleman, who carries this, hath come better off than I did imagine. I used my little interest as far as it would go, in his affair. He will be able to give you some account of your friends, many of whom have been in great distress this winter for *John Gay*. I may say, without vanity, his life, under God, is due to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble servant: for a physician, who had not been passionately his friend, could not have saved him. I had, besides my personal concern for him, other motives of my care. He is now become a public person, a little *Sacheverell*; and I took the same pleasure in saving him, as *Radcliffe* did in preserving my lord chief justice *Holt's* wife,

wife, whom he attended out of spite to the husband, who wished her dead.

The inoffensive *John Gay* is now become one of the obstructions to the peace of *Europe*, the terror of the ministers, the chief author of the *Craftsman*, and all the seditious pamphlets, which have been published against the government. He has got several turned out of their places; the greatest ornament of the court banished from it for his sake; another great lady in danger of being *chassé* likewise; about seven or eight duchesses pushing forward, like the antient *circumcelliones* in the church, who shall suffer martyrdom upon his account first. He is the darling of the city. If he should travel about the country, he would have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him, since he became so conspicuous. *Will. Pulteney* hangs his head, to see himself so much outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play; but, I really believe he would get more by shewing his person: and, I can assure you, this is the very identical *John Gay*, whom you formerly knew, and lodged with in *Whiteball* two years ago. I have been diverting myself with making an extract out of a history, which will be printed in the year 1948. I wish I had your assistance to



go through with it; for I can assure you, it riseth to a very solemn piece of burlesque.

As to the condition of your little club, it is not quite so desperate as you might imagine; for Mr. *Pope* is as high in favour, as I am afraid the rest are out of it. The king, upon the perusal of the last edition of his *Dunciad*, declared he was a very honest man. I did not know 'till this moment that I had so good an opportunity to send you a letter; and now I know it, am called away, and am obliged to end with my best wishes and respects, being most sincerely your's, &c.

# LETTER CCLXVII.

Chevalier RAMSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,                      *London, April 10, 1729.*

ONE of the greatest pleasures I proposed to myself in a journey to *England*, was that of seeing you at *London*; and it is a very sensible mortification to me to find myself disappointed in so agreeable an expectation. It is now many years since I had the highest esteem of your genius and writings; and when I was very young, I found, in some of them, certain ideas, that prepared me for relishing those principles of universal religion, which I have since endeavoured to unfold  
in

in *Cyrus*. I could not let our common friend Mr. *Lesley* \* go back to *Ireland*, without seizing the opportunity of acknowledging the obliging zeal you have shewn to make my work esteemed. Such marks of friendship do me a great deal of honour, as well as pleasure, and I hope I have a thorough sense of them. As I have much enlarged my book, I am going to publish a new edition by subscription. I have given an hundred copies of the proposals to our friend, and flatter myself, that I may count upon the continuation of your friendship. I am, with great respect, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

A. RAMSAY.

\* Son of the rev. Mr. *Charles Lesley*, the famous Non-juror.

L E T-

## L E T T E R CCLXVIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

Dear Sir,

*London, May 8, 1729.*

I Have wrote three times to Mr. Dean of *St. Patrick's*, without receiving so much as an acknowledgment of the receipt of my letters. At the same time I hear of other letters, which his acquaintance receive from him. I believe I should hardly have brought myself to have written this, were it not to serve you, and a friend at the same time.

I recommend one Mr. *Mason*, son of *Mason*, gentleman of the queen's chapel, a barytone voice, for the vacancy of a singer in your cathedral. This letter was wrote from *Bath* last *September*. The same \* *Mason* informs me, that there is another vacancy: therefore I renew my request. I believe you will hardly get a better: he has a pleasant mellow voice, and has sung several times in the king's chapel this winter, to the satisfaction of the audience. I beg at least your answer to this. Your friends in town, such as I know, are well. Mr. *Pope* is happy again, in having his mother recovered. Mr. *Gay* is gone to *Scotland* with the duke of *Queens-*

\* This gentleman was provided for by Dr. *Swift*.  
*berry.*



*berry*. He has about twenty law-suits with booksellers for pirating his book. The king goes soon to *Hanover*. These are all the news I know. I hope you don't imagine I am so little concerned about your health, as not to desire to be informed of the state of it from yourself. I have been tolerably well this winter, I thank God. My brother *Robin* is here, and longs, as well as I, to know how you do. This, with my best wishes and respects from, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

L E T T E R CCLXIX.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

Dear Sir,

*London, June 9, 1729.*

**T**HIS is given you by Mr. *Mason*, whom I believe you will find answering the character I gave of him, which really was not partial; for I am not so much as acquainted with his father or himself. I explained every thing to him according to the tenor of the letter which I received from you some time ago, and for which I most heartily thank you. Let him now speak for himself. I have been enquiring about a counter-tenor; but have, as yet, no intelligence of any.

I am

I am really sensibly touched with the account you give of *Ireland*. It is not quite so bad here; but really bad enough: at the same time we are told, that we are in great plenty and happiness.

Your friends, whom you mention in your's, are well. Mr. *Gay* is returned from *Scotland*, and has recovered his strength by his journey. Mr. *Pope* is well; he had got an injunction in chancery against the printers, who had pirated his *Dunciad*: it was dissolved again, because the printer could not prove any property, nor did the author appear. That is not Mr. *Gay*'s case; for he has owned his book. Mr. *Pulteney* gives you his service. They are all better than myself; for I am now so bad of a constant convulsion in my heart, that I am like to expire sometimes. We have no news, that I know of. I am apt to believe, that, in a little time, this matter of the provisional treaty will be on or off. The young man waits for my letter. I shall trouble you no more at present, but remain, with my best wishes, and most sincere affection, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCLXX.

Lady CATHARINE JONES\* to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

*Chelfea, June 11, 1729.*

I Received the favour of your letter of the 22d of *May*, and own my obligation to Mr. Dean for the information of the decay of my grandfather's † monument in the cathedral church of *St. Patrick*.

Mr. *French*, the present receiver of my father's estate, will be, some time next month, in that kingdom, whom I have ordered to wait upon you for your direction in that affair; in which, when he has informed me of the expence, I shall immediately give directions to have it done, agreeably to the desire of the dean and chapter, as well as the duty done to the memory of my grandfather, without adding further trouble to Mr. Dean, from his most humble and obedient servant,

CATHARINE JONES.

\* Daughter of *Richard* earl of *Ranelagh*, who had been paymaster general and governor of *Chelfea* hospital, and great-niece to Mr. *Boyle*, being one of the grand-daughters of his sister *Catharine*, countess of *Ranelagh*.

† A monument erected to the memory of archbishop *Jones*, and his son lord viscount *Ranelagh*. It was then in a ruinous condition, but repaired by the order of this lady.

L E T-



## L E T T E R CCLXXI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

*Aix-la-Chapelle, August 30, 1729, N. S.*

**I** TOOK a letter of your's from *Pope*, and brought it with me to this place, that I might answer at least a part of it. I begin to-day : when I shall finish I know not ; perhaps when I get back to my farm. The waters I have been persuaded to drink, and those, which my friends drink, keep me fuddled or employed all the morning. The afternoons are spent in airings or visits, and we go to bed with the chicken\*.

## L E T T E R CCLXXII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

*Middleton Stoney, Nov. 9, 1729.*

**I** Have long known you to be my friend upon several occasions, and particularly by your reproofs and admonitions. There is one thing, which you have often put me in mind of, the over-running you with an

\* The rest of the letter is printed in Mr. *Pope's* works.

answer before you had spoken. You find I am not a bit the better of it; for I still write and write on, without having a word of an answer. I have heard of you once by Mr. *Pope*: let Mr. *Pope* hear of you the next time by me. By this way of treating me, I mean, by your not letting me know, that you remember me, you are very partial to me, I should have said, very just to me. You seem to think, that I do not want to be put in mind of you, which is very true; for I think of you very often, and as often wish to be with you. I have been in *Oxfordshire* with the duke of *Queensberry* for these three months, and have had very little correspondence with any of our friends. I have employed my time in new-writing a damned play, which I wrote several years ago, called *The wife of Bath*\*. As it is approved or disapproved of by my friends, when I come to town, I shall either have it acted, or let it alone, if my \*\* brethren do not take offence at it. The ridicule turns upon superstition, and I have avoided the very words bribery

• This comedy was the first he wrote, and was unsuccessfully performed at the theatre in *Drury-Lane*, in the year 1713. It was altered by the author, and revived several years after [1729-30] at the theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, and damned a second time, altho' the author's reputation was then at it's height, from the uncommon success of his *Beggar's Opera*.

and

and corruption. Folly indeed is a word, that I have ventured to make use of; but that is a term, that never gave fools offence. It is a common saying, that he is wise, that knows himself. What hath happened of late, I think, is a proof, that it is not limited to the wife.

My lord *Bathurst* is still our cashier: when I see him, I intend to settle our accounts, and repay myself the five pounds of the two hundred I owe you. Next week I believe I shall be in town; not at *Whitehall*, for those lodgings were judged not convenient for me, and were disposed of. Direct to me to the duke of *Queensberry's*, in *Burlington-gardens*, near *Piccadilly*. You have often twitted me in the teeth for hankering after the court. In that you mistook me; for I know by experience, that there is no dependance, that can be sure, but a dependance upon one's self. I will take care of the little fortune I have got. I know you will take this resolution kindly, and you see my inclinations will make me write to you, whether you will write to me or no. I am, dear Sir, your's most sincerely and most affectionately,

J. G A Y.

P. S. To the lady I live with I owe my life and fortune: think of her with respect; value and esteem her as I do; and never



more despise a fork with three prongs. I wish too you would not eat from the point of your knife\*. She hath so much goodness, virtue, and generosity, that, if you knew her, you would have a pleasure in obeying her as I do. She often wishes she had known you.

L E T T E R CCLXXIII.

Lord B———— to Dr. SWIFT.

*February the 12th, 1729-30.*

DEAR DEAN,

I Have this moment received a letter from you; but it is the first I can call a letter: the other scraps were only to direct me to convey your correspondence to others, and I thought I answered them best by obeying your commands. But now you have deigned to send me one in form, with a proper beginning and ending, I will not wait even for a post-day; but I have taken pen and ink immediately to tell you, how much I think myself obliged to you, and how sincerely I am

Well, I might end here if I would; but I can't part with you so soon; and I must let you

\* See the letter of *Feb. 15, 1727-8.*

you know, that as to your money affairs, though I have paid off *John Gay*, I still keep the 200*l.* for which I have given him a note. I have paid him interest to this time for it, which he must account to you for. Now you must imagine, that a man, who has nine children to feed, can't long afford *alienos pascere nummos*; but I have four or five, that are very fit for the table \*. I only wait for the lord-mayor's day to dispose of the largest; and I shall be sure of getting off the youngest, whenever a certain great man† makes another entertainment at *Chelfea*. Now you see, though I am your debtor, I am not without my proper ways and means to raise a supply answerable to your demand. I must not own to you, that I should not have thought of this method of raising money, but that you seemed to point it out to me. For just at the time that scheme came out, which pretended to be calculated only for *Ireland*, you gave me a hint in one of the

\* This alludes to a tract of the Dean's, intituled, "A modest proposal for preventing the children of poor people in *Ireland* from being a burden to their parents or country, and for making them beneficial to the public." The Dean had proposed many useful schemes, which having been neglected, he satirically and humorously proposes to fatten and eat the children of the poor, as the only remaining expedient to prevent misery to themselves, and render them of some benefit to the public.

† Sir *Robert Walpole*.

envelopes [*anglice covers*] that you wished I might provide for my numerous family; and in this last you harp upon the same string. I did immediately propose it to lady *Bathurst* as your advice, particularly for her last boy, which was born the plumpest, finest thing, that could be seen; but she fell in a passion, and bid me send you word, that she would not follow your direction, but that she would breed him up to be a parson, and he should live upon the fat of the land; or a lawyer, and then, instead of being eat himself, he should devour others. You know women in passion never mind what they say; but, as she is a very reasonable woman, I have almost brought her over now to your opinion; and having convinced her, that as matters stood, we could not possibly maintain all the nine, she does begin to think it reasonable the youngest should raise fortunes for the eldest. And upon that foot a man may perform family duty with more courage and zeal; for if he should happen to get twins, the selling of one might provide for the other. Or if, by any accident, whilst his wife lies-in with one child, he should get a second upon the body of another woman, he might dispose of the fattest of the two, and that would help to breed up the other. The more I think upon this scheme, the more reasonable it appears to me; and it ought by  
no



no means to be confined to *Ireland*; for in all probability we shall, in a very little time, be altogether as poor here as you are there. I believe indeed we shall carry it farther, and not confine our luxury only to the eating of children; for I happened to peep the other day into a large assembly\* not far from *Westminster-hall*, and I found them roasting a great fat fellow†. For my own part, I had not the least inclination to a slice of him; but, if I guessed it right, four in five of the company had a devilish mind to be at him. You begin now to wish I had ended, when I might have done it so conveniently.—  
Well, Adieu.

L E T T E R CCLXXIV.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

*London, March the 3d, 1729-30.*

DEAR SIR,

I Find you are determined not to write to me, according to our old stipulation. Had I not been every post for some time in expectation to have heard from you, I should have wrote to you before, to let you know the present state of your affairs. Let me

\* The parliament.

† Sir Robert Walpole.

know what I shall do with the interest-money I have received. What I have done for you, I did for myself, which will be always the way of my transacting any thing for you; My old vamped play got me no money; for it had no success. I am going very soon into *Wiltshire* with the duke of *Queensberry*, with intention to stay there 'till the winter. Since I had that severe fit of sickness, I find my health requires it; for I cannot bear the town as I could formerly. I hope another summer's air, and exercise, will reinstate me. I continue to drink nothing but water, so that you can't require any poetry from me. I have been very seldom abroad since I came to town, and not once at court. This is no restraint upon me, for I am grown old enough to wish for retirement. I saw Mr. *Pope* a day or two ago in good spirits, and with good wishes for you. We always talk of you; the doctor does the same. I have left off all great folks but our own family. Perhaps you will think all great folks little enough to leave off us, in our present situation. I don't hate the world, but I laugh at it; for none but fools can be in earnest about a trifle. I am, dear Sir, your's most affectionately.

Direct for me at the D—— of Q——,  
in *Burlington-gardens*.

L E T-

## L E T T E R CCLXXV.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

Dear Sir,

*March* the 31<sup>st</sup>, 1730.

I Expect, in about a fortnight, to set out for *Wiltshire*, and am as impatient as you seem to be to have me get on horseback. I thought proper to give you this intelligence, because Mr. *Lewis* told me last *Sunday*, that he was, within a day or two, to set out for the *Bath*; so that very soon you are like to have neither of your cashiers in town. Continue to direct for me at this house: the letters will be sent to me, where-ever I am. My ambition, at present, is levelled to the same point, that you direct me to; for I am every day building villakins, and have given over that of castles. If I were to undertake it in my present circumstance, I should, in the most thrifty scheme, soon be straitened; and I hate to be in debt; for I can't bear to pawn five pounds worth of my liberty to a taylor or a butcher. I grant you, this is not having the true spirit of modern nobility; but it is hard to cure the prejudice of education. I have made your compliments to Mr. P——, who is very much your humble servant. I have not seen the Doctor, and  
am



am not like to see his *Rouen* brother very soon; for he is gone to *China*. Mr. *Pope* told me, he had acquainted the doctor with the misfortune of the four hermitage. My lord *Oxford* told me, he at present could match your's, and from the same person. The doctor was touched with your disappointment, and hath promised to represent this affair to his brother, at his return from *China*. I assure you, for all your gibes, that I wish you heartily good wine, though I can drink none myself. When lord *Bolingbroke* is in town, he lodges at Mr. *Chetwynd's*, in *Dover-street*. I do not know how to direct to him in the country. I have been extremely taken up of late in settling a steward's account. I am endeavouring to do all the justice and service I can to a friend; so I am sure you will think I am well employed upon this occasion. I now and then have seen *Jo. Taylor*, who says he hath a demand upon you for rent, you having taken his house in the country, and he being determined not to let it to any body else; and he thinks it reasonable, that you should either come and live in it, or pay your rent. I neither ride nor walk; but I design to do both this month, and to become a laudable practitioner.

The duchess wishes she had seen you, and thinks you were in the wrong to hide yourself, and peep through the window, that  
day

day she came to Mr. *Pope's*. The duke too is obliged to you for your good opinion, and is your humble servant. If I were to write, I am afraid I should incur the displeasure of my superiors. I can't for my life think so well of them, as they themselves think they deserve. If you have a very great mind to please the duchess, and at the same time to please me, I wish you would write a letter to her, to send to her brother, lord *Cornbury*, to advise him in his travels; for, she says, she would take your advice rather than mine; and she remembers, that you told her in the Park, that you loved and honoured her family. You always insisted upon a lady's making advances to you; I do not know whether you will think this declaration sufficient. Then too, when you were in *England*, she writ a letter to you, and I have been often blamed since for not delivering it.

The day the pension bill was thrown out of the house of lords, lord *Bathurst* spoke with great applause. I have not time to go to Mr. *Pope's*: in a day or two very probably I shall see him, and acquaint him about the usquebaugh. I will not imbezzle your interest-money; though, by looking over your accounts, I see how money may be imbez-zled. As to my being engaged in an affair of this kind, I say nothing for myself, but that I will do all I can: for the rest, I leave

*Jo. Taylor* to speak for me. To-day I dine with alderman *Barber*, the present sheriff, who holds his feast in the city. Does not *Charters's* misfortunes \* grieve you? For that great man is like to save his life, and lose some of his money. A very hard case!

P. S. I am just now come from the alderman's feast, who had a very fine dinner, and a very fine appearance of company.

The post is just going away.

L E T T E R CCLXXVI.

Lord B—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Dear Dean,

*June 30, 1730.*

I Read a letter from you some time ago, which gave me infinite pleasure; and I was going to return you an answer immediately: but when I sat down to write, I found my thoughts rolled upon the trifles, which fill the scene of life in that busy, senseless place, where I then was †; and though I had nothing to do there, at least nothing worth doing, and time lay upon my hands, I was

\* He was condemned at the *Old Bailey* on the 27th of Feb. 1729-30, for a rape.

† *London.*

resolved



resolved to defer writing to you, 'till I could clear my head from that rubbish, which every one must contract in that place. I cannot but fancy, if one of our heads were dissected after passing a winter's campaign there, it would appear just like a pamphlet-shop; you'd see a collection of treaties, a bundle of farces, a parcel of encomiums, another of satires, speeches, novels, sermons, bawdy songs, addresses, epigrams, proclamations, poems, divinity, lectures, quack-bills, historical accounts, tables, and God knows what.

The moment I got down here, I found myself quite clear from all those affairs: but really, the hurry of business, which came upon me after a state of idleness for six months, must excuse me to you. Here I am absolutely monarch of a circle of above a mile round, at least one hundred acres of ground, which (to speak in the style of one of your countrymen) is very populous in cattle, fish, and fowl.

To enjoy this power, which I relish extremely, and regulate this dominion, which I prefer to any other, has taken up my time from morning to night. There are *Yaboos* in the neighbourhood; but having read in history, that the southern part of *Britain* was long defended against the *Picts* by a wall, I have fortified my territories all round.

That

That wise people the *Chinese*, you know, did the same thing to defend themselves against the *Tartars*. Now, I think on it, as this letter is to be sent to you, it will certainly be opened; and I shall have some observations made upon it, because I am within three miles of a certain castle. Therefore, I do hereby declare, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend so far: and furthermore, I think myself in honour bound to acknowledge, that under our present just and prudent ministry, I do not fear the least molestation from that quarter. Neither are the fortifications afore-mentioned in any-wise designed to keep them out; for I am well satisfied they can break through much stronger fences than these, if they should have a mind to it. Observe how naturally power and dominion are attended with fear and precaution. When I am in the herd, I have as little of it about me as any body; but now that I am in the midst of my own dominions, I think of nothing but preserving them, and grow fearful, lest a certain great man should take a fancy to them; and transport them into *Norfolk*\*, to place them in an island in one of his new-made fish-ponds. Or, if you take this for too proud a thought; I will only suppose it to be hung out under a great bow-window.

\* To *Houghton*, the seat of Sir Robert *Walpole*.

In either case I must confess to you, that I don't like it. In the first place, I am not sure his new-made ground will hold good: in the latter case, I have some reason to doubt the foundations of his house are not solid, as he may imagine. Now, therefore, I am not so much in the wrong, as you may conceive, to desire, that my territory may remain where it is: for, though I know you could urge many arguments to shew the advantages I might reap by being so near him, yet I hold it as a maxim, that he who is contented with what he has, ought not to risque that, even though he should have a chance to augment it in any proportion. I learned this from our friend *Erasmus*; and the corrupt notions, that money is power, and therefore every man ought to get as much as he can, in order to create more power to himself, have no weight with me.

But now, to begin my letter to you: I have received four bottles of usquebaugh, and sent three of them to Mr. *Pope*; so that I have detained only one for myself. I don't believe, such an instance of honesty, punctuality, disinterestedness, and self-denial, can be given in this age. The whole being in my power, I have with-held but the quarter part. I expect, if ever I come to be a great man, you will write a vindication of me,



me, whether I am aspersed or not. 'Till then, I remain your most faithful and most obedient servant.

L E T T E R CCLXXVII.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

*Amesbury, near Salisbury in Wiltshsre,*

*July 4, 1730.*

DEAR SIR,

YOU tell me, that I have put myself out of the way of all my old acquaintance, so that unless I hear from you, I can know nothing of you. Is it not barbarous then to leave me so long without writing one word to me? If you can't write to me for my sake, methinks you might write for your own. How do you know what is become of your money? If you had drawn upon me, when I expected it, you might have had your money, for I was then in town: but I am now at *Amesbury*, at the duke of *Queensberry's*. The duchess sends you her service. I wish you were here: I fancy you would like her and the place. You might fancy yourself at home; for we have a cathedral near us, where you might find a bishop of the same name.

name \*. You might ride upon the downs, and write conjectures upon *Stonebenge*. We are but five and twenty miles from the *Bath*; and I was told this very evening by general *Dormer*, (who is here) that he heard somewhere or other, that you had some intentions of coming there the latter season. I wish any thing would bring us together but your want of health. I have left off wine and writing; for I really think, that man must be a bold writer, who trusts to wit without it. I took your advice, and some time ago took to love, and made some advances to the lady you sent me to in *Soho*, but I met no return; so I have given up all thoughts of it, and have now no pursuit or amusement. A state of indolence is what I don't like; 'tis what I would not chuse. I am not thinking of a court, or preferment; for I think the lady I live with is my friend, so that I am at the height of my ambition. You have often told me, there is a time of life, that every one wishes for some settlement of his own. I have frequently that feeling about me, but I fancy it will hardly ever be my lot; so that I will endeavour to pass away life as agreeably as I can, the way I am. I often wish to be with you, or you with me;

\* Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, bishop of *Salisbury*, whose brother, Dr. *John Hoadly*, succeeded archbishop *King* in the see of *Dublin*, 19th January, 1729-30.

and I believe you think I say true. I am determined to write to you, though those dirty fellows of the post-office do read my letters; for since I saw you, I am grown of that consequence to be obnoxious to the men I despise; so that it is very probable in their hearts, they think me an honest man. I have heard from Mr. *Pope* but once since I left *London*: I was sorry I saw him so seldom, but I had business, that kept me from him. I often wish we were together again. If you will not write, come. I am, dear Sir, your's most affectionately.

L E T T E R CCLXXVIII.

Lord B—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Dear Sir,      *Cirencester, Sept. 9, 1730.*

**Y**OU have taken all the precaution, which a reasonable man could possibly take, to break off an impertinent correspondence, and yet it will not do. One must be more stupid than a *Dutch* burgomaster, not to see through the design of the last letter. "I shew all your letters to our *Irish* wits. One of them is going to write a treatise of *English* bulls and blunders." And for further security, you add at last, I am going to take a progress, God knows where, and  
shan't



shan't be back again, God knows when. I have given you a reasonable breathing time; and now, I must at you again. I receive so much pleasure in reading your letters, that according to the usual good-nature and justice of mankind, I can dispense with the trouble I give you in reading mine; but if you grow obstinate, and won't answer, I'll plague and pester you, and do all I can to vex you. I'll take your works to pieces, and shew you, that it is all borrowed or stole. Have not you stolen the sweetest of your numbers from *Dryden* and *Waller*? Have not you borrowed thoughts from *Virgil* and *Horace*? At least, I am sure I have seen something like them in those books. As to your prose writings, which they make such a noise about, they are only some little improvements upon the humour you have stole from *Miguel de Cervantes* and *Rabelais*. Well, but the stile,—a great matter indeed, for an *Englishman* to value himself upon, that he can write *English*: why, I write *English* too, but it is in another stile.

But I won't forget your political tracts. You may say, that you have ventured your ears at one time, and your neck at another, for the good of your country. Why, that other people have done in another manner, upon less occasions, and are not at all proud of it. You have overturned and supported mi-

nisters; you have set kingdoms in a flame by your pen. Pray, what is there in that, but having the knack of hitting the passions of mankind? With that alone, and a little knowledge of ancient and modern history, and seeing a little further into the inside of things than the generality of men, you have made this bustle. There is no wit in any of them: I have read them all over, and don't remember any of these pretty flowers, those just antitheses, which one meets with so frequently in the *French* writers. None of those clever turns upon words, nor those apt quotations out of *Latin* authors, which the writers of the last age amongst us abounded in. None of those pretty families, which some of our modern authors adorn their works with, that are not only a little like the thing they would illustrate, but are also like twenty other things. In short, as often as I have read any of your tracts, I have been so tired with them, that I have never been easy 'till I got to the end of them. I have found my brain heated, my imagination fired, just as if I was drunk. A pretty thing indeed for one of your gown to value himself upon, that with sitting still an hour in his study, he has often made three kingdoms drunk at once.

I have twenty other points to maul you upon, if you provoke me; but if you are civil and good-natured, and will send me a  
long,

long, a very long letter, in answer to this, I will let you alone a good while. Well adieu. If I had a better pen, I can tell you, that I should not have concluded so soon.

# LETTER CCLXXIX.

Lady B—— G——\* to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, September the 19th, 1730.*

**H**AD I not been retired into the country, your's should have been answered long ago. As to your poetess, I am her obliged servant, and must confess the fact is just as you state it. It is very true I was gaming; and upon the dapper youth's delivering me a paper, which I just opened, found they were verses; so flunk them into my pocket, and there truly they were kept exceeding private; for I cannot accuse myself

\* This lady was daughter of the earl of *Berkeley*, one of the lords justices of *Ireland* in 1699, with whom Dr. *Swift* went over as chaplain, and private secretary. He lived in his lordship's family at the castle of *Dublin*; and lady *Betty Berkeley* finding a ballad on the game of traffic unfinished upon *Swift's* table, added a stanza of raillery upon him, and left the paper where she found it. This occasioned another ballad of *Swift's*, to the tune of cut-purse. The ballad on traffic is to be found among the posthumous pieces. Lady *Betty Berkeley* married Sir *John Germain*, baronet, of *Drayton*, in *Northamptonshire*.



of shewing them to a mortal. But let me assure you, it was not out of modesty, but in great hopes, that the author would have divulged them; which, you know, would have looked decenter than trumpeting my own fame. But it seems unhappily we were both bit, and judged wrong of each other. However, since you desire it, you may be very sure she shall not fail of my entreaties to his grace the duke of *Dorset* for her, tho' you have not yet let me into the secret what the request is: so, 'till my lord *Carteret* does his part, or that I hear from you again, it will be but a blind sort of a petition. I have not seen his grace this great while, and he is now at *Windsor*, and I chuse rather to speak to him on all accounts, having not so fine a talent at writing. But as you are commonly esteemed by those, who pretend to know you, to have a tolerable share of honesty and brains, I do not question your doing what is right by him; nor his paying you all the civility and kindness you can desire. Nor will I hope their influence ever can make him do otherwise, though he has the unfashionable quality of esteeming his old friends; but however partial to them, yet not to be biassed against his own sense and judgment. The consequence of this, I hope, will be your coming to *England*, and meeting often with him,

him, (in lady *Betty's* chamber\*) where the happy composition † shall exert her skill in ordering dinner; and I won't mistake oil of amber for the spirit of it, but continue as I ever was, your sincere friend, as well as faithful humble servant, E — G —.

LETTER CCLXXX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

*Amesbury, near Salisbury, Nov. 8th, 1730.*

Dear Sir,

SO you are determined never to write to me again; but, for all that, you shall not make me hold my tongue. You shall hear from me (the post-office willing) whether you will or no. I see none of the folks you correspond with, so that I am forced to pick up intelligence concerning you, as I can; which hath been so very little, that I am resolved to make my complaints to you

\* Alluding to the first line of *Frances Harris's* petition. See vol. II. of *Swift's* works.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*. This expression alludes to the last verse of a little poem of *Swift*, intitled a receipt to form a beauty, and called "the happy composition *Floyd*." This lady is mentioned in the ballad on the game of traffic, as being one of the party at lord *Berkeley's*, and at this time lived with lady *Betty*.

as a friend, who I know loves to relieve the distressed: and in the circumstances I am in, where should I apply, but to my best friend? Mr. *Pope*, indeed, upon my frequent enquiries, hath told me, that the letters which are directed to him, concern me as much as himself: but what you say of yourself, or of me, or to me, I know nothing at all. Lord *Carteret* was here yesterday, on his return from the *Isle of Wight*, where he had been a shooting, and left seven pheasants with us. He went this morning to the *Bath*, to lady *Carteret*, who is perfectly recovered. He talked of you three hours last night, and told me, that you talk of me. I mean, that you are prodigiously in his favour, as he says; and, I believe, that I am in your's; for I know you to be a just and equitable person, and it is but my due. He seemed to take to me, which may proceed from your recommendation; though, indeed, there is another reason for it, for he is now out of employment, and my friends have been generally of that sort: for I take to them, as being naturally inclined to those, who can do no mischief. Pray, do you come to *England* this year? He thinks you do. I wish you would; and so does the duchess of *Queensberry*. What would you have more to induce you? Your money cries, come spend me; and your friends cry, come see me. I have been treated barbarously by  
you.



you. If you knew how often I talk of you, how often I think of you, you would now and then direct a letter to me, and I would allow Mr. *Pope* to have a share in it. In short, I don't care to keep any man's money that serves me so. Love or money I must have; and, if you will not let me have the comfort of the one, I think I must endeavour to get a little comfort by spending some of the other. I must beg, that you will call at *Amesbury*, in your way to *London*; for I have many things to say to you; and I can assure you, you will be welcome to a three-pronged fork. I remember your prescription, and I do ride upon the downs; and, at present, I have no asthma. I have killed five brace of partridges, and four brace and half of quails: and I do not envy either Sir *Robert*, or *Stephen Duck*, who is the favourite poet of the court \*. I hear sometimes from Mr. *Pope*, and from scarce any body else. Were I to live ever so long, I believe I should never think of *London*; but I cannot help thinking of you. Were you here, I could

\* *Stephen Duck* was a poor thresher, who having written some verses, they were shewed to queen *Caroline*, who made him her library-keeper at *Richmond*. He afterwards took orders, and was preferred to a living, but growing melancholy, he at last drowned himself.

talk to you, but I would not for you \*; you shall have all your share of talk, which was never allowed you at *Twickenham*. You know this was a grievance you often complained of; and so, in revenge, you make me write all, and answer nothing. I beg you may make my compliments to Dr. *Delany*. I am, dear Sir, your's most affectionately,

J. G A Y.

I ended the letter as above, to go to the duchess, and she told me, I might go down, and come a quarter of an hour hence. I had a design to have asked her to sign the invitation, that I have made you. As I don't know how much she may have to say to you, I think it will be prudent to leave off, that she may not be stinted for want of room. So much I will say, that, whether she signs it or no, both the duke and duchess would be very glad you would come to *Amesbury*; and you must be persuaded, that I say this without the least private view. For, what is it to me whether you come or not? For I can write to you, you know.

P. S. By the duchess of Q——.

I would fain have you come. I can't say

\* Mr. *Gay* was reserved in his conversation.

you'll

you'll be welcome; for I don't know you, and perhaps I shall not like you: but if I do not, (unless you are a very vain person) you shall know my thoughts as soon as I do myself.

C. Q.

L E T T E R CCLXXXI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

Dear Sir,

Indorsed. Nov. 1730.

**T**HE passage in Mr. *Pope's* letter about your health, does not alarm me: both of us have had the distemper these thirty years. I have found that steel, the warm gums, and the *Bath*, all do good in it. Therefore, first take the vomit A; then, every day, the quantity of a nutmeg in a morning, of the electuary marked B; with five spoonfuls of the tincture marked D. Take the tincture, but not the electuary, in the afternoon. You may take one of the pills marked C, at any time, (when you are troubled with it) or thirty of the drops marked E, in any vehicle, even water. I had a servant of my own, that was cured merely with vomiting. There is another medicine not mentioned, which you may try; the pulvis rad. Valerianæ sylvestris, about a scruple of it twice a day. How  
came



came you to take it in your head, that I was queen's phyfician? When I am fo, you fhall be a bifhop, or any thing you have a mind to. *Pope* is now the great reigning poetical favourite. Your lord lieutenant\* has a mind to be well with you. Lady *Betty Germain* complains you have not wrote to her fince ſhe wrote to you. I have ſhewed as much civility to Mrs. *Barber* as I could, and ſhe likewise to me. I have no more paper, but what ſerves to tell you, that I am, with great fincerity, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

J. ARBUTHNOTT.

I recommended Dr. *Helſham* to be phyfician to the lord lieutenant. I know not what effect it will have.

A.

℞ Pulv. rad. ipocacoanæ, ʒ.

B.

℞ Conferv. flavedin. aurant. abſynth. Romæ.  
ana ʒvi. rubigin. Martis in pollin. redact. ʒiij.  
ſyrup e ſucco kermes, q. ſ.

C.

℞ Af. foetid. ʒij. tinctur. caſtor. q. ſ. fiant pilulæ  
xxiv.

D.

℞ Cortic. Peruviani elect. rubigin. Martis ana  
ʒj. digere tepide in vini alb. Gallic. ꝑ ij per 24  
horas: poſtea fiat colatura.

E.

℞ Sp. cor. cerv. ſp. lavendul. tinctur. caſtor. ana  
ʒij. miſce.

\* The Duke of *Dorſet*.

[As these receipts may possibly be useful to some persons troubled with the Dean's complaint of giddiness, Dr. *Arbutnot*'s receipt of bitters, for strengthening the stomach, is added.]

Take of zadoary root one drachm; galangal and Roman wormwood, of each two drachms; orange-peel, a drachm; lesser cardamon seeds, two scruples. Infuse all in a quart of boiling spring-water for six hours: strain it off, and add to it four ounces of greater compound wormwood-water.

## L E T T E R CCLXXXII.

The Earl of C—— to Dr. SWIFT.

*Hague, December 15th, N. S. 1730.*

S I R,

**Y**OU need not have made any excuses to me for your solicitation: on the contrary, I am proud of being the first person, to whom you have thought it worth your while to apply since those changes, which, you say, drove you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his house a whole summer at *Richmond*. I have always heard a very good character of him, which

which alone would incline me to serve him; but your recommendation, I can assure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court-suitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court-promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

When first I had this office \*, I took the resolution of turning out no-body; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places, that the death of the present possessors will procure me. Some old servants, that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But, after having satisfied these engagements, I do assure you, Mr. *Launcelot* shall be my first care. I confess, his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it; but as it is so remote, he won't have the uneasiness of a disappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets something, we shall both be pleased.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a

\* Of lord steward of the king's household, in which he succeeded the duke of *Dorset*, appointed lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

*Tory,*



*Tory*, I would venture to serve him, in the just expectation, that should I ever be charged with having preferred a *Tory*, the person, who was the author of my crime, would likewise be the author of my vindication\*. I am, with real esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, C———.

L E T T E R CCLXXXIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

*Amesbury, December the 6th, 1730.*

DEAR SIR,

**B**OTH your letters, to my great satisfaction, I have received. You were mistaken as to my being in town; for I have been here ever since the beginning of *May*. But the best way is to direct your letters always to the duke's house, in *London*; and they are sent hither by his porter. You say, we deserve envy: I think, we do; for I envy no man, either in town or out of it. We have had some few visitors, and every one of them such, as one would desire to visit. The duchess is a more severe check upon my finances than ever you were; and I submit, as I did to you, to comply to my own good. I was a long time, before I could prevail with her to let me allow myself a pair of shoes

\* See Vindication of Lord *Carteret's*, Vol. IV.  
with

with two heels ; for I had lost one, and the shoes were so decayed, that they were not worth mending. You see by this, that those, who are the most generous of their own, can be the most covetous for others. I hope you will be so good to me, as to use your interest with her, (for, whatever she says, you seem to have some) to indulge me with the extravagance suitable to my fortune.

The lady you mention, that dislikes you, hath no discernment. I really think, you may safely venture to *Amesbury*, though indeed the lady here likes to have her own way as well as you; which may sometimes occasion disputes: and, I tell you beforehand, that I cannot take your part. I think her so often in the right, that you will have great difficulty to persuade me, that she is in the wrong. Then, there is another thing, that I ought to tell you, to deter you from this place; which is, that the lady of the house is not given to shew civility to those she does not like. She speaks her mind, and loves truth. For the uncommonness of the thing, I fancy, your curiosity will prevail over your fear; and you will like to see such a woman. But I say no more, 'till I know whether her grace will fill up the rest of the paper.

The

## The Duchess of Q——.

Write I must, particularly now, as I have an opportunity to indulge my predominant passion of contradiction. I do, in the first place, contradict most things Mr. *Gay* says of me, to deter you from coming here; which if you ever do, I hereby assure you, that, unless I like my own way better, you shall have your's; and in all disputes you shall convince me, if you can. But, by what I see of you, this is not a misfortune, that will always happen; for I find you are a great mistaker. For example, you take prudence for imperiousness: 'tis from the first, that I determined not to like one, who is too giddy-headed for me to be certain whether or no I shall ever be acquainted with. I have known people take great delight in building castles in the air; but I should chuse to build friends upon a more solid foundation. I would fain know you; for I often hear more good likeable things than 'tis possible any one can deserve. Pray, come, that I may find out something wrong; for I, and I believe most women, have an inconceivable pleasure to find out any faults, except their own. Mr. *Cibber* is made poet laureat. I am, Sir, as much your humble servant as I can be to any person I don't know.



Mr. *Gay* is very peevish that I spell and write ill ; but I don't care ; for neither the pen nor I can do better. Besides, I think you have flattered me, and such people ought to be put to trouble.

Mr. G A Y's Postscript.

Now I hope you are pleased, and that you will allow for so small a sum as 200*l.* you have a lumping pennyworth.

L E T T E R CCLXXXIV.

Lady E—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

*Dec.* 24, 1730.

SINCE you, with a modest assurance, affirm you understand and practise good manners, better than any other person in either kingdom, I wish you would therefore put into very handsome terms my excuse to dean *Swift*, that I have not answered his letter, that I received before the last post. For even prebendary *Head* assured my brother *Harry*, that he, in all form and justice, took place of a colonel, as being major-general in the church; and therefore you need not have called a council to know, whether you or I were to write last; because, as being  
but

but a poor courtesy lady, I can pretend to no other place but what other people's goodness gives me. This being settled, I ought not to have writ again; but however, I fear I should have been wrong enough to have desired the correspondence to be kept up, but that I have been ill for a fortnight, and of course lazy, and not in a writing mood.

First, as to Mrs. *Barber*, as I told you before, so I tell you the same again, that, upon your recommendation, I shall be very glad to serve her, though I never did see her; and as I had not your letter 'till I went from *Tunbridge*, she passed unmarked by me in the crowd; nor have I met with her since. She writ to me to present ———'s poems to the duke and duchess of *Dorset*. I answered her letter, and obeyed her commands. And as to her own, I shall most willingly subscribe; though I am of opinion, we ladies are not apt to be good poets, especially if we can't spell; but that is by the way of inviolable secret between you and me. So much for this letter. Now to your last epistle, for which it seems I am to give you thanks, for honouring me with your commands. Well, I do so, because this gets a proof, that, after so many years acquaintance, there is one, that will take my word; which is a certain sign, that I have not often broke it. Therefore behold the consequence is this; I have

given my word to the duke of *Dorset*, that you would not so positively affirm this fact concerning Mrs. *Fox*, without knowing the certain truth, that there is no deceit in this declaration of trust. And though it has been recommended to him, as you say, he never did give any answer to it, nor designed it, 'till he was fully satisfied of the truth; and even then, I believe, would not have determined to have done it, because it is an easy way of securing a place for ever to a family; and were this to be an example, be it so many pence, or so many pounds, for the future they would be inheritances.

So now, to shew my power with his grace (in spite of his dependants, who may cast their eyes on it) for that I dare affirm there never will be need of, where justice or good-nature is necessary; but to shew you his dependance on your honour and integrity, he gives me leave to tell you, it shall certainly be done; nor does this at all oblige you to give the thanks you seem so desirous to have; for at any time, whensoever you have any business, service, or request to make to his grace of *Dorset* (whether my proper business or no) 'till you two are better acquainted with one another's merits, I shall be very glad to shew how sincerely I am your friend and faithful humble servant,

E——— G———.  
L E T-



L E T T E R CCLXXXV:

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq;  
to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, February the 9th, 1730.*

DEAR SIR,

**A**MONG the many compliments I have received from my friends on the birth of my son, I assure you none gave me greater pleasure than the kind letter you honoured me with on the occasion. When you were last in *England*, your stay was so short, that I scarce had time, and very few opportunities, to convince you how great a desire I had to bear some share of your esteem; but, should you return this summer, I hope you will continue longer among us. Lord *Bolingbroke*, lord *Bathurst*, *Pope*, myself, and others of your friends, are got together in a country neighbourhood, which would be much enlivened, if you would come and live among us. Mrs. *Pulteney* joins with me in the invitation, and is much obliged to you for remembering her. She bid me tell you, that she is determined to have no more children, unless you will promise to come over, and christen the next. You see how much

my happiness, in many respects, depends upon your promise. I have always desired *Pope*, when he wrote to you, to remember my compliments ; and I can assure you with the greatest truth, though you have much older acquaintances, that you have not in *England* a friend that loves and honours you more than I do, or can be, with greater sincerity, than I am, your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

P. S. If any of our pamphlets (with which we abound) are ever sent over to *Ireland*, and you think them worth reading, you will perceive how low they are reduced in point of argument on one side of the question. This has drove certain people to that last resort of calling names. Villain, traitor, seditious rascal, and such ingenious appellations, have frequently been bestowed on a couple of friends of your's. Such usage has made it necessary to return the same polite language; and there has been more *Billingsgate* stuff uttered from the press \* within these two months, than

\* Among the pamphlets published within that period, was lord *Harvey's Sedition and Defamation displayed* ; in a letter to the Author of the *Craftsman*, published in *January*, 1730-31.

ever was known before. Upon this, Dr. *Arbuthnott* has wrote a very humorous treatise \*, which he shewed me this morning; wherein he proves, from many learned instances, that this sort of altercation is ancient, elegant, and classical; and that what the world falsely imagines to be polite, is truly *Gothic* and barbarous. He shews how the gods and goddesses used one another; dog, bitch, and whore, were pretty common expressions among them: kings, heroes, ambassadors, and orators abused one another much in the same way; and he concludes, that it is a pity this method of abjuration should be lost. His quotations from *Homer*, *Demosthenes*, *Æschines*, and *Tully*, are admirable, and the whole is very humorously conducted. I take it for granted he will send it you himself, as soon as it is printed.

\* Probably that published in the *Miscellaneous Works of the late Dr. Arbuthnott*, Vol. I. p. 40. Printed at Glasgow, in 1731. The title of the piece is, *A brief Account of Mr. John Gunglicut's Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients.*



## L E T T E R CCLXXXVI.

Lady B——— G——— to Dr. SWIFT,

*Feb.* the 23d, 1730-1.

**N**OW were you in vast hopes you should hear no more from me, I being slow in my motions: but don't flatter yourself; you began the correspondence, set my pen a going, and God knows when it will end; for I had it by inheritance from my father, ever to please myself when I could; and tho' I don't just take the turn my mother did of fasting and praying; yet to be sure that was her pleasure too, or else she would not have been so greedy of it. I don't care to deliver your message this great while to lieutenant *Head*, he having been dead these two years. And though he had, as you say, a head, I loved him very well; but, however, from my dame *Wadgar's* \* first impression, I have ever had a natural antipathy to spirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr. *Pope*, which I am sorry for, and expect you should come to *England* in order to improve it. If it was the queen, and not the duke of

\* The deaf housekeeper at lord *Berkeley's*.

*Grafton,*

*Grafton*, that picked out such a laureat \*, she deserves his poetry in her praise.

Your friend *Mrs. Barber* has been here. I find she has some request; but neither you nor she has yet let it out to me what it is: for certainly you cannot mean That by subscribing to her book; if so, I shall be mighty unhappy to have you call That a favour. For surely there is nothing so easy as what one can do one's self, nor any thing so heavy as what one must ask other people for; tho' I don't mean by this, that I shall ever be unwilling, when you require it; yet shall be much happier, when it is in my own power to shew, how sincerely I am my old friend's most faithful humble servant.

*Mrs. Floyd* is much your's; but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

\* *Colley Cibber.*

L E T-

## L E T T E R CCLXXXVII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

*March* the 20th, 1730-1.

I Think it is above three months since I wrote to you, in partnership with the duchess. About a fortnight since I wrote to you from *Twickenham*, for Mr. *Pope* and myself. He was then disabled from writing, by a severe rheumatic pain in his arm; but is pretty well again, and at present in town. Lord *Oxford*, lord *Bathurst*, he, and I dined together yesterday at *Barnes*, with old *Jacob Tonson*, where we drank your health. I am again, by the advice of physicians, grown a moderate wine-drinker, after an abstinence of above two years; and now look upon myself as qualified for society as before.

I formerly sent you a state of the accounts between us. Lord *B*— hath this day paid me your principal and interest. The interest amounted to 12*l*. and I want your directions how to dispose of the principal, which must lie dead, 'till I receive your orders. I had a scheme of buying two lottery tickets for you, and keeping your principal intire. And as all my good fortune is to come, to shew you that I consult your advantage, I will buy two more for myself,  
and



and then you and I will go halves in the ten thousand pounds. That there will be a lottery is certain: the scheme is not yet declared, but I hear it will not be the most advantageous one; for we are to have but 3*l.* per cent.

I solicit for no court favours, so that I propose to buy the tickets at the market price, when they come out, which will not be these two or three months. If you do not like to have your money thus disposed of; or if you like to trust to your own fortune, rather than to share in mine, let me have your orders; and at the same time, tell me what I shall do with the principal sum.

I came to town the 7th of *January* last, with the duke and duchess, about business, for a fortnight. As it depended upon others, we could not get it done 'till now. Next week we return to *Amesbury*, in *Wiltshire*, for the rest of the year; but the best way is always to direct to me at the duke's, in *Burlington-gardens*, near *Piccadilly*. I am ordered by the duchess to grow rich in the manner of Sir *John Cutler*. I have nothing, at this present writing, but my frock that was made at *Salisbury*, and a bob perriwig. I persuade myself that it is shilling-weather as seldom as possible; and have found out, that there are few court-visits that are worth a shilling. In short, I am very happy in my present

present independency. I envy no man; but have the due contempt of voluntary slaves of birth and fortune. I have such a spite against you, that I wish you may long for my company, as I do for your's. Though you never write to me, you cannot make me forget you; so that if it is out of friendship you write so seldom to me, it doth not answer the purpose. Those who you like should remember you, do so whenever I see them. I believe they do it upon their own account; for I know few people who are solicitous to please or flatter me. The duchess sends you her compliments, and so would many more, if they knew of my writing to you.

# L E T T E R CCLXXXVIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT,  
With a Postscript.

Dear Sir,

*April 11th, 1731.*

**T**HE fortune of the person you interest yourself in, amounts to at present (all debts paid) above three thousand four hundred pounds; so that, whatever other people think, I look upon him, as to fortune, to be happy; that is to say, an independent creature. I have been in expectation, post after post,

post, to have received your directions about the disposal of your money, I left that sum, with 200*l.* of my own, in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, at my coming out of town. If I hear nothing from you, I shall do with it, as I do with my own. I made you a proposal about purchasing lottery tickets, in partnership with myself; that is to say, four tickets between us. This can be done with the overplus, the interest-money I have received; but in this I will do nothing, 'till I hear from you.

I am now got to my residence at *Amesbury*, getting health, and saving money. Since I have got over the impediment to a writer, water-drinking, if I can persuade myself that I have any wit, and find I have inclination, I intend to write; though, as yet, I have another impediment: for I have not provided myself with a scheme. Ten to one but I shall have a propensity to write against vice, and who can tell how far that may offend? But an author should consult his genius, rather than his interest, if he cannot reconcile them. Just before I left *London*, I made a visit to Mrs. *Barber*. I wish I could any ways have contributed to her subscription. I have always found myself of no consequence, and am now of less than ever; but I have found out a way, in one respect, of making myself of more consequence,



quence, which is by considering other people of less. Those who have given me up, I have given up; and in short, I seek after no friendships, but am content with what I have in the house. They have subscribed, and I proposed it before *Jo. Taylor*, who, upon hearing she was a friend of your's, offered his subscription, and desired his compliments to you. I believe she hath given you an account that she hath some prospect of success from others recommendations to those I know; and I have not been wanting upon all occasions to put in my good word, which I fear avails but little. Two days ago I received a letter from Dr. *Arbutnott*, which gave me but a bad account of Mr. *Pope's* health. I have writ to him; but have not heard from him since I came into the country. If you knew the pleasure you gave me, you would keep your contract of writing more punctually; and especially you would have answered my last letter, as it was a money affair, and you have to do with a man of business.

Your letter was more to the duchess than to me; so I now leave off, to offer her the paper.

Postscript by the Duchess.

It was Mr. *Gay's* fault that I did not write sooner; which, if I had, I should hope you would

would have been here by this time; for I have to tell you, all your articles are agreed to; and that I only love my own way, when I meet not with others whose ways I like better. I am in great hopes that I shall approve of your's; for to tell you the truth, I am at present a little tired of my own. I have not a clear or distinct voice, except when I am angry; but I am a very good nurse, when people don't fancy themselves sick. Mr. *Gay* knows this; and he knows too how to play at back-gammon. Whether the parson of the parish can, I know not; but if he cannot hold his tongue, I can. Pray set out the first fair wind, and stay with us as long as ever you please. I cannot name my fixed time, that I shall like to maintain you and your equipage; but, if I don't happen to like you, I know I can so far govern my temper, as to endure you for about five days. So come away directly; at all hazards you'll be allowed a good breathing time. I shall make no sort of respectful conclusions; for, 'till I know you, I cannot tell what I am to you.

Mr. G A Y's Postscript.

The direction is to the duke of *Queensberry's*, in *Burlington-gardens, Piccadilly*. Now I have told you this, you have no excuse  
from

from writing but one, which is coming; get over your law-suit, and receive your money.

The duchess adds, "he shall not write a word more from *Amesbury*, in *Wiltshire*. Your groom was mistaken; for the house is big enough, but the park is too little."

# LETTER CCLXXXIX.

Lord B—— to Dr. SWIFT.

*April 19th, 1731.*

I NEVER designed to have wrote to you any more, because you bantered and abused me so grossly in your last. To flatter a man, from whom you could get nothing, nor expect any thing, is doing mischief for mischief-sake, and consequently highly immoral. However, I will not carry my resentments so far, as to stand by and see you undone, without giving you both notice and advice. Could any man but you think of trusting *John Gay* with his money? None of his friends would ever trust him with his own, whenever they could avoid it. He has called in the 200*l.* I had of your's; I paid him both principal and interest. I suppose by this time he has lost it. I give you notice, you must look upon it as annihilated.

Now,



Now, as I have considered, your deanry brings you in little or nothing, and that you keep servants and horses, and frequently give little neat dinners, which are more expensive than a few splendid entertainments; besides which, you may be said to water your flock with *French* wine, which altogether must consume your substance in a little while; I have thought of putting you in a method, that may retrieve your affairs. In the first place, you must turn off all your servants, and sell your horses, (I will find exercise for you). Your whole family must consist of only one sound wholesome wench. She will make your bed, and warm it: besides washing your linen, and mending it, darning your stockings, &c. But to save all expence in house-keeping, you must contrive some way or other, that she should have milk; and I can assure you, it is the opinion of some of the best physicians, that womens milk is the wholesomest food in the world.

Besides, this regimen, take it altogether, will certainly temper and cool your blood. You will not be such a *boutefeu*, as you have been, and be ready, upon every trifling occasion, to set a whole kingdom in a flame. Had the *Drapier* been a milk-sop, poor *Wood* had not suffered so much in his reputation and fortune. It will allay that fervour of blood, and quiet that hurry of spirits, which

breaks out every now and then into poetry, and seems to communicate itself to others of the chapter. You would not then encourage *Delany* and *Stopford* in their idleness, but let them be as grave as most of their order are with us. I am convinced they will sooner get preferment then, than in the way they now are. And I shall not be out of hopes of seeing you a bishop in time, when you live in that regular way, which I propose. In short, in a few years, you may lay up money enough to buy even the bishopric of *Durham*. For, if you keep cows, instead of horses, in that high-walled orchard, and cultivate by your own industry a few potatoes in your garden, the maid will live well, and be able to sell more butter and cheese, than will answer her wages. You may preach then upon your temperance with a better grace, than now, that you are known to consume five or six hogsheads of wine every year of your life. You will be mild and meek in your conversation, and not frighten parliament-men, and keep even lords-lieutenants in awe. You will then be qualified for that slavery, which the country you live in, and the order you profess, seem to be designed for. It will take off that giddiness in your head, which has disturbed yourself and others. The disputes between Sir *Ar-*  
*tbur*

*thur* \* and my lady, will for the future be confined to prose, and an old thorn may be cut down in peace, and warm the parlour chimney, without heating the heads of poor innocent people, and turning their brains.

You ought to remember what St. *Austin* says, *Poesis est vinum dæmonum*. Consider the life you now lead: you warm all that come near you with your wine and conversation; and the rest of the world, with your pen dipped deep in St. *Austin's vinum dæmonum*.

So far for your soul's health. Now, as to the health of your body; I must inform you, that part of what I prescribe to you, is the same which our great friar *Bacon* prescribed to the pope, who lived in his days. Read his *Cure of old Age, and Preservation of Youth*, chap. the 12th. You used to say, that you found benefit from riding. The *French*, an ingenious people, use the word *chevaucher*, instead of *monter à cheval*, and they look upon it as the same thing in effect.

\* Sir *Arthur Acheson*, at whose seat, in a village called *Market-Hill* in *Ireland*, the dean sometimes made a long visit. The dispute between Sir *Arthur* and my lady, here alluded to, is whether *Hamilton's* bawn should be turned into a barrack, or a malt-house? The *Old Thorn*, is that cut down at *Market-Hill*, the subject of a little poem written by *Swift*. See his works, vol. 2d.



Now, if you will go on after this, in your old ways, and ruin your health, your fortune, and your reputation, it is no fault of mine. I have pointed out the road, which will lead you to riches and preferment; and that you may have no excuse from entering into this new course of life, upon pretence of doubting, whether you can get a person properly qualified to feed you, and compose your new family, I will recommend you to *John Gay*, who is much better qualified to bring increase from a woman, than from a sum of money. But, if he should be lazy, (he is so fat, that there is some reason to doubt him) I will without fail supply you myself, that you may be under no disappointments. *Bracton* says, *Conjunctio maris et fæmine est jure naturæ*. Vide *Cook* upon *Littleton*. *Calvin's* case 1st vol. *Reports*.

This I send you from my closet at *Rich-kings*\*, where I am at leisure to attend serious affairs; but when one is in town, there are so many things to laugh at, that it is very difficult to compose one's thoughts, even long enough to write a letter of advice to a friend. If I see any man serious in that crowd, I look upon him for a very dull or designing fellow. By the bye, I am of opinion, that folly and cunning are nearer al-

\* A seat of his lordship's, in *Buckinghamshire*.

lied than people are aware of. If a fool runs out his fortune, and is undone, we say, the poor man has been outwitted. Is it not as reasonable to say of a cunning rascal, who has lived miserably, and died hated and despised, to leave a great fortune behind him, that he has outwitted himself? In short, to be serious about those trifles, which the majority of mankind think of consequence, seems to me to denote folly; and to trifle with those things, which they generally treat ludicrously, may denote knavery. I have observed that, in comedy, the best actor plays the part of the droll, whilst some scrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, whilst fools only are serious. Adieu.

Continue to be merry and wise; but never turn serious, or cunning.

## L E T T E R CCXC.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

Dear Sir, *Amesbury, April 27, 1731.*

Y OUR's, without a date, I received two days after my return to this place from *London*, where I stayed only four days. I saw Mr. *Pope*, who is much better: I dined with him at lord *Oxford's*, who never fails drinking your health, and is always very inquisitive after every thing that concerns you. Mr. *Pulteney* had received your letter, and seemed very much pleased with it; and I thought you too very much in the favour of the lady. Sir *William Wyndbam*, who you will hear hath buried lady *Catherine\**, was at *Dawley* in great affliction. Dr. *Arbuthnott* I found in good health and spirits. His neighbour, Mr. *Lewis*, was gone to *Bath*. Mrs. *Patty Blount* I saw two or three times, who will be very much pleased, when she knows you so kindly remember her. I am afraid Mrs. *Howard* will not be so well satisfied with the compliments you send her. I breakfasted twice with her at Mrs. *Blount's*, and she told me, that her indisposition had prevented her answering your letter. This

\* Daughter to the Duke of *Somerset*.



she desired me to tell you, that she would write to you soon; and she desires you will accept of her compliments in the mean time, by me. You should consider circumstances before you censure. It will be too long for a letter to make her apology; but when I see you, I shall convince you, that you mistake her\*. The day before I left *London*, I gave orders for buying two *South-sea* or *India* bonds for you, which carry 4*l. per cent.* and are as easily turned into ready money as bank-bills; which, by this time, I suppose is done.

Whenever you come to *England*, if you will put that confidence in me, to give me notice, I will meet you at your landing-place, and conduct you hither. You have experience of me as a traveller; and, I promise, I will not drop you on the road for any visit whatever. You tell me of thanks I have not given. I don't know what to say to people who are continually laying one under obligations: my behaviour to you, shall convince you that I am very sensible of them, though I never once mention them. I look upon you as my best friend and counsellor. I long for the time when we shall meet and converse together. I will draw you into no

+ See a further defence of this lady, in the letters of lady B—— G——.

great company, besides those I live with. In short, if you insist upon it, I will give up all great company for your's. These are conditions, that I can hardly think you will insist upon, after your declarations to the duchess, who is more and more impatient to see you: and all my fear is, that you will give up me for her, which, after my ungallant declaration, would be very ungenerous. But we will settle this matter together, when you come to *Amesbury*. After all, I find I have been saying nothing; for speaking of her, I am talking as if I were in my own power. You used to blame me for over-solicitude about myself. I am now grown so rich, that I don't think myself worth thinking on; so that I will promise you never to mention myself, or my own affairs; but you owed it all to the inquisitiveness of your friendship; and ten to one but you will every now and then draw me in to talk of myself again. I sent you a gross state of my fortune already. I have not room to draw it out in particulars. When you come over, the duchess will state it to you. I have left no room for her to write, so that I will say nothing 'till my letter is gone; but she would not forgive me, if I did not send her compliments.

L E T.

## L E T T E R CCXCI.

Lady B——— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

June 5, 1731.

I Fanfy you have comforted yourself a long time with the hopes of hearing no more ; but you may return your thanks to a downright fit of the gout in my foot, and as painful a rheumatism that followed immediately after in my arm, which bound me to my good behaviour. So you may perceive I should make a sad nurse to Mr. *Pope*, who finds the effects of age, and a crazy carcase already. However, if it is true what I am informed, that you are coming here soon, I expect you should bring us together; and if he will bear me with patience, I shall hear him with pleasure.

I don't know what number of chaplains the duke of *Dorset* intends to carry over; but as yet, I have heard of but one that he has sent, and he is as worthy, honest, sensible a man as any I know, Mr. *Brandreth*, who I believe was recommended to your acquaintance. I believe you will find by my writing, that it is not quite easy to me, so I will neither tease you, nor trouble myself longer, who am most sincerely your faithful humble servant,

E. G.

L E T-



L E T T E R CCXCII.

The Duchess of ——— and Mr. GAY  
to Dr. SWIFT.

The D U C H E S S.

*July 18, 1731.*

**Y**OU are my dear friend, I am sure, for you are hard to be found; that you are so, is certainly owing to some evil genius. For if you say true, this is the very properest place you can repair to. There is not a head here upon any of our shoulders, that is not, at sometimes, worse than your's can possibly be at the worst; and not one to compare with your's, when at best, except your friends are your sworn liars. So in one respect at least, you will find things just as they could be wished. It is farther necessary to assure you, that the duchess is neither healthy nor young; she lives in all the spirits she can, and with as little grandeur as she can possibly. She too, as well as you, can scold, and command; but, she can be silent, and obey, if she pleases; and then for a good nurse, it is out of dispute, that she must prove an excellent one, who has been so  
expe-

experienced in the infirmities of others, and and of her own. As for talking nonsense, provided you do it on purpose, she has no objection: there is some sense in nonsense, when it does not come by chance. In short, I am very sure, that she has set her heart upon seeing you at this place. Here are women enough to attend you, if you should happen not to approve of her. She has not one fine lady belonging to her, or her house. She is impatient to be governed, and is chearfully determined, that you shall quietly enjoy your own will and pleasure as long as ever you please.

Mr. G A Y.

You shall ride, you shall walk, and she will be glad to follow your example; and this will be doing good at the same time to her and yourself. I had not heard from you so long, that I was in fears about you, and in the utmost impatience for a letter. I had flattered myself your law-suit was at an end, and that your own money was in your own pocket; and about a month ago, I was every day expecting a summons to *Bristol*. Your money is either getting or losing something; for I have placed it in the funds. For I am grown so much a man of business, that is to say, so covetous, that I cannot bear to  
let

let a sum of money lie idle. Your friend Mrs. *Howard*, is now countess of *Suffolk*. I am still so much a dupe, that I think you mistake her. Come to *Amesbury*, and you and I will dispute this matter; and the duchess shall be judge. But I fancy you will object against her; for I will be so fair to you, as to own, that I think she is of my side: but, in short, you shall chuse any impartial referee you please. I have heard from her; Mr. *Pope* hath seen her; I beg you would suspend your judgment, 'till we talk over this affair together; for I fancy, by your letter, you have neither heard from her, or seen her, so that you cannot at present be as good a judge as we are. I'll be a dupe for you at any time, therefore I beg it of you, that you would let me be a dupe in quiet.

As you have had several attacks of the giddiness you at present complain of, and that it hath formerly left you, I will hope, that at this instant you are perfectly well; though my fears are so very great, before I received your letter, that I may probably flatter myself, and think you better than you are. As to my being a manager for the duke, you have been misinformed. Upon the discharge of an unjust steward, he took the administration into his own hands. I own I was called in to his assistance, when the state of affairs was in the greatest confusion. Like  
an





an ancient *Roman* I came, put my helping hand to set affairs right, and as soon as it was done, I am retired again as a private man.

The D U C H E S S.

What you imagined you heard her say, was a good deal in her stile: it was a thousand to one she had not said so, but I must do her the justice to say, that she did not, either in thought or word. I am sure she wants to be better acquainted with you, for which she has found out ten thousand reasons, that we'll tell you, if you come.

Mr. G A Y.

By your letter, I cannot guess whether we are to see you or no. Why might not the *Amesbury* downs make you better?

The D U C H E S S.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. *Gay* tells me, I must write upon his line for fear of taking up too much room. It was his fault, that I omitted my duty in his last letter, for he never told me one word of writing to you, 'till he sent away his letter. However, as a mark of my great humility,

lity, I shall be ready and glad to ask your pardon upon my knees, as soon as ever you come, though not in fault. I own this is a little mean-spirited, which I hope will not make a bad impression, considering you are the occasion. I submit to all your conditions, so pray, come; for, I have not only promised myself, but Mr. Gay also, the satisfaction to hear you talk as much nonsense as you can possibly utter.

Mr. G A Y.

You will read in the *Gazette* of a friend of your's, who hath lately had the dignity of being disgraced\*: for he, and every body, except five or six, look upon it in the same light. I know, were you here, you would congratulate him upon it. I have no scheme, at present, either to raise my fame or fortune. I daily reproach myself for my idleness. You know, one cannot write when one will. I think and reject: one day or other, perhaps, I may think on something that may engage me to write. You and I are alike in one particular (I wish to be so in many;) I

\* *William Pulteney*, Esq; who on the 1st of July, 1731, was, by order of king *George II.* struck out of the list of the privy council, and put out of all the commissions of the peace.

mean,

mean, that we hate to write upon other folks hints. I love to have my own scheme, and to treat it in my own way. This, perhaps, may be taking too much upon myself, and I may make a bad choice; but I can always enter into a scheme of my own with more ease and pleasure, than into that of any other body. I long to see you; I long to hear from you; I wish you health; I wish you happiness; and I should be very happy myself to be witness that you enjoyed my wishes.

L E T T E R CCXCIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

*August 2d, 1731.*

I AM indebted to you, my reverend Dean, for a letter of a very old date: the expectation of seeing you from week to week, which our friend *Gay* made me entertain, hindered me from writing to you a good while; and I have since deferred it by waiting an opportunity of sending my letter by a safe hand. That opportunity presents itself at last, and Mr. *Ecklin* will put this letter into your hands.

You will hear from him, and from others, of the general state of things in this country, into which I returned, and where I am  
confined



confined for my sins. If I entertained the notion, which by the way I believe to be much older than Popery, or even than Christianity, of making up an account with heaven, and demanding the balance in bliss, or paying it by good works and sufferings of my own, and by the merits and sufferings of others, I should imagine that I had expiated all the faults of my life, one way or other, since my return into *England*. One of the circumstances of my situation, which has afflicted me most, and which afflicts me still so, is the absolute inutility I am of to those whom I should be the best pleased to serve. Success in serving my friends would make me amends for the want of it in dis-serving my enemies. It is intolerable to want it in both, and yet both go together generally.

I have had two or three projects on foot for making such an establishment here as might tempt you to quit *Ireland*. One of them would have succeeded, and would have been agreeable in every respect, if engagements to my lady's kinsman (who did not, I suppose, deserve to be your clerk) had not prevented it. Another of them cannot take place, without the consent of those, who would rather have you a dean in *Ireland*, than a parish priest in *England*; and who are glad to keep you, where your sincere friend, my late lord *Oxford*, sent you. A  
third

third was wholly in our power; but when I enquired exactly into the value, I found it less than I had believed; the distance from these parts was great; and besides all this, an unexpected and groundless dispute about the right of presentation (but still such a dispute as the law must determine) had arisen. You will please to believe, that I mention these things for no other reason than to shew you, how much those friends deserve you should make them a visit at least, who are so desirous to settle you amongst them. I hope their endeavours will not be always unsuccessful.

I received, some time ago, a letter from Dr. *Delany*; and very lately Mr. *Pope* sent me some sheets, which seem to contain the substance of two sermons of that gentleman's. The *philosophia prima* is above my reach, and especially when it attempts to prove, that God has done, or does so and so, by attempting to prove, that doing so and so is essential to his attributes, or necessary to his design; and that the not doing so and so would be inconsistent with the former, or repugnant to the latter. I content myself to contemplate what I am sure he has done, and to adore him for it in humble silence. I can demonstrate, that every cavil, which has been brought against the great system of the world, physical and moral, from the days of *Democritus*

and *Epicurus* to this day, is absurd; but I dare not pronounce why things are made as they are, state the ends of infinite wisdom, and shew the proportion of the means\*.

Dr. *Delany*, in his letter to me, mentioned some errors in the critical parts of learning, which he hoped he had corrected, by shewing the mistakes, particularly of Sir *John Marsham*, on whose authority those errors were built. Whether I can be of use to him, even in this part, I know not; for having fixed my opinion long ago concerning all ancient history and chronology, by a careful examination into the first principles of them, I have ever since laid that study totally aside. I confess. in the letter I writ lately to the doctor, notwithstanding my great respect for Sir *John Marsham*, that his authority is often precarious, because he leans often on other authorities, which are so. But to you I will confess a little more: I think, nay, I know, that there is no possibility of making any system of that kind, without doing the same thing; and the defect is in the subject,

\* Yet this appears to have been the attempt of Mr. *Pope*, in his *Essay on Man*, in which he professes to have adopted lord *Bolingbroke's* principles;

“Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend;”  
and which lord *Bolingbroke*, in a subsequent part of this very letter, says, was undertaken at his instigation; approving, at the same time, of the first three books, which he had seen and considered.

not



not in the writer. I have read the writings of some who differ from him; and of others who undertook particularly to refute him. It seems plain to me, that this was the case. All the materials of this sort of learning are disjointed and broken. Time has contributed to render them so, and the unfaithfulness of those who have transmitted them down to us, particularly of that vile fellow *Eusebius*\*, has done even more than time itself. By throwing these fragments into a different order, by arbitrary interpretations (and it is often impossible to make any others) in short, by a few plausible guesses for the connexion and application of them, a man may, with tolerable ingenuity, prove almost any thing by them. I tried formerly to prove, in a learned dissertation, by the same set of authorities, that there had been four *Assyrian* monarchies; that there had been but three; that there had been but two; that there had been but one; and that there never had been any. I puzzled myself, and a much nobler man than myself, the friend to whom I lent the manuscript, and who has, I be-

\* The learned bishop of *Cæsarea*, in the fourth century, in his *Chronicon*, published by *Joseph Scaliger*, with notes, at *Leyden*, in 1606, folio, and re printed at *Amsterdam*, with great additions to the notes, in 1658.

lieve, kept it. In short, I am afraid that I shall not be very useful to Dr. *Delany*, in making remarks on the work he is about. His communication of this work may be useful, and I am sure it will be agreeable to me. If you and he are still in *Ireland*, pray give my best services to him; but say no more than may be proper of all I have writ to you.

I know very well the project you mean, and about which you say, that *Pope* and you have often teased me. I could convince you, as he is convinced, that a publication of any thing of that kind would have been wrong on many accounts, and would be so even now. Besides, call it pride if you will, I shall never make, either to the present age, or to posterity, any apology for the part I acted in the late queen's reign\*. But I will apply myself very seriously to the composition of just and true relations of the events of those times, in which both I, and my friends and my enemies must take the merit, or the blame, which an authentic and impartial deduction of facts will assign to us. I will en-

\* This probably alludes to a tract called *Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism*, &c. of which lord *Bolingbroke* permitted a few copies to be taken, for his particular friends, and which afterwards found its way into the world by Mr. *Pope's* means. *Gent. Mag.* Vol. XIX. p. 195, 196.

deavour

deavour to write so as no man could write, who had not been a party in those transactions, and as few men would write, who had been concerned in them. . I believe I shall go back, in considering the political interests of the principal powers in *Europe*, as far as the *Pyrennean* treaty; but I shall not begin a thread of history 'till the death of *Charles* the second of *Spain*, and the accession of queen *Anne* to the throne of *England*. Nay, even from that time downwards, I shall render my relations more full, or *piu magra*, the word is father *Paul's*, just as I have, or have not, a stock of authentic materials. These shall regulate my work, and I will neither indulge my own vanity, nor other mens curiosity, in going one step farther than they carry me. You see, my dear *Swift*, that I open a large field to myself: with what success I shall expatiate in it, I know as little, as I know whether I shall live to go through so great a work; but I will begin immediately, and will make it one principal business of the rest of my life. This advantage, at least, I shall reap from it, a great advantage it will be, my attention will be diverted from the present scene. I shall grieve less at those things which I cannot mend; I shall dignify my retreat; and shall wind up the labours of my life in serving the cause of truth.



You say, you could easily shew, by comparing my letters for twenty years past, how the whole system of my philosophy changes by the several gradations of life. I doubt it. As far as I am able to recollect, my way of thinking has been uniform enough for more than twenty years. True it is, to my shame, that my way of acting has not been always conformable to my way of thinking. My own passions, and the passions and interests of other men still more, have led me aside. I launched into the deep before I had loaded ballast enough. If the ship did not sink, the cargo was thrown over-board. The storm itself threw me into port. My own opinion, my own desires, would have kept me there; the opinion, the desires, of others sent me to sea again. I did, and blamed myself for doing what others, and you, among the rest, would have blamed me, if I had not done. I have paid more than I owed to party, and as much at least as was due to friendship. If I go off the stage of public life, without paying all I owe to my enemies, and to the enemies of my country, I do assure you the bankruptcy is not fraudulent. I conceal none of my effects.

Does *Pope* talk to you of the noble work, which, at my instigation, he has begun in such a manner, that he must be convinced, by this time, I judged better of his talents  
than

than he did? The first epistle which considers man, and the habitation of man, relatively to the whole system of universal being. The second, which considers him in his own habitation, in himself, and relatively to his particular system. And the third, which shews how an universal cause works to one end, but works by various laws; how man and beast, and vegetable are linked in a mutual dependency, parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole; how human societies were formed; from what spring true religion and true policy are derived; how God has made our greatest interests and our plainest duty invisibly the same. These three epistles, I say, are finished. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble subject; he pleads the cause of God. I use *Seneca's* expression, against that famous charge which Atheists in all ages have brought, the supposed unequal dispensations of Providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting\*. You admit it, X 4 indeed,

\* To prove that the dispensations of Providence in the present state are not unequal, is certainly very desirable; but there is reason to fear, that those who blame divines for admitting an inequality, have not succeeded in the attempt.

The philosophers, both ancient and modern, who have endeavoured to justify the ways of God to man, by proving that happiness does not consist in externals,  
in

indeed, for an extreme good purpose, and you build on this admission the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments. But what if you should find, that this future state will not account for God's justice \* in the present state, which you give up, in opposition to the Atheist? Would it not have been better to defend God's justice in this world, against these daring men, by irrefragable reasons, and to have rested the other

in order to shew that his dispensations are equal, have yet placed happiness in virtue chiefly, as a principle of active benevolence.

“ Happier as kinder in each due degree,

“ And height of bliss but height of charity.”

Now there seems to be an inconsistency between these two principles, and of which they are not aware.

It may reasonably be asked, what virtue, as a principle of active benevolence, has to bestow? Can it bestow upon others any thing more than externals? If not, it either has not the power of communicating happiness, or happiness is to be communicated in externals. If it has not the power of communicating happiness, it is indeed a mere name; the subject receives nothing; the agent gives nothing. The bliss of charity is founded on a delusion; on the false supposition of a benefit communicated by externals, which externals cannot communicate. If happiness can be communicated by externals, and consequently is dependent upon them, and these externals are unequally distributed, how is the dispensation of Providence, with respect to happiness in the present state equal?

\* *i. e.* Will not reconcile the present unequal distribution to the Divine justice.

point



point on revelation? I do not like concessions made against demonstration, repair or supply them how you will. The epistles I have mentioned, will compose a first book; the plan of the second is settled. You will not understand by what I have said, that *Pope* will go so deep into the argument, or carry it so far as I have hinted. You enquire so kindly after my wife, that I must tell you something of her. She has fallen upon a remedy, invented by a surgeon abroad, and which has had great success in cases similar to her's. This remedy has visibly attacked the original cause of all her complaints, and has abated, in some degree, by one gentle and uniform effect, all the grievous and various symptoms. I hope, and surely with reason, that she will receive still greater benefit from this method of cure, which she will resume as soon as the great heat is over. If she recovers, I shall not, for her sake, abstract myself from the world, more than I do at present in this place. But if she should be taken from me, I should most certainly yield to that strong desire, which I have long had, of secluding myself totally from the company and affairs of mankind; of leaving the management, even of my private affairs, to others; and of securing, by those means, for the rest of my life, an uninterrupted tenor of philosophical quiet.

I sup-

I suppose you have seen some of those volumes of scurrility, which have been thrown into the world against Mr. P—— and myself, and the *Craftsman*, which gave occasion to them. I think it is the sense of all my friends, that the person, who published the *Final Answer*\*, took a right turn, in a very nice and very provoking circumstance. To answer all the falsities, misrepresentations, and blunders, which a club of such scoundrels, as *Arnold*, *Concanen*, and other pensioners of the minister, crowded together, would have been equally tedious and ridiculous, and must have forced several things to be said. To have explained some points, and to have stopped at others, would have given strength to that impertinent suggestion. Guilt alone is silent in the day of inquiry. It was therefore right to open no part of the scene of the late queen's reign, nor submit the passages of her administration, and the conduct of any of her ministers, to the examination of so vile a tribunal. This was still the more right, because, upon such points as relate to subsequent transactions, and as af-

\* This pamphlet was written by lord *Bolingbroke*, in his own vindication, in 1731. It is intitled, *A Final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication of his two honourable Patrons; and to all the Libels which have come, or may come, from the same Quarter, against the Person last mentioned in the Craftsman of 22d of May.*

fect me singly, what the *Craftsman* had said, was justified unanswerably; and what the remarker had advanced, was proved to be infamously false. The effect of this paper has answered the design of it; and, which is not common, all sides agree, that the things said ought to have been said. The public writers seem to be getting back, from these personal altercations, to national affairs, much against the grain of the minister's faction. What the effect of all this writing will be, I know not; but this I know, that when all the information that can be given, is given: when all the spirit that can be raised, is raised, it is to no purpose to write any more. Even you men of this world have nothing else to do, but to let the ship drive 'till she is cast away, or 'till the storm is over. For my own part, I am neither an owner, an officer, nor a foremast-man. I am but a passenger, said my lord *Carbury*.

It is well for you I am got to the end of my paper; for you might else have a letter as long again from me. If you answer me by the post, remember, whilst you are writing, that you write by the post. Adieu, my reverend friend.



## L E T T E R CCXCIV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

*Drayton, Sept. 7th, 1731.*

**T**O shew how strictly I obey your orders, I came from the duchess of *Dorset's* country-house to my own, where I have rid and walked as often as the weather permitted me. Nor am I very nice in that; for, if you remember, I was not bred up very tenderly, nor a fine lady; for which I acknowledge myself exceedingly obliged to my parents; for had I that sort of education, I should not have been so easy and happy as, I thank God, I now am. As to the gout, indeed, I do derive it from my ancestors; but I may forgive even that, since it waited upon me no sooner: and especially since I see my elder and two younger brothers so terribly plagued with it; so that I am now the only wine-drinker in my family; and, upon my word, I am not increased in that since you first knew me.

I am sorry you are involved in law-suits; it is the thing on earth I most fear. I wish you had met with as complaisant an adversary as I did; for my lord *Peterborow* plagued Sir *John* \* all his life-time; but declared, if

\* Husband to Lady B—— G——.

ever he gave the estate to me, he would have done with it; and accordingly has kept his word, like an honourable man. I hope I shall soon hear of the duke and duchess of *Dorset's* safe landing; and I do not question the people of *Ireland's* liking them as well as they deserve. I desire no better for them: for if you don't spoil him there, which I think he has too good sense to let happen, he is the most worthy, honest, good-natured, great-soul'd man, that ever was born. As to the duchess, she is so reserved, that perhaps she may not be at first so much admired; but, upon knowledge, I will defy any body upon earth, with sense, judgment, and good-nature, not only not to admire her, but must love and esteem her as much as I do, and every one else does, that is really acquainted with her. You know him a little; so, for his own sake, you must like him: and, 'till you are better acquainted with them both, I hope you will like them for mine. Your friend *Biddy* \* is just the same as she was; laughs sedately, and makes a joke slyly. And I am, as I ever was, and hope I ever shall be, your most sincere friend, and faithful humble servant, E—— G——.

\* Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

## L E T T E R CCXCV.

The Countess of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.\*

*Hampton-Court, Sept. 25th, 1731.*

S I R,

**Y**OU think you have a natural right to abuse me, because I am a woman, and a courtier. I have taken it as a woman and as a courtier ought, with great resentment, and a determined resolution of revenge. The number of letters that have been sent, and thought by many to be your's (and thank God they were all silly ones) has been a fair field to execute it. Think of my joy to hear you suspected of folly; think of my pleasure when I entered the list for your justification! Indeed I was a little disconcerted to find Mr. *Pope* took the same side; for I would have had the man of wit, the dignified divine, the *Irish Drapier*, have found no friend but

\* Three letters, recommending Mrs. *Barber*, the wife of an eminent woollen-draper, to the queen, in order to forward a subscription for some poems, were forged in the Dean's name, and sent to her majesty. The Dean wrote an account of the fraud, and a justification of himself, to the countess of S——, in a letter, to which this is an answer. See one of the counterfeit letters, and the Dean's to lady S——, in the volumes just published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

the



the silly woman and the courtier. Could I have preserved myself alone in the list, I should not have despaired, that this monitor of princes, this *Irish* patriot, this excellent man at speech and pen, should have closed the scene under suspicion of having a violent passion for Mrs. *Barber* and lady *M*——or : Mrs. *Haywood*\* has writ the progress of it. Now, to my mortification, I find every body inclined to think you had no hand in writing those letters; but I every day thank Providence that there is an epitaph in St. *Patrick's* cathedral †, that will be a lasting monument of your imprudence. I cherish this extremely; for, say what you can to justify it, I am convinced I shall as easily argue the world into the belief of a courtier's sincerity, as you (with all your wit and eloquence) will be able to convince mankind of the prudence of that action. I expect to hear if peace shall ensue, or war continue between us. If I know but little of the art of war, you see I do not want courage; and that has made many an ignorant soldier fight successfully. Besides, I have a numerous body of light-armed troops to bring into the field, who,

\* Mrs. *Haywood*, a well-known writer of scandal in novels.

† On the duke of *Schomberg*. See the letter, to which this is an answer.

when

when single, may be as inconsiderable as a *Lilliputian*, yet ten thousand of them embarrassed captain *Gulliver*. If you send honourable articles, they shall be signed. I insist that you own that you have been unjust to me; for I have never forgot you; for I have made others send my compliments, because I was not able to write myself. If I cannot justify the advice I gave you, from the success of it. I gave you my reasons for it: and it was your business to have judged of my capacity, by the solidity of my arguments. If the principal was false, you ought not to have acted upon it. So you have been only the dupe of your own ill judgment, and not my falsehood. Am I to send back the crown and the plaid, well packed up, in my own character, and continue very truly and very much your humble servant,

————— ?

L E T-

## L E T T E R CCXCVI.

Lady B----- G----- to Dr. S W I F T.

Nov. 4th, 1731.

**I** Believe in my conscience, that though you had answered mine before, the second was never the less welcome. So much for your topscript, not postscript; and in very sincere earnest I heartily thank you for remembering me so often. Since I came out of the country, my riding days are over; for I never was for your *Hyde-Park* courses, although my courage serves me very well at a hand-gallop in the country for six or seven miles, with one horseman, and a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that is to be cloathed when he can run fast enough to keep up with my horse, who has yet only proved his dexterity by escaping from school. But my courage fails me for riding in town, where I should have the happiness to meet with plenty of your very pretty fellows, that manage their own horses to shew their art; or that think a postillion's cap, with a white frock, the most becoming dress. These and their grooms I am most bitterly afraid of; because you must know, if my complaisant friend, your pres-

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byterian



byterian housekeeper\*, can remember any thing like such days with me, that is a very good reason for me to remember that time is past; and your toupees would rejoice to see a horse throw an antient gentlewoman.

I am sorry to hear you are no wiser in *Ireland* than we *English*; for our birth-day was as fine as hands could make us; but I question much whether we all paid ready money. I mightily approve of my duchess's being dressed in your manufacture†; if your ladies will follow her example in all things, they cannot do amiss. And I dare say you will soon find, that the more you know of them both, the better you will like them; or else *Ireland* has strangely depraved your taste, and that my own vanity will not let me believe, since you still flatter me.

Why do you tantalize me? Let me see you in *England* again, if you dare; and choose your residence, summer or winter, *St. James's-Square*, or *Drayton*. I defy you in all shapes; be it dean of *St. Patrick's* governing *England* or *Ireland*, or politician

\* Mrs. Brent, widow of Mr. Brent, a master Printer in *Dublin*, with whom the Dean lodged when he was a young man.

† The duchess also appeared at the castle in *Dublin*, wholly clad in the manufactures of *Ireland*, on his majesty's birth-day in 1753, when the duke was a second time lord lieutenant.

*Drapier.*

*Drapier.* But my choice should be the parson in lady *Betty's* chamber. Make haste then, if you have a mind to oblige your ever sincere and hearty old friend.

L E T T E R CCXCVII.

Mr. GAY and the Duke of ----- to  
Dr. S W I F T.

November 8, 1731.

FOR about this month or six weeks past, I have been rambling from home, or have been at what I may not improperly call other homes, at *Dawley*, and at *Twickenham*; and I really think, at every one of my homes you have as good a pretension as myself. For I find them all exceedingly disappointed by the law-suit that hath kept you this summer from us. Mr. *Pope* told me, that affair was now over, that you have the estate which was your security; I wish you had your own money; for I wish you free from every engagement that keeps us from one another. I think you decyphered the last letter we sent you very judiciously. You may make your own conditions at *Amesbury*, where I am at present; you may do the same at *Dawley*; and *Twickenham*, you know, is your own. But if you rather chuse to live

with me, (that is to say, if you will give up your right and title) I will purchase the house you and I used to dispute about over-against *Ham* walks, on purpose to entertain you. Name your day, and it shall be done. I have lived with you, and I wish to do so again in any place, and upon any terms. The duchess does not know of my writing; but I promised to acquaint the duke the next time I wrote to you, and for aught I know he may tell the duchess, and she may tell Sir *William Wyndham*, who is now here; and for fear they should all have something to say to you, I leave the rest of the paper 'till I see the duke.

### The D U K E.

Mr. *Gay* tells me, you seem to doubt what authority my wife and he have to invite a person hither, who, by agreement, is to have the government of the place during his stay; when at the same time it does not appear, that the present master of these demesnes hath been consulted in it. The truth of the matter is this: I did not know whether you might not have suspected me for a sort of a pert coxcomb, had I put in my word in the late correspondence between you and my wife. Ladies (by the courtesy of the world) enjoy privileges not allowed to men; and in  
many



many cases the same thing is called a favour from a lady, which might perhaps be looked upon as impertinence from a man. Upon this reflection, I have hitherto refrained from writing to you, having never had the pleasure of conversing with you otherwise; and as that is a thing I most sincerely wish, I would not venture to meddle in a negotiation that seemed to be in so fair a way of producing that desirable end. But our friend *John* has not done me justice, if he has never mentioned to you how much I wish for the pleasure of seeing you here; and tho' I have not 'till now avowedly taken any steps towards bringing it about, what has passed conducive to it has been all along with my privacy and consent, and I do now formally ratify all the preliminary articles and conditions agreed to on the part of my wife, and will undertake to the due observance of them. I depend upon my friend *John* to answer for my sincerity. I was not long at court. I have been a country gentleman for some time.

*Poll manus sub linus darque dds five nig ig  
gnipite gnaros.*

## L E T T E R CCXCVIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

January 11, 1731.

**I**T is well for Mr. *Pope* your letter came as it did, or else I had called for my coach, and was going to make a thorough search at his house; for that I was most positively assured that you were there in private, the duke of *Dorset* can tell you. *Non credo* is all the *Latin* I know, and the most useful word upon all occasions to me. However, like most other people, I can give it up for what I wish; so for once I believed, or at least went half way in what I hoped was true, and then, for the only time, your letter was unwelcome. You tell me you have a request, which is purely personal to me: *non credo* for that; for I am sure you would not be so disagreeable as not to have made it, when you know 'tis a pleasure and satisfaction to me to do any thing you desire, by which you may find you are not *sans consequence* to me.

I met with your friend Mr. *Pope* the other day. He complains of not being well, and indeed looked ill. I fear that neither his wit or sense do arm him enough against being hurt by malice; and that he is too sensible

fible of what fools say; the run is much against him on the duke of *Chandos's* \* account; but I believe their rage is not kindness to the duke, but they are glad to give it vent with some tolerable pretence. I wish your presence would have such a miraculous effect as your design on *Biddy's* † speech; you know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by inclination; but now every winter is kept still *per* force, for she constantly gets a violent cold that lasts her all the winter. But as to that quarrelsome friend of the duke of *Dorset's*, I will let her loose at you, and see which can get the better. Miss *Kelly* ‡ was a very pretty girl when she went from hence, and the beaux shew their good taste by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but if she is not mightily altered, she would give up some of her airs and equipage to live in *England* §.

\* It was said that Mr. *Pope* intended the character of *Timon*, in his epistle on the use of riches in works of taste, addressed to the earl of *Burlington*, for the duke of *Chandos*.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

‡ Daughter of *Dennis Kelly*, Esq; a gentleman of very good estate in *Ireland*, who was committed to the tower of *London* in 1722, on suspicion of corresponding with the Pretender, but nothing could be proved against him.

§ This lady died of a consumption a few years after in *London*.



Since you are so good as to enquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have escaped both head-achs and gout; and that your's may not be endangered by reading such a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear dean, E— G—.

L E T T E R CCXCIX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, January 18, 1731.*

DEAR SIR,

**I**T is now near nine o'clock. I deferred sitting down to write to you, in expectation to have seen Mr. *Pope*, who left me two or three hours ago to try to find lord *Burlington*, within whose walls I have not been admitted this year and half; but for what reason I know not. Mr. *Pope* is just this minute come in, but had not the good luck to find him; so that I cannot give you any satisfaction in the affair you writ last about. He designs to see him to-morrow; and if any thing can be done, he says you shall hear from him.

By the beginning of my letter you see how I decline in favour; but I look upon it

as my particular distinction, that as soon as the court gains a man, I lose him. It is a mortification I have been used to, so I bear it as a philosopher should. The letter which you writ to me and the duke I received, and Mr. *Pope* shewed me that directed to him, which gave me more pleasure than all the letters you have writ since I saw you, as it gives me hopes of seeing you soon.

Were I to acquaint the duke and duchess of my writing, I know that they would have something to say to you, and perhaps would prevent my sending the letter this post, so I chuse to say nothing about it. You are in great favour and esteem with all those that love me, which is one great reason that I love and esteem them.

Whenever you will order me to turn your fortune into ready money, I will obey you; but I chuse to leave it where it is, 'till you want it, as it carries some interest; though it might be now sold to some advantage, and is liable to rises and falls with the other stocks. It may be higher as well as lower; so I will not dispose of it 'till I hear from you. I am impatient to see you, so are all your friends. You have taken your resolution, and I shall henceforth every week expect an agreeable surprize. The bell-man rings for the letter, so I can say no more.

L E T-

## L E T T E R CCC.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 23, 1731.

**I** LIKE to know my power (if it is so) that I can make you uneasy at my not writing; tho' I shan't often care to exert it, lest you should grow weary of me and my correspondence; but the slowness of my answers does not come from the emptiness of my heart, but the emptiness of my head; and that you know is nature's fault, not mine; I was not learned enough to know *non credo* has been so long in fashion; but every day convinces me more of the necessity of it, not but that I often wish against myself; as *per* example, I would fain believe you are coming to *England*, because most of your acquaintance tells me so; and yet turn, and wind, and sift your letters, to find any thing like it being true; but instead of that, there I find a law-suit, which is a worse tie by the leg than your lameness. And pray what is "this hurt above my heel?" Have you had a fellow-feeling with my lord lieutenant \* of the gout, and call it a sprain, as he does? who

\* The duke of *Dorset*.

has



has lain \* so long and often to disguise it, that I verily think he has not a new story left. Does he do the same in *Ireland*; for there I hoped he would have given a better example?

I find you are grown a horrid flatterer, or else you could never have thought of any thing so much to my taste as this piece of marble you speak of for sister *Penelope* †, which I desire may be at my expence. I cannot be exact, neither as to the time nor year, but she died soon after we came there, and we came there, and we did not stay quite two years, and were in *England* some months before king *William* died. I wish I had my dame *Wadgar*'s, or Mr. *Ferrers*'s memorandum head, that I might know whether it was at the time ‡ of gooseberries.

Surely

\* This seems to be humorously made the participle of *lie*, *mentior*.

† Lady *Penelope Berkeley* died in *Dublin*, whilst her father was in the government, and was interred in *St. Andrew's* church under the altar. No monument was erected to her memory 'till about this time, when Dr. *Swift* caused a plate of black marble to be fixed in the wall over the altar-piece, with this inscription.

“ Underneath lieth the body of the lady

“ *Penelope Berkeley*, daughter of the right

“ honourable *Charles* earl of *Berkeley*. She

“ died Sept. the 3d, 1699.”

‡ In the petition of *Frances Harris* to the lords justices upon losing her purse, there are these verses.

“ Yes,

Surely your *Irish* air is very bad for darts; if Mrs. *Kelly's* are blunted already, make her cross father let her come over, and we won't use her so in *England*. If my duchess\* fees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour; it must be purely from great complaisance, for that never was her taste here, though she is as early a riser as the generality of ladies are: and, I believe, there are not many dressing-rooms in *London*, but mine, where the early idle come.

Adieu abruptly; for I will have no more formal humble servants, with your whole name at the bottom, as if I was asking you your catechism.

“ Yes, says she, the steward I remember, when

“ I was at my lady *Shrewsbury's*,

“ Such a thing as this happened just about the  
“ time of goosberries.”

This steward was Mr. *Ferrers*; and dame *Wadgar*, was the old deaf housekeeper in lord *Berkeley's* family, when he was one of the lords justices of *Ireland*.

\* The duchess of *Dorset*.

## L E T T E R CCCI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

[Received *April* the 12th, 1732.]

DEAR SIR,

I HOPE this unlucky accident of hurting your leg will not prevent your coming to us this spring, though you say nothing about it. All your friends expect it, and particularly my landlord and landlady, who are my friends as much as ever; and I should not think them so, if they were not as much your's. The downs of *Amesbury* are so smooth, that neither horse or man can make a wrong step, so that you may take your exercise with us with great security. If you prevail with the duchess, to ride and walk with you, you will do her good; but that is a motive I could never prevail with her to comply with. I wish you would try whether your oratory could get over this difficulty. General *Dormer*, Sir *Clement Cotterell*, and I, set out tomorrow morning for *Rousham*, in *Oxfordshire*, to stay ten days or a fortnight. The duchess will undertake to recommend the lords of her acquaintance to attend Mr. *Ryves* \* his cause, if it should come on before our return: the duke will do the same.

\* An eminent Merchant in *Dublin*.

Her



Her grace too hath undertaken to answer your letter. I have not disposed of your *South-Sea* bonds; there is a year's interest due at *Lady-day*. Were I to dispose of them at present, I should lose a great deal of the premium I paid for them: perhaps they may fall lower, but I cannot prevail with myself to sell them. The rogueries that have been discovered in some other companies, I believe, makes them all have less credit. I find myself dispirited, for want of having some pursuit. Indolence and idleness are the most tiresome things in the world. I begin to find a dislike to society. I think I ought to try to break myself of it, but I cannot resolve to set about it. I have left off almost all my great acquaintance, which saves me something in chair-hire, though in that article the town is still very expensive. Those who were your old acquaintance, are almost the only people I visit; and indeed, upon trying all, I like them best. Lord *Cornbury* refused the pension that was offered him; he is chosen to represent the university of *Oxford*, (in the room of Mr. *Bromley*) without opposition. I know him, and I think he deserves it. He is a young nobleman of learning and morals, which is so particular, that I know you will respect and value him; and, to my great comfort, he lives in our family. Mr. *Pope* is in town, and in  
good

good health. I lately passed a week with him at *Twickenham*. I must leave the rest to the duchess; for I must pack up my shirts, to set out to-morrow, the 14th of *March*, the day after I received your letter. If you would advise the duchess to confine me four hours a day to my own room, while I am in the country, I will write; for, I cannot confine myself as I ought.

L E T T E R CCCII.

Lady B——— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, 13th May, 1732.*

I AM sorry my writing should inconvenience your eyes; but I fear, it is rather my stile, than my ink, that is so hard to be read: however, if I do not forget myself, I will enlarge my hand to give you the less trouble. Their graces are at last arrived in perfect health, in spite of all their perils and dangers, though I must own, they were so long in their voyage, that they gave me an exceeding heart-ach; and, if that would be any hinderance, they shall never have my consent to go back to *Ireland*, but remain here, and be only king of *Knawle* and *Drayton*;

ton\* ; and I do not think it would be the worse for him, either in person or pocket. I dare say, he won't need a remembrancer's office for any thing you have spoke to him about ; but however, I will not fail in the part you have set me.

I find you want a strict account of me, how I pass my time. But first, I thank you for the nine hours out of the twenty-four you allowed me for sleeping ; one or two of them, I do willingly present you back again. As to quadrille, though I am, generally speaking, a constant attendant on it every day, yet I will most thankfully submit to your allowance of time ; for when complaisance draws me on farther, it is with great yawnings, and a vast expence of my breath, in asking, Who plays ? Who's call'd ? And what's trumps ? If you can recollect any thing of my former way of life, such as it was, so it is, I never loved to have my hands idle ; they were either full of work, or had a book ; but as neither sort was the best, or most useful, so you will find forty years have done no more good to my head, than they have to my face. Your old friend *Biddy* † is much your humble servant, and

\* *Knowle*, a fine old seat of the duke of *Dorset's*, near *Seven Oaks*, in *Kent*. *Drayton*, see letter CCXCIV.

† *Mrs. Biddy Floyd*.

could



could she get rid of her cough, her spleen would do her and her friend no harm; for she loves a sly sedate joke, as well as ever you knew her do. The duke and duchess are just come in, who both present their service to you, and will take it as a favour, if you will bestow any of your time that you can spare, upon \* lord George.

Adieu, for the duchess, the countess of S —, Mr. Cherden, and I, are going to quadrille.

## LETTER CCCIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

*London, May the 19th, 1732.*

DEAR SIR,

**T**O-MORROW we set out for *Amesbury*, where I propose to follow your advice, of employing myself about some work against next winter. You seemed not to approve of my writing more fables. Those I am now writing have a prefatory discourse before each of them, by way of epistle, and the morals of them, most are of the political kind; which makes them run into a greater

\* Lord *George Sackville* was at this time a student in the university of *Dublin*.

length than those I have already published. I have already finished fifteen or sixteen; four or five more would make a volume of the same size as the first. Though this a kind of writing that appears very easy, I find it is the most difficult of any that I ever undertook. After I have invented one fable, and finished it, I despair of finding out another; but I have a moral or two, which I wish to write upon. I have also a sort of scheme to raise my finances, by doing something for the stage: with this, and some reading, and a great deal of exercise, I propose to pass my summer. I am sorry it must be without you. Why can't you come and saunter about the downs a horse-back, in the autumn, to mark the partridges for me to shoot for your dinner? Yesterday I received your letter, and notwithstanding your reproaches of laziness, I was four or five hours about business, and did not spend a shilling in a coach or chair. I received a year's interest on your two bonds, which is 8*l*. I have four of my own. I have deposited all of them in the hands of Mr. *Hoare*, to receive the half year's interest at *Michaelmas*. The premium of the bonds is fallen a great deal since I bought your's. I gave very near 6*l*. on each bond, and they are now sold for about 5*os*. Every thing is very precarious, and I have no opinion of any of their public

lic securities; but, I believe, the parliament next year intend to examine the *South-Sea* scheme. I do not know, whether it will be prudent to trust our money there 'till that time. I did what I could to assist Mr. *Ryves*; and I am very glad ~~that~~ he hath found justice. Lord *Bathurst* spoke for him, and was very zealous on bringing on his cause. The duchess intended to write in my last letter, but she set out all on a sudden, to take care of lord *Drumlanrig*\*, who was taken ill of the small-pox at *Winchester* school. He is now perfectly well recovered, (for he had a favourable kind) to the great joy of our family. I think she ought, as she intends, to renew her correspondence with you at *Amesbury*. I was at *Dawley* on *Sunday*. Lady *Bolingbroke* continues in a very bad state of health, but still retains her spirits. You are always remembered there with great respect and friendship. Mrs. *Pope* is so worn out with old age, but without any distemper, that I look upon her life as very uncertain. Mr. *Pope*'s state of health is much in the same way as when you left him. As for myself, I am often troubled with the cholic. I have as much inattention, and have, I think, lower spirits than usual, which I impute to my having no one pursuit in life. I have

\* Her son.



many compliments to make you from the duke and duchess, and lords *Bolingbroke*, *Bathurst*, Sir *William Wyndham*, Mr. *Pulteney*, Dr. *Arbutnott*, Mr. *Lewis*, &c. Every one of them is disappointed in your not coming among us. I have not seen dean *Berkeley*, but have read his book\*, and like many parts of it; but in general think, with you, that it is too speculative, at least for me. Dr. *Delany* I have very seldom seen; he did not do me the honour to advise with me about any thing he hath published†. I like your thoughts upon this sort of writing, and I should have advised him, as you did, though I have lost his good opinion. I write in very great haste; for I have many things to do before I go out of town. Pray make me as happy as you can, and let me hear from you often. But I am still in hopes to see you, and will expect a summons one day or other to come to *Bristol*, in order to be your guide to *Amesbury*.

\* *Alciphron*; or, *The Minute Philosopher*. Printed at London, in 1732, in two volumes 8vo.

† He published at London, in this year 1732, in 2 vol. 8vo. 'Revelation, examined with candour: or, a fair Inquiry into the Sense and Use of the several Revelations expressly declared, or sufficiently implied, to be delivered to Mankind from the Creation, as they were found in the Bible. By a professed Friend to an honest Freedom of Thought in religious Inquiries.'

## L E T T E R CCCIV.

Lady CATHERINE JONES to Dr. SWIFT.

June 15, 1732.

THE return of my humble thanks to Mr. Dean, by the date it bears, looks more like a slumber of gratitude, than the quick sense of that rare virtue which I owe to you, Sir, for the trouble you have so willingly undertaken, in executing what I so much desired; since the manner you have done it in, answers my wishes in every respect. The proposal you made, I acquainted my sister *Kildare*, and niece *Fanny Coningsby* with; for being but one part of the family, I cannot act farther than they will consent, which is, that they will settle twenty shillings *per* year, that you may never be liable to any more trouble upon the same occasion.

I need not inform you, Mr. *Dean*, that the world teaches us, that relations and friends look like two different species: and, though I have the honour to be allied to my lord *Burlington*, yet since the death of my good father and his, the notice he takes of me, is, as if I was a separated blood; or, else, I am vain enough to say, we are sprung

from one ancestor, whose ashes keep up a greater lustre than those who are not reduced to them.

I cannot conclude without saying, that were I worthy in any way to have the pleasure of seeing dean *Swift*, I do not know any passion, even envy would not make innocent, in my ambition of seeing the author of so much wit and judicious writing, as I have had the advantage of. Your most humble and obliged servant,

CATHERINE JONES.

Your opinion of Mr. *French* is just, and his due,

# L E T T E R CCCV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

July 18th, 1732.

I WRITE this letter, in hopes that *Pope*, a man scattered in the world (according to the *French* Phrase) will soon procure me an opportunity of conveying it safely to you, my reverend dean. For my own part, half this wicked nation might go to you, or half your nation might come to us, and the whole migration be over before I knew any thing of the matter. My letter will concern neither affairs of state, nor of party; and yet I would



I would not have it fall into the hands of our ministers: it might pass in their excellent noddles for a piece of a plot against themselves, if not against the state, or, at least, it might furnish them with an opportunity of doing an ill-natured, and disappointing a good-natured thing; which being a pleasure to the malicious and the base, I should be sorry to give it on any occasion, and especially on this, to the *par nobile fratrum* \*.

After this preamble, I proceed to tell you, that there is in my neighbourhood, *Berkshire*, a clergyman, one Mr. *Talbot*, related to the solicitor-general, † and protected by him. This man has now the living of *Burfield* ‡, which the late bishop of *Durham* held before, and, for aught I know, after he was bishop of *Oxford*. The living is worth 400*l. per ann.* over and above a curate paid, as Mr. *Correy*, a gentleman who does my business in that country, and who is a very grave authority, assures me. The parsonage-house is extremely good, the place pleasant, and the air excellent, the distance from *London* a little day's journey, and from hence (give me leave to think this

\* ‘ Sir Robert Walpole, and his brother *Horace*.’

† Afterwards Lord Chancellor.

‡ ‘ A rectory in *Berkshire*.’

circumstance of some importance to you) not much above half a day's, even for you who are not a great jockey. Mr. *Talbot* has many reasons, which make him desirous to settle in *Ireland* for the rest of his life, and has been looking out for a change of preferments some time. As soon as I heard this, I employed one to know whether he continued in the same mind, and to tell him, that an advantageous exchange might be offered him, if he could engage his kinsman to make it practicable at court. He answered for his own acceptance, and his kinsman's endeavours. I employed next some friends to secure my lord *Dorset*, who very frankly declared himself ready to serve you in any thing, and in this, if you desired it. But he mentioned a thing at the same time, wholly unknown to me, which is, that your deanry is not in the nomination of the crown, but in the election of the chapter. This may render our affair perhaps more easy, more hard, I think, it cannot be; but, in all cases, it requires other measures to be taken. One of these I believe must be, to prepare Dr. *Hoadly*, bishop of *Salisbury*, if that be possible, to prepare his brother the archbishop of *Dublin*. The light, in which the proposition must be represented to him, and to our ministers, (if it be made to them) is this, that though they gratify you, they  
gratify

gratify you in a thing disadvantageous to themselves, and silly in you to ask. I suppose it will not be hard to persuade them, that it is better for them you should be a private parish priest in an *English* county, than a dean in the metropolis of *Ireland*, where they know, because they have felt, your authority and influence. At least this topic is a plausible one for those who can speak to them, to insist upon, and coming out of a whig's mouth may have weight. Sure I am, they will be easily persuaded, that quitting power for ease, and a greater for a less revenue, is a foolish bargain, which they should by consequence help you to make.

You see now the state of this whole affair, and you will judge better than I am able to do, of the means to be employed on your side of the water: as to those on this, nothing shall be neglected. Find some secure way of conveying your thoughts and your commands to me; for my friend has a right to command me arbitrarily, which no man else upon earth has. Or rather, dispose of affairs so as to come hither immediately. You intended to come some time ago. You speak, in a letter *Pope* has just now received from you, as if you still had in view to make this journey before winter. Make it in the summer, and the sooner the better.

To



To talk of being able to ride with stirrups, is trifling: get on pegasus, bestride the hippogryph, or mount the white nag in the *Revelations*. To be serious; come any how, and put neither delay nor humour in a matter which requires dispatch and management. Though I have room, I will not say one word to you about *Berkeley's*\* or *Delany's* books †. Some part of the former is hard to be understood; none of the latter is to be read. I propose, however, to reconcile you to metaphysics, by shewing how they may be employed against metaphysicians; and that whenever you do not understand them, nobody else does, no not those who write them.

I know you are inquisitive about the health of the poor woman who inhabits this place: it is tolerable, better than it has been in some years. Come and see her; you shall be nursed, fondled, and humoured. She desires you to accept this assurance, with her humble service. Your horses shall be grazed in summer, and fothered in winter; and you and your man shall have meat, drink and lodging. Washing I can't afford, Mr. dean, for I am grown saving. Thanks to your sermon about frugality.

\* *Alciphron: Or, the Minute Philosopher.*

† *Revelation examined with Candour.*

## L E T T E R CCCVI.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

*Drayton, July the 19th, 1732.*

I BELIEVE you won't wonder at my long silence, when I tell you, that Mrs. *Floyd* \* came ill here, but that she kept pretty much to herself; and ever since she has been here, 'till within these two or three days, I have had no hopes of her life. You may easily guess what I must have suffered for so long a tried, prudent, useful, agreeable companion and friend. And God knows, she is now excessively weak, and mends but slowly: however, I have now great hopes, and I am very good at believing what I heartily wish. As I dare say, you will be concerned for her, you may want to know her illness, but that is more than I can tell you. She has fancied herself in a consumption a great while: but though she has had the most dreadful cough I ever heard in my life, all the doctors said, it was not that; but none of them did say what it was. The doctor here, who is an extraordinary good one, but lives fourteen long miles off, has lately been left ten thousand pounds, and

\* Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

now hates his business; he says, it is a sharp humour that falls upon her nerves, sometimes on her stomach and bowels; and indeed what he has given her, has, to appearance, had much better effect than the millions of things she has been forced to take. After this, you will not expect, I should have followed your orders, and ride, for I have scarcely walked; although I dare not be very much in her room, because she constrained herself to hide her illness from me.

The duke and duchess of *Dorset* have not been here yet, but I am in hopes they will soon. I don't know, whether you remember Mrs. *Crowther* and Mrs. *Acourt*: they and Mr. *Parfode* are my company; but as I love my house full, I expect more still. My lady — talks of making me a short visit. I have been so full of Mrs. *Floyd*, that I had like to have forgot to tell you, that I am such a dunderhead, that I really do not know what my sister *Pen*'s age was, but I think she could not be above twelve years old. She was the next to me, but whether two or three years younger I have forgot; and what is more ridiculous, I do not exactly know my own, for my mother and nurse used to differ upon that notable point. And I am willing to be a young lady still, so will not allow myself to be more than forty-eight  
next



next birth-day; but if I make my letter any longer, perhaps you will wish I never had been born. So adieu dear Dean.

L E T T E R CCCVII.

Mr. G A Y and the Duchefs of — to  
Dr. S W I F T.

*Amesbury, July 24th, 1732.*

DEAR SIR,

**A**S the circumstances of our money affairs are altered, I think myself obliged to acquaint you with them as soon as I can; which, if I had not received your letter last post, I should have done now. I left your two *South-sea* bonds, and four of my own, in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, when I came out of town, that he might receive the interest for us, when due; or, if you should want your money, that you might receive it upon your order. Since I came out of town, the *South-sea* company have come to a resolution to pay off 50 *per cent.* of their bonds, with the interest of the 50 *per cent.* to *Michaelmas* next. So that there is now half of our fortunes in Mr. *Hoare's* hands at present, without any interest going on. As you seem to be inclined to have your money remitted to *Ireland*, I will not lay out the  
sum

sum that is paid into his hands in any other thing, 'till I have your orders. I cannot tell what to do with my own. I believe I shall see Mr. *Hoare* in this country very soon; for he hath an house not above six miles from us, and I intend to advise with him; though, in the present situation of affairs, I expect to be left to take my own way. The remaining 50 *per cent.* were it to be sold at present, bears a premium. I do not know whether I write intelligibly upon the subject. I cannot send you the particulars of your account, though I know I am in debt to you for interest, beside your principal; and you will understand so much of what I intend to inform you, that half of your money is now in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, without any interest. So since I cannot send you the particulars of your account, I will now say no more about it.

I shall finish the work I intended this summer; but I look upon the success in every respect to be precarious. You judge very right of my present situation, that I cannot propose to succeed by favour; and I don't think, if I could flatter myself I had any degree of merit, much could be expected from that unfashionable pretension.

I have almost done every thing I proposed in the way of fables; but have not set the last hand to them. Though they will not  
amount

amount to half the number, I believe they will make much such another volume as the last. I find it the most difficult task I ever undertook ; but have determined to go thro' with it ; and, after this, I believe I shall never have courage enough to think any more in this way. Last post I had a letter from Mr. *Pope*, who informs me, he had heard from you ; and that he is preparing some scattered things of your's and his for the press. I believe I shall not see him 'till the winter ; for, by riding and walking, I am endeavouring to lay in a stock of health, to squander in the town. You see, in this respect, my scheme is very like the country gentlemen in regard to their revenues. As to my eating and drinking, I live as when you knew me ; so that in that point we shall agree very well in living together ; and the duchess will answer for me, that I am cured of inattention ; for I never forget any thing she says to me.

The duchess here takes up the rest of the line.

For he never hears what I say, so cannot forget. If I served him the same way, I should not care a farthing ever to be better acquainted with my *Tunbridge* acquaintance, whom, by my attention to him, I have learned to set my heart upon. I began to give over  
all



all hopes, and from thence began my neglect. I think this a very philosophical reason, though there might be another given. When fine ladies are in *London*, it is very genteel and allowable to forget their best friends; which, if I thought modestly of myself, must needs be you, because you know little of me. Till you do more, pray don't persuade Mr. *Gay*, that he is discreet enough to live alone; for I do assure you he is not, nor I either. We are of great use to one another; for we never flatter nor contradict, but when it is absolutely necessary, and then we do it to some purpose; particularly the first agrees mightily with our constitutions. If ever we quarrel it will be about a piece of bread and butter; for some body is never sick, except he eats too much. He will not quarrel with you for a glass or so; for by that means he hopes to gulp down some of that forty millions of schemes that hindered him from being good company. I would fain see you here, there is so fair a chance that one of us must be pleased; perhaps both, you with an old acquaintance, and I with a new one: it is so well worth taking a journey for, that if the mountain will not come to *Mabomet*, *Mabomet* must go to the mountain. But before either of our journies are settled, I desire you would resolve me one question, whether a man, who thinks himself well  
where

where he is, should look out for his house and servants before 'tis convenient, before he grows old, or before a person, with whom he lives, pulls him out by the sleeve in private, (according to oath) and tells him, they have enough of his company? He will not let me write one word more, but that I have a very great regard for you, &c.

The duke is very much your's, and will never leave you to your wine \*. Many thanks for your drum——I wish to receive your congratulations for the other boy, you may believe——

# LETTER CCCIX.

Mrs. CÆSAR † to Dr. SWIFT.

*August the 6th, 1732.*

**P**ERMIT me to congratulate you upon the return of Mrs. Barber, with thanks for pleasures enjoyed in her company; for had she not come recommended by the dean of St. Patrick's, likely I had passed her by unheeded, being apt to follow a good au-

\* When the Dean was with Mr. Pope at *Twickenham*, Mr. Pope used to desert them soon after supper, with, "Well, gentlemen, I leave you to your wine."

† Wife to the treasurer of the navy during lord Oxford's administration, in the reign of queen Anne.

thor, in shunning those of my own coat.  
But hold; I must look if it runs not from  
corner to corner, which I more fear than  
length. For *Pope* says, though sometimes  
he finds too many letters in my words, ne-  
ver too many words in my letters, So with  
Mr. *Cæsar's* and my best wishes, thou wor-  
thy, witty, honest Dean, farewell.

M. ADELMAR CÆSAR.

L E T T E R CCCX.

Lady WORSLEY \* to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R, *August the 6th, 1732.*

I Flatter myself, that if you had received  
my last letter, you would have favoured  
me with an answer; therefore I take it for  
granted it is lost.

I was so proud of your commands, and  
so fearful of being supplanted by my daugh-  
ter, that I went to work immediately, that  
her box might not keep her in your remem-  
brance, whilst there was nothing to put you  
in mind of an old friend, and humble ser-  
vant. But Mrs. *Barber's* long stay here  
(who promised me to convey it to you) has  
made me appear very negligent. I doubt not

\* *Frances lady Worsley, wife of Sir Robert Worsley,  
and mother of lady Carteret, wife of John lord Car-  
teret, afterwards earl Granville.*



but you think me unworthy of the share you once told me I had in your heart. What if I am a great grandmother, I can still distinguish your merit from all the rest of the world; but it is not consistent with your good breeding to put me in mind of it; therefore I am determined not to use my interest with Sir *Robert* for a living in the *Isle of Wight*, though nothing else could reconcile me to the place. But if I could make you archbishop of *Canterbury*, I should forget my resentments for sake of the flock, who very much want a careful shepherd. Are we to have the honour of seeing you, or not? I have fresh hopes given me; but I dare not please myself too much with them, lest I should be again disappointed. If I had it as much in my power as my inclination to serve Mrs. *Barber*, she should not be kept thus long attending; but I hope her next voyage may prove more successful. She is just come in, and tells me you have sprained your foot, which will prevent your journey till the next summer; but assure yourself the *Bath* is the only infallible cure for such an accident. If you have any regard remaining for me, you'll shew it by taking my advice; if not, I'll endeavour to forget you, if I can. But, till that doubt is cleared, I am, as much as ever, the Dean's obedient humble servant,

F. WORSLEY.

END OF VOL. II.



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